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F. J. Blaker

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY THE
AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XIX.

PARTS CIX. TO CXIV. JANUARY—JUNE, 1875.

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ODDS AND ENDS OF WEATHER WISDOM AND
FRAGMENTS OF FOLK LORE.

PART I.

Toutes les bonnes maximes sont dans le monde, il ne faut que les appliquer.—
Pensées de Pascal, c. 29, Art. 20.

A wise man may learn something of a fool, but a fool learns nothing from a wise man.—*Feller*.

IN spite of Lord Chesterfield's having decreed that no one can have any pretensions to fashion who has recourse to vulgar aphorisms, the love of proverbs is by no means extinct amongst us; for ever since the days of Solomon people have had a natural taste for what Earl Russell once defined as the wit of one man, and the wisdom of many. Now-a-days, however, the rising generation are so much more inclined to teach their grandmothers to suck eggs than to heed and profit by the wisdom of their grandfathers, that many a wise saw and pithy sentence seem in danger of being lost, for want of a little care in storing up and setting in order. Yet there is something very enticing to all alike in the many branches of gnomology; for though proverbs are most frequently to be met with in the mouths of our poorer neighbours, yet they are not a whit the more to be despised on that account; for a long list—beginning with the wise son of Sirach, and ending with the Archbishop of Dublin, or perhaps not ended even yet—might be made of the celebrated men who have not thought it beneath them to collect those current in their time.

First and foremost amongst these must be reckoned Julius Cæsar, who found time amidst all his multifarious occupations to make a list of remarkable sayings, which, alas! has not come down to us.

Passing over many intermediate links, we come to Erasmus, who made it his business to collect those paroemia which were to be found scattered among the writings of the Greek authors; which he did to

such purpose, that the 'Adagia' contains over five thousand proverbs—a goodly number, when the whole amount in use amongst us is estimated at not more than twenty thousand even now. This book was so highly appreciated, that it went through twelve editions during the life-time of the author, being 'Englisched' by Nicolas Vdall in 1542: and it is here that the first version of that celebrated and oft-quoted distich—

‘That same man that runneth awaie,
Maie again fight another daie,’

may be found; though the conclusion—

‘But he that is in battle slain,
Can never rise to fight again,’

appears to have been an after-thought. As Erasmus took occasion to censure the princes and prelates of his day in the 'Adagia,' the priests naturally did not approve of it; and when the book was first brought to Cologne, the doctors there, who did not love Erasmus, said openly, 'Of what use can this book be to us? have we not the Proverbs of Solomon?'* The Fathers of the Council of Trent were—if not so honest—a trifle less narrow-minded than their neighbours of Cologne, however; for though the priests had prevailed with Paul IV. to condemn the book, they, taking into consideration the usefulness of its contents, ordered Paulus Manutius to revise it, and strike out all that was offensive. Manutius died when he had but just completed his labours, and his son Aldus dedicated this Bowdlerized edition to Gregory XIII., without making the slightest allusion to the original author!

Next on the roll comes Heywood, who gave his 'Dialogue Concerning two Marriages' to Queen Elizabeth, with the modest announcement that it 'conteyned in effecte the number of all the Proverbes in the English tunge.' 'Nay,' said the Queen, "'Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton!'" which very proverb happened to be wanting to the collection.†

Lord Bacon left a small list of apothegms, and differed from his successor, inasmuch as he counselled his reader to extract the kernel of these pointed speeches, and make them his own; but then it must be remembered, that the time in which he flourished was the golden age for proverbs, when 'Said Saws,'‡ Proverb Play,§ Crossing Proverbs,

* Jortin's Life of Erasmus, vol. ii., p. 294.

† Ray's Proverbs, p. 176. (Fourth Edition, 1768.)

‡ 'Said Saws' appear to have been the English version of that pretty Italian game, in which, each person having taken the name of some flower, the first player repeats the formula—'A little bird came to my bush, but he did not tarry long, for he flew to my neighbour the lilac; but as he flew he left this proverb behind him;' and filling up the blank with a proverb, he throws a handkerchief to the player who has chosen the lilac as his emblem, who of course has to produce a proverb in his turn.

§ I think that Proverb Play and Crossing Proverbs must have been one and the same game. Queen Elizabeth is said to have been very fond of it. It was played

and even Battles of Proverbs, were among the favourite games at court.

George Herbert wrote the *Jacula Prudentium*; Herrick has the credit of being the original Poor Robin; while Benjamin Franklin incorporated many of the best proverbs into his almanac, which was twice translated into French—though whether out of compliment to the author, who was at one time the special darling of the Parisians, or out of real appreciation of his work, must remain an open question—though certainly poor Richard must look droll in his French dress. Then there is Isaac Disraeli; for ‘The Philosophy of Proverbs,’ in the ‘Curiosities of Literature,’ is by no means to be forgotten. Neither must Howell, whose summary of the requisites of a proverb—shortness, sense, and salt—would alone entitle him to be remembered, being far more concise than Fuller’s definition—‘Much matter decocted into few words, and for which six essentials are required—namely, that a perfect proverb must be

Short, Playn, Common, Figurative, Ancient, True,	}	otherwise it is no proverb, but a	{	Oration. Riddle. Secret. Sentence. Upstart. Libel.*
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Sam Slick’s views on the same subject are too graphic to be omitted:—
 ‘There’s a plaguy sight of truth in them ‘ar old proverbs; they are distilled facts, steamed down to an essence; they are like portable soup—an amazin’ deal of matter in a small compass; they are what I valy most, experience. . . . Experience is everything: it’s seein’, and hearin’, and tryin’; and arter that a feller must be a born fool if he don’t know. That’s the beauty of old proverbs; they are as true as a plumb-line, and as short and sweet as sugar-candy.’

Lastly, there are Ray, Kelly, Fielder, Maitland, Burchart, and a whole host of minor collectors, whose names come ‘thick as the leaves in Valombrosa,’ and whose books are even more numerous. Indeed, one almost hesitates to stop here; for Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Scott, all made so much use of these ‘edge-tools of speech,’ that though not actually collectors, they might easily be included in the list.

by one person’s producing a proverb, which the opponent immediately brought another to contradict. An example of this game is given in the ‘Curiosities of Literature,’ vol. iii., p. 41, taken from a book published by N. Breton in 1616.

P. The world is a long journey.
 C. Not so; the sun goes it every day.
 P. It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.
 C. Not so; it is but a stone’s cast.
 P. The pride of the rich makes the labour of the poor.
 C. Not so; the labours of the poor make the pride of the rich.

* Fuller’s Worthies, p. 5. (Folio Edition, 1662.)

These writers have, however, chiefly occupied themselves with the study of Proverbs as a whole, which, easy and superficial a task as it may appear at first sight, is yet enough to rivet the attention for many a long day, and one which would require far more knowledge than I possess to attempt; since to enter at all deeply into the subject argues an intimate acquaintance with the language, history, manners, and customs, of many other nations besides our own, ancient as well as modern, Eastern as well as European. In fact, Machiavel's dictum holds good in this, as in every other branch of human knowledge: to know one science perfectly, you must know all; to know all, you must study one. This being the case, I propose to confine myself to those scraps of weather-wisdom, fragments of folk-lore, and articles of local belief, which are still in existence among us, and indeed are quite as firmly believed in as of yore, though not perhaps so frequently to be met with as could be wished; since many of those people who are best versed in this lore, and appreciate it most, have become suspicious, and hesitate a little before producing any of their stock; for they are afraid of being ridiculed for having placed their confidence and pinned their faith after such a fashion; and there is nothing on which people value themselves more highly, or of which they are more tenacious, than their own private and particular superstitions.

Some of these distichs are distinctly local: for instance—

‘The river Dart
Claims a heart;’

which proverb is carefully impressed on every new-comer as a warning of the dangerous character of ‘Dart,’ which is said to be the death of one person a year, though the stranger is further told that the number is by no means limited; so that he must not rely too confidently on some unfortunate's having previously paid the tax, as that is no security against his also falling victim.

‘Neither in Kent nor Christendom’ is a frequent boast in ‘the garden of England,’ the men of Kent and the Kentish men both averring that you must be hard to please if you cannot satisfy yourself in their county, and that you are likely to fare worse if you go further. This axiom is supposed by the learned in such matters to bear reference to the time when St. Augustine converted Kent, though of course it cannot date from those days.

Another Kentish proverb—‘Tenterden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands,’ which is said when anyone appears to be extravagantly inclined, or to wish to apply their money to some purpose for which it was not originally intended. This saying sounds rather enigmatical, unless you happen to know that the money which ought to have gone in embanking, &c., the Goodwins was really spent on the church, the steeple of which is certainly conspicuous enough to account for a considerable sum. This is the reason which I have always heard in

the neighbourhood of the steeple itself; but Ray gives another version of the origin of, and consequently a different meaning to, the proverb. He says: 'This proverb is used when an absurd and ridiculous reason is given of anything in question; an account of the origin whereof I find in one of Bishop Latimer's sermons, in these words: "Mr. Moore was once sent with commission into Kent, to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of Goodwin's Sands, and the shelf which stopped up Sandwich Haven. Thither cometh Mr. Moore, and calleth all the country before him—such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best satisfy him of the matter. . . .'" Among the rest came in before him an old man, with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than an hundred years old. When Mr. Moore saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear his mind of the matter; for being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most in that presence or company. So Mr. Moore called this old aged man to him, and said, 'Father, (said he,) tell me, if you can, what is the cause of this great arising of the sands and shelves hereabout this haven, which stop it so up, so that no ship can arrive there? You are the oldest man that I can espy in all this company; so that if any man can tell any cause of it, you of all likelihood can say most to it. . . .'" 'Yea forsooth, good Mr. Moore, (quoth this old aged man,) for I am well-nigh an hundred years old, and no man here in this company comes anything near my age.' 'Well, then, (quoth Mr. Moore,) how say you to this matter?' 'Forsooth, Sir, (quoth he,) I am an old man. I think that Tenterton steeple is the cause of Godwin Sands. For I am an old man, Sir, (quoth he,) I may remember the building of Tenterton steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterton steeple was in building, there was no manner of talking of any flats or sands that stopped up the haven; and therefore I think that Tenterton steeple is the cause of the decay and the destroying of Sandwich Harbour.'"' Thus far the bishop. Is it not possible that if Mr. Moore had allowed this old aged man to say his say, or indeed had chosen some younger spokesman, he might have arrived at a different conclusion?

'Blessed is the eye 'twixt Severn and Wye.' The meaning of this is obvious enough; but 'The devil has something more to do than look over Lincoln Cathedral' is less self-evident, and is used both as a taunt to the Lincolnshire folk, in order that they may not plume themselves on having more than their fair share of the attentions of that personage—whom the old verger used to call his Saturnic Majesty—in which case it means that the devil is not always at one door: and also as a retort; it then implying that if the devil were to confine himself to this county, he would not have his hands unduly full of business. The origin of this saying is also a vexed question, some referring it to Lincoln Minster, 'over which, when first finished, the devil is supposed to have looked with a "torve and terrick" countenance, as envying men's costly

devotion, saith Dr. Fuller; but more probable it is that it took its rise from a small image of the devil, standing on the top of Lincoln College in Oxford!' However this may be, there is a curious old gargoyle, representing two faces in close juxtaposition, over the principal entrance to the cathedral, one of which is supposed to be intended for the devil; and this, I believe, has done a good deal in earning for the Lady of Cathedrals, and, as she stands high, for the rest of the county, the unenviable reputation of being peculiarly liable to diabolic supervision.

The Worcestershire caution—

‘When Bredon Hill wears a hat,
Men of the vale, mind that!’

is another instance of the place being mentioned by name; though almost every mountain or hill which is high enough to attract the clouds has a similar warning attached to it, the name of course being altered to suit the circumstances.

There is another class of proverbs, whose homes can be equally well ascertained from their own internal evidence, though no name is given. The beautiful Cornish ‘He that will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock,’ would be quite inappropriate on the flat coast of the Eastern counties; the ‘It is better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak’ of the Douglas, carries one at once back to the wild free life on the Borders; the ‘Rather be the head of the yeomanry than the tail of the gentry’ could belong to no other county than that which prides itself on the superiority which a yeoman of Kent has over a knight of Wales, a gentleman of Cales, and a laird of the North Countree; while the Devonshire advice, to ‘Wed over the mixen rather than over the moor,’ requires a county where mixens are *en evidence*, and moors not far to seek. The reason for these and for many more is self-evident; but why the Sussex people should hold that

‘A Saturday’s moon,
If it comes once in seven years comes all too soon;’

or why the Sussex adder alone should bear

‘If I could hear as well as I see,
No man alive should master me,

written on his belly, are questions more easily asked than answered, since a fool can ask more questions in seven minutes than a wise man can answer in seven years.

As the weather is the only topic upon which an Englishman is said to wax fluent, it is not wonderful that a great many of our English proverbs bear reference to times and seasons. Indeed, the days of the week, the months, all the red-letter and a good many of the black-letter

saints, have their own particular proverbs and prophecies attached to them. Of these, the days of the week naturally come first; and these are so amply provided, that the only difficulty is to choose the best examples.

The birth-day lines—

‘Monday’s child is fair of face;
 Tuesday’s child is full of grace;
 Wednesday’s child is loving and giving,
 Thursday’s child works hard for its living;
 Friday’s child is full of woe,
 Saturday’s child has far to go;
 But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
 Is happy, and pretty, and wise, and gay.’

are very general, though there is a little difference in some of the versions—Sunday being in some places a gentleman; Wednesday, sour and glum; Thursday, welcome home.

There is a somewhat similar nail-cutting ditty given in Forby’s ‘Vocabulary of East Anglia,’ which is said to be common in the Eastern counties:—

Cut ‘em on Monday, you cut ‘em for health;
 Cut ‘em on Tuesday, you cut ‘em for wealth;
 Cut ‘em on Wednesday, you cut ‘em for news;
 Cut ‘em on Thursday, a new pair of shoes;
 Cut ‘em on Friday, you cut ‘em for sorrow;
 Cut ‘em on Saturday, see your true love to-morrow;
 Cut ‘em on Sunday, and you will have the devil with you all the week.

C. W. T., writing in ‘The Book of Days,’ (vol. ii., p. 322.) says of this rhyme:—‘I must confess that I cannot divine the origin of these notions, excepting the last two. . . . The last seems to have arisen from the considering the cutting of nails to be a kind of *work*, and so to be a sin which would render the breaker of the Sabbath more liable to the attacks of the devil. This view is strengthened by the fact of Sundays being placed not at the beginning but at the end of the week, thus identifying it more completely with the Jewish Sabbath.’ Evidently this was the view taken by that ‘Puritaine one, who was found hanging of his cat on Monday for killing of a mouse on Sunday.’ Apropos of nails—there is another saying current in the North, that if, after having been once warned of the possible consequences, you cut your nails on Sunday without thinking of a fox, a fox will be yours in the course of the week.* A good thing for a fox-hunter, if the unconscious cerebation, of which we hear so much now-a-days, did not render a fulfilling of the conditions impossible.

The washing-rhyme is more modern, but the moral is too good to omit it here.

‘They that wash on Monday have all the week to dry;
 They that wash on Tuesday are not much awry;

* I always have heard that you would have a present.—ED.

They that wash on Wednesday, there's no need to blame;
 They that wash on Thursday, wash for shame,
 They that wash on Friday, wash for need;
 But they that wash on Saturday—oh, they are sluts indeed!

Then there is the marrying rhyme:—

Monday for wealth, Tuesday for health,
 Wednesday the best day of all;
 Thursday for crosses, Friday for losses,
 Saturday no luck at all!

and many more; but as '*le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire*,' I will only give one more example of this class, which I do not think is very generally known, though I have frequently heard it myself.

'If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for anger;
 Sneeze on Tuesday, beware of danger;
 On Wednesday, meet a stranger;
 On Thursday, lose your lover;
 (or if you do not happen to possess such an article, 'your money;')
 On Friday, give a gift; on Saturday, receive a gift;

while

If you sneeze on Sunday before breakfast,
 You will see your true love before a week's past.

so that if a meeting is desired, a pinch of snuff will always bring it to pass.

It is singular how many superstitions and fancies there are connected with the simple act of sneezing, which have been handed down to us from times of such remote antiquity, that it is impossible to tell how they first originated. It seems always to have been held ominous, though not of necessity unpropitious. Indeed, a sneeze from the right was thought to be lucky; and there are many examples given by Brand* of fortunate auguries which have been drawn from it by both the Greeks and Romans. Amongst others, Plutarch tells us that before a naval battle it was a sign of conquest; for when Themistocles sacrificed in his galley before the battle with Xerxes, and one of the assistants at the right hand sneezed, Euphrantides the soothsayer at once predicted the victory of the Greeks, and the overthrow of the Persians.

The habit of saluting or blessing a person when he sneezes is another very old custom, which is common to all nations; for though, according to Father Feyjoo, 'the Spanish Addison,' some Catholics have attributed it to the ordinance of Pope Gregory the Great, who is said to have instituted a short benediction to be said on such occasions at a time when during the pestilence, the crisis was attended by sneezing, and in many cases followed by death,† yet he certainly could only have revived the practice; for we are told that the Emperor Tiberius, who was other-

* Hazlitt's 'Brand's Popular Antiquities,' vol. iii., p. 142.

† D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, vol. i., p. 126.

wise a very sour man, (and one who was no way addicted to blessing his subjects overmuch,) would punctually perform this rite, and cry '*Salve!*' to others, and expect the same attention to be shewn to himself when requisite; while the writers of the Talmud send the practice still further back, and date it from the days of Jacob, who, according to them, was the first man who died a natural death—as prior to that time men only once sneezed, and died of the effort; so that sneezing and death were synonymous, and the pious ejaculation therefore served to commend the parting soul.

It is strange how many educated English people will persist in dating the national 'God bless you!' from the time of the Great Plague; though we have clear proof to the contrary in '*The Golden Legend*,' which was printed by Caxton in 1483, which particularly mentions that the goodly practice of saying 'God help you!' or 'Chryste help!' endured at that time; but I fancy that this idea must have been caused by the fact, that at the time of the Plague it was usual to say either 'Bless us and save us!' or to add 'and those that last kissed you!' to the old formula—the reason for this being that a sneeze was one of the first signs that shewed that anyone was sickening with the plague, and of course in such a case the nearest and dearest would run the greatest risk of being infected, while those who were in the invalid's company at the time would feel that they stood in too much need of blessing themselves, to care to invoke one on anyone else.

Another very general belief is, that no idiot can possibly sneeze; consequently, however idiotic a person may be, if he has ever been known to sneeze, that is held to be amply sufficient proof that though he is not all there, and indeed may be very decidedly wanting, yet he is not quite dark; (these expressions being some among the many used in the South of England to denote the various degrees of imbecility;) and I remember being told that this idea was carried to such an extent at one time, that a sneeze was considered as evidence enough to prove that a man was responsible for his own actions.

The Scotch have a superstition which is somewhat akin to this—namely, that a new-born child is held in the fairy-spells, or at any rate liable to be bewitched, till it sneezes, and then all danger is past. A writer in '*Notes and Queries*'* says: 'I once heard an old nurse, of great experience in howdie-craft, crooning over a new-born child; and then, after watching intently for nearly a minute, she said, taking a large pinch of snuff, "Oich! oich! no yet! no yet!" Suddenly the baby sneezed. The old lady bent down, and as far as I could see, drew her fore-finger across the brow of the child very much as if making the sign of the cross, (though as a strict Calvinist she would have been scandalized at the idea,) exclaiming joyfully, "God sain the child! it's no a warlock!"'

Another common fancy is, that if the cat sneezes the whole household

* Vol. XII. (First Series) p. 200.

are sure to have a cold; and I remember grievously offending an old servant of my grandmother's by turning her pet 'Tom' out in the rain, when I might have known that a cold had only just 'gone through the house.' Luckily for me, Puss was no worse for his wetting on this occasion.

With regard to the days of the week, the first four are all lucky; but like many other good things, have, with the exception of Sunday, not so much said about them as about their less prosperous neighbours. Certainly, Monday may fairly claim the story of the Man in the Moon, as it is given in the *Bechstein Deutsche Mährchen* book, which tells us how the woodman was cutting wood on Sunday, though he was warned not to do so by 'Der lieber Herr Gott' himself, but in vain; for he only made answer, 'Sunday on earth, Monday in Heaven—what matters either to thee or me?' therefore his doom was—'Since thy Sundays on earth are so worthless, thou shalt have in future a perpetual black Monday, (Moon's day,) and be set up in the sky as an everlasting warning to all who desecrate the Sunday by working!'

Tuesday must content itself with the Scotch—

'This is siller Saturday,
The morn 's the resting day;
Monday 's up and to it again,
And Tuesday, push away.'

while holiday-makers may remember the English—

'You know that Monday is Sunday's brother,
Tuesday is such another;
Wednesday, you must go to church and pray;
Thursday is half-holiday;
On Friday 's too late to begin to spin;
And Saturday 's half-holiday again!'

Wednesday is very badly provided; though one sees no reason why it should not share the Thursday saying—that a child born on that day is sure to squint, because it must look both ways for Sunday—seeing that it is quite as much in the middle of the week. Thursday is the first of the unlucky days; and Aubrey, when he mentions the fact, points out that it was peculiarly fatal to the Tudors; and it certainly was a strange coincidence that Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, should all have died on a Thursday.

Friday and Saturday are also unlucky days, Friday being the worst of the three; as both the others have a lucky hour just before sun-rise, so that it would need an early bird to avail himself of it; while Friday has none, so that no undertaking that is begun on that day can possibly prosper; or if it does then, (though it sounds rather like a bull to say so,) it is still more disastrous, as that is a sure sign that the devil must have had his finger in the pie.

There can be no doubt that the general dislike to Friday was caused

by its having been the day of the Crucifixion, the remembrance of which was kept alive in the minds of all good Catholics by the weekly fast, which was observed on that day, and which seems to have been more especially kept by the people of our own nation; since Erasmus comments much on the extraordinary inconsistency of the English people, who would eat flesh during Lent, and yet held it a heinous offence to eat meat on a Friday out of Lent; and though the Reformation did away with this practice, and the Friday's fast is now sadly neglected amongst us, yet an indistinct impression still remains, of which this superstition is the trace, that Friday is a day which is set apart as different from the rest of the week.

Nor was this notion confined to mortals alone; for in many of the fairy legends we are told how the Fairies cannot bear to have Friday mentioned in their hearing, as it reminds them that they have no part in the Redemption; and there is a pretty Irish story which turns entirely on this. How the hump-backed Lusmore—so called because he always wore a sprig of the dwarf heather (the Fairies' favourite flower) in his cap—happening to be belated one night, heard the Fairies singing, 'Da Luan da Morte! Da Luan da Morte! Da Luan da Morte!' (Monday and Tuesday) over and over again; and thinking that the song was somewhat monotonous, he brought them back to the key-note by suggesting 'Agus da cadine,' (and Wednesday also,) which so delighted the Fairies, that they rewarded him by immediately taking the hump off his back. His rival, who was also deformed, envied him his good fortune, and thought that he would try his luck too; but he only succeeded in angering the good people beyond all bearing, by breaking in on their improved song with 'Thursday and Friday!' and was punished by having another hump added to his own, the King of the Fairies telling him—

'Jack Madden! Jack Madden!
Your words come so bad in,
That your life we must sadden;
Here's two humps for Jack Madden.'

It is to be hoped that the translator, and not the king, is to be held responsible for the faulty grammar.

The Spaniards have the same story, the Spanish Fairies singing—

'Lunes y, Martes y, Miercoles, tres;'

the addition being—

'Jouves y, Viernes y, Sabados, seis,'

and their wrath being excited by the addition of 'Y Domingo otro,' Sunday, the day to which they objected, being the day of the Resurrection.

There are several proverbs and sayings which belong especially to Friday, which are well worth noting. The Devonshire

‘Fridays in the week
Are never aleek,’ (alike)

has a counterpart in

‘Of all the days in the week,
Friday will have his trick.’

as well as in the ‘*Vendredi aimerait mieux causer qu’a son voisin ressembler*’ of Haute Saône, or in the ‘*Vendredi de la semaine est,*’ ‘*Le plus beau, ou le plus laid,*’ of Haute Loire. Old Nurse, the great authority upon such matters in our family, used to say, ‘Friday will be either king or underling,’ (the best or the worst day of the week;) and as she was a Wiltshire woman, I suppose this saying must belong to that county. As to the weather, I used to have implicit confidence in the ‘Sunday is what Friday is,’ when I was a child; for in those days,

‘Of all the days in all the week,
I dearly loved but one day;’

and I was consequently most anxious that it should rain on Friday, in order that a fine day might be secured for the Saturday’s half-holiday. Sunday mattered the less, because however wet and stormy it may be, there must be always sufficient blue sky to make a cloak or some similar article of dress; though I must confess that it does not do to trust too firmly to this rule, seeing that it is proved by a great many exceptions. Mr. Swainson says that the same belief holds good with regard to Saturday; for ‘the sun is supposed always to shine (if not throughout the day, at least during some portion of it) in honour of the Virgin Mary, to whom this day was specially dedicated;’* while the Pagans held that the sun never failed to shine on Saturday, for it was his birth-day. Moreover, that he had a special weakness for the Island of Rhodes, because that was supposed to be his birth-place.

Friday and Saturday are linked together in the

‘Friday’s dream, on Saturday told,
Is sure to come true, be it never so old;

but with the exception of this, the Saturday’s proverbs seem chiefly to relate to the moon, for there appears to be a very general prejudice against a Saturday’s moon—why, I cannot say; but ‘I tell the tale as ’twas told to me,’ and must leave it to wiser heads than mine to find the cause. I have already given the Sussex saying; but there are others like it, such as

‘Saturday’s change, and Sunday’s full,
Never brought good, and never will;’

* Hand-book of Weather Folk-Lore.

and

‘Saturday’s change brings the boat to the door;’ (causes a flood;)
 ‘But a Sunday’s change brings it up on the floor.’ (increases it.)

However, of all the sayings, the Spanish advice to ‘Praise the day when it is over,’ appears to me to be the wisest; and as it is the one which is best worth following, it therefore follows that it must be the best with which to conclude for the present.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

WITHERED LEAVES AND FRESH BUDS.

LADY ROSAMOND and Joanna Bowater could not fail to be good friends; Herbert was a great bond of union, and so was Mrs. Poyndsett. Rosamond found it hard to recover from the rejection of her scheme of the wheeled-chair, and begged Jenny to become its advocate; but Mrs. Poyndsett listened with a smile of the unpromising kind—‘You too, Jenny?’

‘Why not, dear Mrs. Poyndsett? How nice it would be to see you in your own corner again!’

‘I don’t think my own corner remains.’

‘Oh! but it could be restored at once.’

‘Do you think so? No, no, Jenny my dear; cracked china is better left on the shelf out of the way, even if it could bear the move, which it can’t.’

Then Jenny understood, and advised Rosamond to bide her time, and wait till the session of parliament, when the house would be quieter; and Rosamond nodded, and held her peace.

The only person who held aloof was Cecil, who would not rise to the bait when Raymond tried to exhibit Miss Bowater as a superior intellectual woman.

Unluckily, too, Jenny observed one evening at the five o’clock tea, ‘I hear that Mrs. Duncombe has picked up some very funny people—a lady lecturer, who is coming to set us all to rights.’

‘A wonderful pair, I hear!’ said Frank. ‘Mrs. Clio Tallboys, she calls herself, and a poor little husband, whom she carries about to shew the superiority of her sex.’

A Cambridge professor and great political economist!’ observed Cecil, in a low but indignant voice.

‘The Yankee Cambridge!’ quoth Frank.

‘The American Cambridge is a distinguished university,’ returned Cecil.

‘Cecil is right, Master Frank,’ laughed his mother; ‘Cam and Isis are not the only streams of learning in the world.’

‘I never heard of him,’ said Jenny; ‘he is a mere satellite to the great luminary.’

‘They are worth seeing,’ added Frank; ‘she is one of those regular American beauties one would pay to get a sight of.’

‘Where did you get all this information?’ asked Cecil.

‘From Duncombe himself. They met on the Righi; and nothing is more comical than to hear him describe the ladies’ fraternization over female doctors and lawyers, till they rushed into each other’s arms, and the Clio promised to come down on a crusade and convert you all.’

‘There are two ways of telling a story,’ said Cecil.

‘No wonder the gentlemen quake!’ said Mrs. Poyndsett.

‘I don’t,’ said Frank, boyishly.

‘Because you’ve no wife to take you in hand,’ retorted Jenny.

‘For my part,’ said Mrs. Poyndsett, ‘I can’t see what women want. I have always had as many rights as I could exercise.’

‘Ah! but we are not all ladies of the manor,’ said Jenny, ‘nor do we all drive coaches.’

‘I observe,’ said Cecil, with dignity, ‘that there is supposed to be a license to laugh at Mrs. Duncombe and whatever she does.’

‘She would do better to mind her children,’ said Frank.

‘Children! Has she children?’ broke in Anne and Rosamond, both at once.

‘Didn’t you know it?’ said Jenny.

‘No, indeed! I didn’t think her the sort of woman,’ said Rosamond.

‘What does she do with them?’

‘Drops them in the gutter,’ said Frank. ‘Literally, as I came home, I heard a squeak, and found a child flat in the little water-course. I picked it out, and the elder one told me it was Ducky Duncombe, or some such word. Its little boots had holes in them, Mother; its legs were purple, and there was a fine smart foreign woman flirting round the corner with young Hornblower.’

‘Boys with long red hair, and Highland dresses?’ exclaimed Rosamond. ‘Yes—the same we saw with Miss Vivian!’

‘Exactly!’ said Frank eagerly. ‘She is quite a mother to those poor little wretches; they watch for her at the Sirenwood gate, and she walks with them. The boy’s cry was not for mother or nurse, but for Lena!’

‘Pray, did she come at his call?’

‘No; but when I carried the brat home, poor Duncombe told me, almost with tears, how good she is to them. I fancy he feels their mother’s neglect of them.’

‘I’m sure I gave her credit for having none,’ said Rosamond.

'Ah!' said Jenny, 'you should have heard her condolences with my sister Mary on her last infliction. Fancy Mary's face!'

'No doubt it was to stem a torrent of nursery discussions,' said Cecil. 'Such bad taste!'

'Which?' murmured Rosamond under her breath, with an arched eye-brow.

'Plain enough,' said Frank: 'if a woman is a woman, the bad taste is to be ashamed of it.'

'Yes,' said Cecil, 'that is the way with men: they would fain keep us down to the level of the nursery.'

'I thought nurseries were usually at the top of the house.'

'Perhaps,' said Mrs. Poyntsett, disregarding this mischievous suggestion, 'they mean that organization, like charity, should begin at home.'

'You say that meaningly,' said Rosamond.

'I have heard very odd stories of domestic affairs at Aucuba Villa, and that she can't get a servant to stay there.'

'That man, Alexander, has always been there,' said Frank.

'Yes; but he has occasionally to do all the work of the house. Yes, I can't help it, Cecil, Susan will regale me with cook stories sometimes; and I have heard of the whole establishment turning out on being required to eat funguses.'

'I shall beware of dining there!' said Rosamond.

'Don't they dine here to-morrow?' asked Frank.

'No, they are engaged to the Moyas,' said Cecil.

'But the Vivians come?'

'Oh yes.'

Everyone knew that already; but Frank could not help having it repeated. It was a mere formal necessity to ask them, and had been accepted as such; but there was some amazement when Cecil brought home Lady Tyrrell and Miss Vivian to lunch and spend the afternoon. It might be intended as one of her demonstrations; for though it was understood that any of the inmates were free to bring home friends to luncheon, it was not done—except with a casual gentleman—without notice to the mistress of the house. Cecil, however, comported herself entirely in that position, explaining that Lady Tyrrell was come to give her advice upon an intended fernery, and would perform her toilette here, so as to have plenty of time. Frank, little knowing what was passing, was working the whole day at his tutor's for the closely imminent examination; Julius and Raymond were gravely polite; Eleonora very silent; and as soon as the meal was over, Rosamond declared that she should not come out to stand planning in the cold; and though Herbert would have liked nothing better in that company, his Rector carried him off to arrange an Advent service in a distant hamlet; Anne's horse came to the door; and only Joanna remained to accompany the gardening party, except that Raymond came out with them to mark the limits of permissible alteration.

‘How unchanged!’ exclaimed Lady Tyrrell. ‘Time stands still here; only where is the grand old magnolia? How sweet it used to be!’

‘Killed by the frost,’ said Raymond, shortly, not choosing to undergo a course of reminiscences, and chafing his wife by his repressive manner towards her guest. When he had pointed out the bed of Americans that were to be her boundary, he excused himself, as having letters to finish; and as he went away, Cecil gave vent to her distaste to the old shrubs and borders, now, of course, at their worst—the azaleas mere dead branches, the roses with a few yellow night-capped buds still lingering, the fuchsias with a scanty bell or two.

Jenny fought for their spring beauty, all the more because Lady Tyrrell was encouraging the wife to criticise the very things she had tried to sentimentalize over with the husband; but seeing that she was only doing harm, she proposed a brisk walk to Eleonora, who gladly assented, though her sister made a protest about damp, and her being a bad walker. The last thing they heard was Cecil’s sigh, ‘It is all so shut in, wherever there is level ground, that the bazaar would be impossible.’

‘I should hope so!’ muttered Jenny.

‘What do you mean to do about this bazaar?’ asked Eleonora, as they sped away.

‘I don’t know. Those things so often go off in smoke, that I don’t make up my mind till they become imminent.’

‘I am afraid this will go on,’ said Eleonora. ‘Camilla means it, and she always carries out her plans; I wish I saw the right line.’

‘About that?’

‘About everything. It seems to me that there never was any one so cut off from help and advice as I am;’ then, as Joanna made some mute sign of sympathy, ‘I knew you would understand; I have been longing to be with you, for there has been no one to whom I could speak freely since I left Rockpier.’

‘And I have been longing to have you. Mamma would have asked you to stay with us before, only we had the house full. Can’t you come now?’

You will see that I shall not be allowed. It is of no use to think about it!’ said the girl, with a sigh. ‘Here, let us get out of this broad path, or she may yet come after us—persuade Mrs. Charnock Poyntsett it is too cold to stand about—anything to break up a *tête-à-tête*.’

Jenny saw she really was in absolute fear of pursuit; but hardly yet understood the nervous haste to turn into a not very inviting side-path, veiled by the trees, whose wet leaves were falling.

‘Do you mind the damp?’ asked the girl anxiously.

‘No, not at all; but—’

‘You don’t know what it is never to feel free, but be like a French girl, always watched—at least, whenever I am with anyone I care to speak to.’

‘Are you quite sure it is not imagination?’

‘O Joanna, don’t be like all the rest, blinded by her! You knew her always!’

‘Only from below. I am four years younger; you know dear Emily was my contemporary.’

‘Dear Emily! I miss her more now than even at Rockpier. But you, who were her friend, and knew Camilla of old, I know you can help me as no one else can.’

Jenny returned a caress; and Eleonora spoke on. ‘You know I was only eight years old when Camilla married, and I had scarcely seen her till she came to us at Rockpier, on Lord Tyrrell’s death, and then she was most delightful. I thought her like mother and sister both in one, even more tender than dear Emily. How could I have thought so for a moment? But she enchanted everybody. Clergy, ladies, and all, came under the spell; and I can’t get advice from any of them—not even from Miss Coles—you remember her?’

‘Your governess? How nice she was!’

‘Emily and I owed everything to her! She was as near being a mother to us as anyone could be; and Camilla could not say enough of gratitude, or shew esteem enough, and fascinated her like all the rest of us; but she never rested till she had got her off to a situation in Russia. I did not perceive the game at the time, but I see now how all the proposals for situations within reach of me were quashed.’

‘But you write to her?’

‘Yes; but as soon as I shewed any of my troubles, she reproved me for self-will and wanting to judge for myself, and not submit to my sister. That’s the way with all at Rockpier. Camilla has gone about pitying me to them for having to give way to my married sister, but saying it was quite time that she took charge of us; and on that notion they all wrote to me. Then she persuaded Papa to go abroad; and I was delighted, little thinking she never meant me to go back again.’

‘Did she not?’

‘Listen! I’ve heard her praise Rockpier and its Church to the skies to one person—say Mr. Bindon. To another, such as our own Vicar, she says it was much too *ultra*, and she likes moderation; she tells your father that she wants to see Papa among his old friends; and to Mrs. Duncombe, I’ve heard her go as near the truth as is possible to her, and call it a wearisome place, with an atmosphere of incense, curates, and old maids, from whom she had carried me off before I grew fit for nothing else!’

‘I dare say all these are true in turn, or seem so to her, or she would not say them before you.’

‘She has left off trying to gloss it over with me, except so far as it is part of her nature. She did at first, but she knows it is of no use now.’

‘Really, Lenore, you must be going too far.’

‘I have shocked you; but you can’t conceive what it is to live with

perpetual falsity. No, I can't use any other word. I am always mistrusting and being angered, and my senses of right and wrong get so confused, that it is like groping in a maze.' Her eyes were full of tears, but she exclaimed, 'Tell me, Joanna, was there ever anything between Camilla and Mr. Poyndsett?'

'Why bring that up again now?'

'Why did it go off?' insisted Lenore.

'Because Mrs. Poyndsett could not give up and turn into a dowager, as if she were not the mistress herself.'

'Was that all?'

'So it was said.'

'I want to get to the bottom of it. It was not because Lord Tyrrell came in the way.'

'I am afraid they thought so here.'

'Then,' said Eleonora, in a hard dry way, 'I know the reason of our being brought back here, and of a good deal besides.'

'My dear Lena, I am very sorry for you; but I think you had better keep this out of your mind, or you will fall into a hard, bitter, suspicious mood.'

'That is the very thing. I am in a hard, bitter, suspicious mood, and I can't see how to keep out of it; I don't know when opposition is right and firm, and when it is only my own self-will.'

'Would it not be a good thing to talk to Julius Charnock? You would not be betraying anything.'

'No! I can't seem to make up to the good clergyman! Certainly not. Besides, I've heard Camilla talking to his wife!'

'Talking?'

'Admiring that dress, which she had been sneering at to your mother, don't you remember? It was one of her honey-cups with venom below—only, happily, Lady Rosamond saw through the flattery. I'm ashamed whenever I see her!'

'I don't think that need cut you off from Julius.'

'Tell me *truly*,' again broke in Lenore, 'what Mrs. Poyndsett really is. She is a standing proverb with us for tyranny over her sons; not with Camilla alone, but with Papa.'

'See how they love her!' cried Jenny hotly.

'Camilla thinks that abject; but I can't forget how Frank talked of her in those happy Rockpier days.'

'When you first knew him?' said Jenny.

They must have come at length to the real point, for Eleonora began at once—'Yes; he was with his sick friend, and we were so happy; and now he is being shamefully used, and I don't know what to do!'

'Indeed, Lenore,' said Jenny, in her down-right way, 'I do not understand. You do not seem to care for him.'

'Of course I am wrong,' said the poor girl; 'but I hoped I was doing the best thing for him;' then, as Jenny made an indignant sound, 'See,

Jenny, when he came to Rockpier, Camilla had been a widow about three months. She never had been very sad, for Lord Tyrrell had been quite imbecile for a year, poor man! And when Frank came, she could not make enough of him; and he and I both thought the two families had been devotedly fond of each other, and that she was only too glad to meet one of them.'

'I suppose that was true.'

'So do I, as things stood then. She meant Frank to be a sort of connecting link, against the time when she could come back here; but we, poor children, never thought of that, and went on together, not exactly saying anything, but quite understanding how much we cared. Indeed, I know Camilla impressed on him that, for his mother's sake, it must go no farther then, while he was still so young; and next came our journey on the Continent, ending in our coming back here last July.'

Jenny remembered that Raymond's engagement had not been made known till August, and Frank had only returned from a grouse-shooting holiday a week or two before the arrival of the brides.

'Now,' added Eleonora, 'Camilla has made me understand that nothing will induce her to let Papa consent; and though I know he would, if he were left to himself, I also see how all this family must hate and loathe the connection.'

'May I ask, has Frank ever spoken?'

'Oh no! I think he implied it all to Camilla when she bade him wait till our return, fancying, I suppose, that one could forget the other.'

'But why does she seem so friendly with him?'

'It is her way; she can't be other than smooth and caressing, and likes to have young men about; and I try to be grave and distant, because—the sooner he is cured of me the better for him,' she uttered, with a sob; 'but when he is there, and I see those grieved eyes of his, I can't keep it up! And Papa does like him! Oh! if Camilla would but leave us alone! See here, Jenny!' and she shewed, on her watch-chain, a bit of ruddy polished pebble. 'Is it wrong to keep this? He and I found the stone in two halves, on the beach, the last day we were together, and had them set, pretending to one another it was only play. Sometimes I think I ought to send mine back; I know he has his, he let me see it one day. Do you think I ought to give it up?'

'Why should you?'

'Because then he would know that it must be all over.'

'But is it all over? Within, I mean?'

'Jenny, you know better!'

'Then, Lenore, if so, and it is only your sister who objects, not your father himself, ought you to torment poor Frank, by acting indifferent when you do not feel it?'

'Am I untrue? I never thought of that. I thought I should be sacrificing myself for his good!'

'His good? O Lenore, I believe it is the worst wrong a woman can

do a man, to let him think he has wasted his heart upon her, and that she is trifling with him. You don't know what a bad effect this is having, even on his prospects. He cannot get his brain or spirits free to work for his examination.'

'How hard it is to know what is right! Here have I been thinking that what made me so miserable must be the best for him, and would it not make it all the worse to relax, and let him see?'

'I do not think so,' returned Jenny. 'His spirits would not be worn by doubt of *you*—the worst doubt of all; and he would feel that he had something to strive for.'

Eleonora walked on for some steps in silence, then exclaimed, 'Yes, but there's his family. It would only stir up trouble for him there. They can't approve of me.'

'They don't know you. When they do, they will. Now they only see what looks like—forgive me, Lena—caprice and coquetry; they will know you in earnest, if you will let them.'

'You don't mean that they know anything about it!' exclaimed Eleonora.

Jenny almost laughed. 'Not know where poor Frank's heart is? You don't guess how those sons live with their mother!'

'I suppose I have forgotten what sincerity and openness are,' said Eleonora sadly. 'But is not she very much vexed?'

'She was vexed to find it had gone so deep with him,' said Jenny; 'but I know that you can earn her affection and trust, by being staunch and true yourself—and it is worth having, Lena!'

For Jenny knew Eleonora of old, through Emily's letters, and had no doubt of her rectitude, constancy, and deep principle, though she was at the present time petrified by constant antagonism to such untruthfulness as, where it cannot corrupt, almost always hardens those who come in contact with it. And this cruel idea of self-sacrifice was, no doubt, completing the indurating process.

Jenny knew the terrible responsibility of giving such advice. She had not done it lightly. She had been feeling for years past that 'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all;' and she knew that uncertainty of the right to love and trust, would have been a pang beyond all she had suffered. To give poor Eleonora, situated as she now was, admission to the free wholesome atmosphere of the Charnock family, was to her kind heart irresistible; and it was pleasant to feel the poor girl clinging to her, as people do to those who have given the very counsel the heart craved for.

It was twilight when the walk was over, and the drawing-room was empty; but Anne came to invite them to Mrs. Poyntsett's tea, saying that Cecil had Lady Tyrrell in her own sitting-room. Perhaps Mrs. Poyntsett had not realized who was Jenny's companion, for she seemed startled at their entrance; and Jenny said, 'You remember Lenore Vivian?'

'I must have seen you as a child,' said Mrs. Poyndsett courteously. 'You are very like your sister.'

This, though usually a great compliment, disappointed Eleonora, as she answered, rather frigidly, 'So people say.'

'Have you walked far?'

'To the Outwood Lodge.'

'To-day? Was it not very damp in the woods?'

'Oh no, delightful!'

'Lena and I are old friends,' said Jenny; 'too glad to meet to heed the damp.'

Here Raymond entered, with the air of a man who had just locked up a heavy post-bag at the last possible moment; and he too was amazed, though he covered it by asking why the party was so small.

'Rosamond is gone to meet her husband, and Cecil has her guest in her own domains.'

Then Jenny asked after his day's work—a county matter, interesting to all the magistracy, and their womankind in their degree; and Eleonora listened in silence, watching with quiet heedfulness Frank's mother and brother.

When Frank himself came in, his face was a perfect study; and the colour mantled in her cheeks, so that Jenny trusted that both were touched by the wonderful beauty that a little softness and timidity brought out on the features, usually so resolutely on guard. But when, in the later evening, Jenny crept in to her old friend, hoping to find that the impression had been favourable, she only heard, 'Exactly like her sister, who always had the making of a fine countenance.'

'The mask—yes, but Lena has the spirit behind the mask. Poor girl! she is not at all happy in the atmosphere her sister has brought home.'

'Then I wish they would marry her!'

'Won't you believe how truly nice and good she is?'

'That will not make up for the connection. My heart sank, Jenny, from the time I heard that those Vivians were coming back. I kept Frank away as long as I could—but there's no help for it. It seems the fate of my boys to be the prey of those sirens.'

'Well, then, dear Mrs. Poyndsett, do pray believe, on my word, that Eleonora is a different creature!'

'Is there no hope of averting it? I thought Camilla would—poor Frank is such insignificant game!'

'And when it does come, don't be set against her, please, dear Mrs. Poyndsett. Be as kind to her—as you were to me,' whispered Jenny, nestling up, and hiding her face.

'My dear, but I knew you! You were no such case.'

'Except that you all were horribly vexed with us, because we couldn't help liking each other,' said Jenny.

'Ah! my poor child! I only wish you could have liked anyone else!'

‘Do you?’ said Jenny, looking up. ‘Oh no, you don’t! You would not have me for your supplementary child, if I had,’ she added playfully; then very low—‘It is because the thought of dear Archie, even ending as it did, is my very heart’s joy, that I want you to let them have theirs!’

And then came a break, which ended the pleading; and Jenny was obliged to leave Compton without much notion as to the effect of her advice, audacious as she knew it to have been.

(*To be continued.*)

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘MRS. JERNINGHAM’S JOURNAL.’

CHAPTER VII.

It is not to be supposed that if the Vauxes had so much to say about the Lesters, the Lesters could not in their turn find something to say about the Vauxes also. When their guests were gone, the mother and daughters drew cosily in round the fire, and Mrs. Lester opened the conversation by a very natural question. ‘Well, my dears,’ she asked, ‘and how do you like them?’

Lucy looked puzzled. ‘I really don’t know, Mamma,’ she said. ‘I think I should like Helen; and Cecil is extremely pretty, but—*isn’t she—odd?*’

‘Is she odd?’ said her mother.

‘She doesn’t seem to know anything.’

‘Not really? I fancied they were being highly educated. Mr. Vaux seemed to think a great deal about their education, and she is certainly a clever girl.’

‘Oh yes! I don’t mean education, you know; and she is clever enough to frighten me. I mean about the things we were taught, Mamma—that you taught us—*real* things, you know.’

‘But that is just it, Lucy!’ said Adela gently. ‘We have been *taught* them, and she has not. They were not *in us*, any more than in her; and it is not our merit or her fault one bit, you see.’

‘No, I suppose not,’ replied Lucy, doubtfully; ‘but then, you know, they *do* make all the difference, and we must judge people by the difference, must not we?’

‘That’s what puzzles me often,’ said Adela; ‘we like or dislike people for what, in reality, they are not one bit answerable for themselves.’

But so we do in everything, don’t we?’ answered Lucy; ‘pretty people did not make themselves, or ugly ones either, and yet we admire the one, and don’t like looking at the other.’

‘It seems so unfair,’ said Adela, ‘when they can’t help it. Now really,

I don't know what to say about Miss Cecil Vaux. She is so extremely pretty—quite lovely, I think—and her expression changes, and she blushes and looks so charming, I can't take my eyes off her; and she has nice ways and manners, and is clever and intelligent; and yet, just for the want of being taught, one feels—yes, I must say it—one feels that one cannot approve of her in anything. Now is not that hard?'

'I did not think about it in that way,' said Lucy.

'Well, but that is how it is,' replied Adela. 'If *I* spoke and thought as she does, I should be horrible—I mean, if I had been brought up as I have been, and did it; but *she* is not the least to blame—and yet there she is, *as she is*—and one can't approve of her, and she would not be considered a good friend for one—is not it hard?'

'But it is just the same in everything,' said Lucy. 'Take vulgarity. We don't blame people who have not the manners of gentlefolks, if they are not gentlefolks; but they are unfit to be our companions, and so we don't make them our companions!'

'Yes,' said Adela slowly, 'that is the same *sort* of thing—but yet it is different; because in *this* case, she is everything one should like except just the one thing that only teaching can give, and that is worth everything else.'

'Perhaps,' said Mrs. Lester, 'a case like this shews us more than perhaps anything else what we all know theoretically—and that of course is, that we should never blame or judge people when it is possible to avoid doing so; we can't help seeing what they are, but we need not judge them or blame them; and another thing, Adela—if these girls have really not been taught these things, you and Lucy may be of use to them if you get more intimate—you may teach them.'

'Oh no, Mamma; we couldn't!'

'But why not, my dear?'

'It would be absurd. *You* might, Mamma; but we are such mere learners ourselves, we could not teach anyone.'

'And yet you teach Letty Jones her alphabet, and little Polly how to read and write!'

'Oh yes, of course I can teach things like that to small children.'

'Very well, then I have no doubt you could be of great use to these girls by degrees, by shewing them the things you have yourself learned from others.'

'I see what you mean,' said Adela thoughtfully; 'and perhaps we might, only I am always so afraid of taking on myself, and being conceited.'

'I think that is the last fear that need trouble you, my love,' replied Mrs. Lester, smiling affectionately on her daughter.

'I have such a dislike to the sort of thing,' said Adela, smiling, 'ever since I read those books at Aunt Fanny's. Those memoirs of people—where a converted child teaches its grandfather and grandmother and the clergyman, all of whom were supposed to be very good people

till the converted child found out that they were not—and she does say such rude things to them—and then she almost always dies, and preaches on her death-bed. I have for years had a horror of that converted child.'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Lester. 'I have heard it said that the way in which good children die early in story-books, makes living children afraid of being good.'

'Oh, it isn't that,' said Adela; 'it isn't story-book children I mean, and it's not the dying at all that I object to—it's the preaching. She might die as much as ever she likes, if she didn't preach.'

'Well, Adela, nobody wants you to preach; you may do a great deal of good to people without preaching, and probably very little with. There are plenty of ways of helping people, and even of teaching them, without preachments. But even with regard to those memoirs of converted children you have such a horror of, perhaps you are a little harsh in your judgements, and what revolts you may have been very useful to somebody else.'

'May it really, Mamma?'

'Yes, assuredly it may; one of the greatest mistakes we make is the forgetting that there is at least as much difference between people's minds as their bodies, and that what is poison to one man is a bracing tonic to another.'

'Yes,' said Lucy; 'everything always seems to end in the same thing—charity. I suppose if we could only act out St. Paul's charity, we should hardly want to do or to be anything else.'

'Well,' said Adela, 'I must try to feel it, even to the converted children.'

'Yes, indeed you must, my love, especially to the converted children; because we never can tell in what way the work of grace may be done, and it would be very sad if *we* turned into ridicule what *may* be precious in the eyes of God. I am always afraid of laughing at any religious development, however contrary to my own taste or ideas it may be.'

'I shall try to be the same, Mamma,' replied Adela, kissing her; 'but you see what nonsense it would be for me to set about teaching anyone, when I make such mistakes myself.'

'We all make mistakes, and we are all learners; yet we may all be of use. I am just as much a learner as you, my Adela, only I am a little further on.'

'A great great way further on; but, O Mamma, how far on Frank is! and so young, too—is it not wonderful? You are old, dear Mamma, and the mother of a family, so it may be expected from you; but he is so young—I *do* wonder at Frank, I can't help wondering at Frank!'

'And yet, Adela, I believe Frank finds in himself just as many shortcomings and mistakes as you do.'

'O Mamma!'

It is quite true, love; and, Adela, that very humility which makes you distrust yourself so much, is not, I assure you, the most objectionable part of a Christian's character. I don't want to make you conceited, my Adela, but when I thank God for what my boy is, I thank Him for what my girls are also.'

The tears rose into Adela's eyes as she listened to her mother's words, and she replied softly, 'I will try, dear Mamma;' whilst Lucy kissed Adela joyfully, and said, 'If I am only half as good, ever at all, as she is, Mamma, I shall be perfectly happy.'

'Well, we won't praise her, and so perhaps spoil her,' replied Mrs. Lester, laughing. 'Now suppose we get the books, and set to work covering and pasting; I believe that will be as good a use as we can make of this winter evening.'

The books, holland, paste, and scissors, were produced, and the trio set busily and happily to work. The lamps burned brightly, the fire blazed merrily, the fingers moved rapidly, and the conversation was gay and agreeable; after a time it turned on the ball—Adela's first ball.

'It *does* seem a very delightful idea, Mamma,' she said; 'I do think I shall enjoy it thoroughly. What a pity it is that sisters must be younger than sisters! if they were all the same age, Lucy might go too.'

'Yes; but as it is, Lucy is far too young,' replied Mrs. Lester, looking fondly at her youngest daughter.

'I think I am exactly the right age,' said Lucy, laughing; 'fifteen is exactly the right age for balls.'

'Cecil Vaux is perhaps going, and she is only sixteen,' remarked Adela.

'That is too young,' said her mother very decidedly; 'and fifteen is younger still.'

Which latter being an undeniable fact, both the girls were silenced.

Just then the post was brought in, and the letters distributed. Mrs. Lester had several, out of which she handed one to Adela. 'That is from your Aunt Charlotte,' said she; 'and I am glad, for it is some time since we heard from her.'

Adela read the letter, and then looked up, laughing, and very much pleased. 'Only think!' said she; 'it is very nice, but I can hardly believe it—she has sent me five pounds to buy my ball-dress, so now I may really have that lovely tulle over the satin, instead of only the muslin! Is it not kind of her, and *won't* it be pretty?'

'Oh, I am glad!' cried Lucy.

'Yes, I believe we both wished for the white tulle and satin,' said her mother, 'only we both thought it foolish to spend so much money on a ball-dress; but since the kind old aunt wishes it, and sends the money on purpose, of course there is nothing to be said against it.'

'It certainly was the prettiest dress I ever saw,' said Adela; 'and with the jessamine wreath Papa gave me it will be charming.'

'You will be the best dressed girl in the room,' laughed Lucy; 'really I shall have to go with the servants into the gallery—there is always a

gallery with servants in it at a ball, is not there?—in order to see how you look among all the other people!

‘You dance the first dance with Mr. Pringle, don’t you?’ said her mother.

‘Yes; it was very good-natured of him to ask me—it is pleasant beginning with somebody I know, in case I take a shy turn and feel silly. I really do sometimes feel a little frightened about it, but I don’t suppose I shall be too much afraid to enjoy it thoroughly when I get used to it.’

‘And then the second dance with Captain Feversham?’ said Lucy.

‘Yes; and the third with Colonel Wyndham himself. I am very glad of that, Mamma; Colonel Wyndham is such a *pleasant* companion, and isn’t he a fine soldierly looking man? I admire him extremely—I felt quite proud when he asked me to dance.’

‘I quite agree with you,’ replied Lucy; ‘I would rather dance with him than with any of the young unmarried men who are called partners.’

‘And I do think Mrs. Wyndham is very nice really, notwithstanding all the things people say of her,’ said Adela.

‘I’m not sure, my dear,’ answered her mother; ‘she may be, and I hope she is. Girls who have been rather silly often settle down and turn out very well, if they marry sensible men whom they really love.’

‘I am sure she really loves him, she seems full of him, and always calls him “my colonel,”—it sounds so nice, Mamma, and the look of pride in her eyes when she says it is so pretty, it quite makes one wish to be married!’

‘For all that,’ said Mrs. Lester, laughing, ‘and though I hope Mrs. Wyndham may turn out as well as possible, and though I think it extremely likely that she will, I don’t wish you to be intimate with her, Adela, just at present. You have no experience; and certainly, from what I hear, she must have been before her marriage what is called a very *fast* girl—a very fast girl indeed, I am afraid.’

‘I hope not, Mamma,’ said Adela; ‘but I won’t forget. I should not like to be intimate with a fast girl, I am sure, though I confess I have a very vague idea what it is.’

‘I know,’ said Lucy; ‘they have jackets with pockets, and stand with their hands thrust down deep into them; and they say ‘haw, haw,’ at the end of everything. Oh, no, they don’t; it’s foolish young men who do *that*, not girls; but they might, for I believe they try to be as like foolish young men as possible—and they talk slang; and I *have* heard that some of them—the very worst—smoke cigars!’

Mrs. Lester and Adela laughed heartily at Lucy’s description of the genus fast-girl; but both exclaimed at the last clause, and both declared it impossible—the elder lady quite as much as the younger.

‘I wonder where you got all your information on the subject, Lucy,’ said the former; ‘I believe it is tolerably correct, but I can’t think where you learned it.’

Lucy laughed too. 'Chiefly from my cousins, when I was staying with them at Brighton last year; they said Brighton was full of fast girls, and they used to make me guess them when we walked out, and I got to know them quite well at last.'

'Experience makes perfect,' said Adela; 'but what a very odd notion! Well, Mamma, here are all the books finished except the pasting that you delight in so much. I have not the heart to deprive you of it, so I will get our book, and go on with it; which shall it be? the Life of Keble, or The Caxtons?'

'It's been such an idle amusing day, that I think we ought to finish it off with a novel,' said Lucy; 'anything else would be out of place!'

'That is a very odd argument,' said Mrs. Lester; 'but I don't mind. Let it be The Caxtons by all means—we could hardly do better.'

And so Adela read The Caxtons aloud to the two others till prayer-time came, after which all of them went up to their rooms. While the girls were undressing, they remarked that the maid who attended on them was very silent and quiet, and something in her manner made Adela look at her rather attentively, when she saw that she had traces of tears on her face. She spoke to her kindly, and asked her what was the matter. Jane was a favourite in the house, she had lived with them a long time, and they had brought her with them to Byfield. Mr. Lester had resided in the north of England for many years after his marriage, acting as agent to his father, who had a good property there, and had given his son a pretty house on the estate; he had been very glad to keep this son, who was also his heir, near him on these terms; for Mr. Lester was not a man who would have been at all willing to lead an idle life. But latterly his health had failed, and the doctors had peremptorily ordered a milder climate. He had therefore come to the south; and taking a fancy to the Lodge, near Byfield—the clergyman of the parish, Mr. Porteous, being an old college friend—he had rented it, and bringing his family there, had occupied it for about six months, when our story commences. Jane was the daughter of one of his father's tenants, and was a faithful and useful servant, acting as personal attendant on the girls. Mr. Lester was for the present living on an allowance from his father—a handsome allowance, but not so large but that he and his family had to use comparative economy, while he had only that and the interest of his wife's fortune to live on. In answer to her young mistress's questions, Jane confessed that she had been crying, but assured her that there was nothing the matter with herself, or with anyone belonging to her. It was some people she had been to see—some people she liked very much, and who had been unfortunate, and were in great distress; but there was no use in troubling Miss Adela about them, for she could do nothing, and it would only make her sorry. But was Jane certain she could do nothing? Adela asked; how could she be certain? she had much better tell her, at any rate, for she would really like to know.

'I don't think I should, Adela,' said Lucy; 'it may be foolish, but I never can help it. If I can do no good, I had so much rather *not* hear sorrowful things—it is worse than reading a book that has a melancholy end.'

'Only if the book is finished, there is nothing that *can* be done; and it does leave one with a miserable blank feeling.'

'Yes; I think, if I was the Queen, I would get a law passed to prevent books from ending wrong.'

'But then you would have no tragedies. O Lucy, Macbeth and Hamlet!'

'Oh, of course no law *could* interfere with Shakespeare. He must be just the same, whatever law is passed. He's *Shakespeare*. But I would not have *any* story-books end miserably—not one.'

While the sisters talked, Adela saw that Jane was still struggling with her emotion, and had the greatest difficulty in keeping back her tears.

'You really are very unhappy, Jane,' she said gently; 'are you quite sure it is nothing that concerns yourself?'

'Oh yes, quite, Miss Adela; but it is a young girl, and she is so wretched. She's feeling *remorse*; and somehow that seems more terrible-like than anything else!'

A slight shiver ran over Adela's frame, affirmative of this sentiment; but Lucy stopped her ears, and cried out, 'Wait till I am in bed, Jane! I can't hear these shocking stories!—Don't think me horrid, Adela; I would listen to anything if it would do any good; but when it won't, I had so much rather not.'

'Very well, Lucy; only you know what I hope is, that it may do some good.'

'But Jane *says* it can't!'

'Get into bed as quick as you can, that's all.'

'Yes, I will; and I shall be asleep in five minutes. I am as sleepy as ever I can be.'

So Lucy retired to her end of the room, and finishing her undressing, left Adela in undisturbed possession of the fire-place, with Jane brushing her long brown hair.

'And now, Jane,' said Adela, 'I really hope you will tell me.'

So Jane told her.

There was a poor but very respectable family of the name of Wilson, living near Byfield, whom Jane had known intimately during the six months the Lesters had lived at the Lodge. The acquaintance, indeed, had begun in Yorkshire, where the girl, Nancy Wilson, had been for a short time staying with an aunt, well known to Jane and her people. She was considerably older than Nancy, but had liked the girl and been intimate with her, rather patronizing her in the way that older girls can those who are younger than themselves. It had been a great pleasure to her to resume the acquaintance when she came to the Lodge; but she had been sorry to find them much poorer than she

had had any idea that they were. Nancy confided to her that this had not always been the case, but that the only son had been misled by bad companions, and fallen into evil ways, and had more than a year before disappeared—no one knew where—and left them in the greatest anxiety and distress of mind on his account. His mother, always a delicate woman, had entirely lost her health, and the doctor's bills had been heavy and hard to pay. For though Dr. Hughes was a very benevolent man, doctors and their families must live as well as the rest of the world; the private circumstances of the Wilsons were not generally known, and he had no reason to suppose they could not afford to pay their bills. Benevolent doctors *must* take fees from their well-to-do patients, otherwise it is impossible for them to visit poor people without doing the same. In addition to these unusual expenses, others, as unusual, and even more distressing, came to light; it appeared that Jack was in debt to everybody—bills had been run up, and things bought in his father's name, and now his father was called upon to pay for them. Nancy declared, with many tears, that it was all done in thoughtlessness, for Jack had a 'good heart;' but whether it was thoughtlessness, or whether it was wickedness, the result was the same; and the poor parents, now health and strength were failing them, found themselves involved in troubles, as is frequently the case with the parents of 'thoughtless' children. Some of their creditors were kind, and some were hard; but the Wilsons were honest, and tried to pay every man what they owed them. Then the rent was due, and there was no money to meet the claim, and so it fell in arrear, and a six months notice to quit was served; and every penny that could be saved was saved in preparation for the day. But to save pennies, when pounds were wanted—to procure nourishment, medicines, warm clothes, and good fires for a sick old woman—was not easy work—nay, it was found to be actually impossible. Every little hoard, as fast as it was laid by, had to be taken out, and expended on what had become a necessary of life; and so the evil day approached, and the rent was not ready. The rent was not ready—and the landlord, if a just, was a hard man.

Then came a joy, so sudden and so bright, that after such heavy griefs it was almost overwhelming. A letter from Jack! The letter itself would have been happiness enough for a life-time, Nancy said; for it not only told that he was alive and well, whom they had mourned as dead, but it spoke of repentance and amendment—of having fallen into the hands of kind people, and being servant to a good master, who paid him well, and taught him his duty besides. So that he knew now what a bad boy he had been, and was determined to be a better; and though the letter was written from foreign parts—very foreign parts indeed, Nancy said—he declared in it that he meant to come home and be a blessing to them all; and Nancy did not see how anyone could speak fairer than *that*. However, even this was not all, for the letter contained a bank-bill for twenty pounds, to pay his debts!

The kind master knew all about his disappearance, and that his parents were old ; and he said a shock, even when it was a happy one, might do a deal of harm to the old and the frail ; so the letter was written to Nancy, and she was to have the surprise all to herself, and then gradually prepare them for it as best she could. It so happened, that when this messenger of joy came to the Wilsons' house, she was alone in it. The day was fine and bright, and it had been thought a change would be good for the old woman ; so she and her husband were spending it with a friend who lived not far off. Nancy had certainly never been so happy in her life ; there was the letter—and there were the twenty pounds—and there was she—and if these three facts did not make perfect happiness, it would be difficult to say where perfect happiness could be found. She counted the minutes till the time should arrive when the old couple would be coming back. She swept up the hearth, and tidied the room ; and as the chimney began to smoke, as it always would smoke when the wind was in the north, she opened a window to let the smoke out. Alas ! if the smoke went out, the wind came in—the wind came in, cruel and relentless, whisked round the room, whirling everything about that it could touch, flinging the father's shirts down that were hung up to dry ; and then, as Nancy ran eagerly to save them from being blown into the fire, it caught the thin flimsy sheet of foreign paper that she had laid on the mantel-piece, and the thinner flimsier bank-bill that rested on it, and taking them into its wicked grasp, deposited them among the blazing coals, from which Nancy had with difficulty saved the clean white linen ! Better had a hundred shirts been burned than those two little pieces of thin flimsy paper.

Why, the chimney will be on fire ! thought poor Nancy, as while hanging up her father's shirts, her eye was caught by the fiery flakes that went dancing upwards. The next moment she saw what had happened. Whatever a pair of tongs frantically employed by two eager trembling hands could do, was done—and done rapidly and effectually. What was saved ? not the bank-bill—not even the half sheet of the letter in which a reference to it was made—only the first half sheet, full of expressions of affection and regret and promises of amendment, from the poor penitent boy. Only that—well, at any rate, *that* was something, that brought joy and peace to the hearts of the poor parents he had ruined, and floods of grateful tears from their eyes. But then—afterwards ? Afterwards friends were consulted, and one opinion prevailed—the bank-bill was not the money, and the money was therefore not destroyed. What address had Jack Wilson given ? Alas ! there was no address on the half sheet of the letter that had been saved ; and when Nancy was questioned, she not only could not remember what address had been given on the other sheet, but she was not even sure whether any address had been given at all. She thought it had been written on board ship, and that there had been something about *lat.* and

long., but that seemed to her a very odd address, and nobody she spoke to could make anything more of it than she did.

One thing, however, was certain—a bank-bill for twenty pounds had been sent over; and the rent was only seven pounds ten; so old Wilson went to his landlord, and took Nancy with him. The story was told—the half of the letter was shewn, and the rent was promised as soon as the penitent son could be heard from again, and measures taken for recovering the money. The landlord was a just man, if a hard one. Alas for human justice! Can human nature be at once just and hard? To make justice really just, is not the eye of omniscience required—the eye that can read all hearts, and know the secrets therein?

The landlord made every inquiry, and weighed all he heard, with the most scrupulous exactness. Never was a more suspicious story laid before the judgement of a just man. The parents were old, useless, and ruined; the son, bad and extravagant, a runaway from the debts and other evil consequences of the career that he had led. The daughter had received a letter from this wicked son, saying that he enclosed twenty pounds, and with twenty pounds enclosed in it. These valuable documents had arrived during the absence of the parents, though the mother was so ill, that her leaving home for a day was, to say the least of it, a most extraordinary circumstance; and the daughter had laid these valuable documents on the mantel-piece, on a stormy winter day, and then opened the window. By a not unnatural consequence, they had been blown into the fire; and then, *very* curiously, the bank-bill, and the half of the letter in which it was mentioned, were destroyed, while only the half of the letter that bore witness to nothing, but was filled with weak expressions of affection and promises of amendment, had been saved. Here was a story for human justice—the justice of a just man, if he was a hard one—to solve. Of course there was only one thing to ask—one thing on which every other thing hung and must depend—the character of the girl; what was the character of the girl? Alas! poor Nancy Wilson! Her character might have been excellent—was excellent, in all respects—save one. Nobody had a word to say against her—everybody had at least a hundred words to say in her favour; but it was quite unnecessary for anybody to say words either one way or the other, for the landlord knew her—the landlord had personal knowledge of her—and that knowledge decided the question—and who could blame him? Justice—as far as human justice *can* be just—left him no alternative; and no other conclusion could be reached by a man who was admitted by everybody to be just, even if he was hard, than the one he arrived at.

More than a year before, Jack Wilson had got into a scrape, had been brought before his landlord, and his sister Nancy had told a lie to screen him. She had said something for the sake of getting him off, which had been proved not to be true, and which she had been obliged to confess with many tears was not true; in fact, she had confessed at

once, and begged pardon both for herself and for him; but her landlord remembered all the circumstances well, and judged accordingly. The parents were old, useless, and ruined, and the son was a runaway prodigal—everything, therefore, depended on the character of the daughter; and the daughter was a liar! The landlord being only a just man, came to his decision; the story was discredited, and the family were to turn out of their home of many years the next day, unless seven pounds ten, the sum due for rent, was forthcoming.

Poor Nancy was almost out of her mind with grief and remorse. The delicious joy that had lasted for a few hours made the present misery worse than it would otherwise have been; while the lie she had told, which she had repented of the moment afterwards, and which she had almost forgotten among other childish faults, came back to her, bringing with it the torments of another world, in the shape of that flame that burns, and that worm that never dies—remorse!

It was the thought of her grief, the most terrible she had ever witnessed, that had so overcome Jane, that she could not control her emotion in her young mistresses' presence; and when Adela heard the sad story, her own tears flowed freely. She acknowledged that Jane was right when she said that nothing could be done. She felt that her parents ought not to be applied to for anything. The claims upon them were so many, and their means, at present, not large. Her mother had already exceeded that portion of their income which she felt justified in devoting to charity, and Adela's heart sank as she reflected on the sorrow that she had no means of alleviating. She envied Lucy her sound sleep, and acknowledged that she had been wise in refusing to listen to the troubles of her fellow-creatures, as she heard her soft regular breathing, while she tossed wearily on her own sleepless couch, haunted by visions of the repentant Jack, who believed he had carried joy into the home he had desolated, the old people sinking under their misfortunes, and the miserable girl, whom it seemed to Adela must remain a prey to the tortures of remorse as long as she lived.

Through these dreadful visions floated unbidden dreams of her own life—happy, bright, peaceful. She was beginning to lose control over her thoughts, in that way we all have experienced in the night when sleep is approaching; and she saw herself at a joyful fire-side—then kneeling in church—then dancing gaily at the ball in satin and tulle. With that last vision, which as her mind became powerless obtained complete control over her, a feeling like a sudden blow went through her frame, and she started back into full life and consciousness, and started back with the words on her lips, 'Thank God!' She had remembered the five-pound note that lay in the drawer of her writing-case with her aunt's letter. She had remembered that the satin and tulle did not yet exist for her, though the money did; and that by relinquishing them the Wilsons might be saved. While these thoughts

took happy possession of Adela Lester's heart, restoring to it the joy and serenity that were its wonted occupants, and after a few blissful moments, closing her eyes in tranquil slumber—Cecil Vaux was tossing on a fevered bed, sleeping, only to see Mrs. Wyndham rush frantically about her room, blood flowing from her temples, and calling wildly upon her as the cause of her danger and death.

(*To be continued.*)

A YORK AND A LANCASTER ROSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JANET'S HOME.'

CHAPTER I.

THE GATE AT THE HEAD OF THE WAY.

'AUNT RACHEL, don't you think that driving about the streets in London, on a rainy day like this, when it is getting late, is about the nicest thing one can do?'

'I am glad you like it so well, my dear Rose, as you and I are doing it together to-day; but I confess I prefer driving on a fine morning, and in the country.'

'Well, perhaps—but Auntie, don't you think, really, that it is very nice to see all one can see now from the carriage window? The gas flaming in all the shops, making the lobsters look so very red, and the oranges so very yellow, and the wet streets shining underneath, and the people running against each other with their dripping umbrellas, and the little streams of water in the gutters running and bubbling along. I like looking out of the school-room window on rainy afternoons, though there are no shops in our square. Fräulein von Bohlen says it makes her melancholy, and I can't think why it should; it never makes me melancholy, though of course I had a thousand times rather be driving about these delightful wet streets with you.'

'I am glad I have given you such a treat, my dear, without intending it.'

'It was very good of you, Aunt Rachel, to call for me this rainy day. When Anne came into the school-room, and told me I was to go down to my Godmother, I quite trembled, for I thought it could not be you. I thought it was my other Godmother, Lady Dunallan, and I did not want to go down to see *her*.'

'I thought she was so kind to you.'

'So she is—she gave us our croquet things, and almost every time she calls she brings me a present; but I dread seeing her all the same. She pinches my cheeks, and calls me a *Lancaster Rose*; and you must allow,

Aunt Rachel, that it is very horrid to have a name that people are always turning into puns or remarks on one's looks; and for one's own God-mother to be worse than anyone else about it! She ought not to tease me with the name that she gave me herself, now ought she?

'I must acknowledge, however, Rose, that I am answerable for your name, and not Lady Dunallan. I was guilty of calling you a Rose-bud the first time I saw your little red face, an hour or two after you were born; and it was considered such an appropriate name, that it was adopted!'

'It was the only tiresome thing you ever did, Aunt Rachel; and I forgive you because you are so nice about everything else. No one but you would take me such a long drive on *such* a rainy afternoon. I suppose, Auntie, you gave orders that we were to be driven on and on a long way; for we have passed the turning into Russell Square ages ago. We are far beyond Oxford Street now, in a part of London I never saw before. Do you think old Stephen is doing it on purpose, Auntie? does he know where he is going?'

'You may trust old Stephen for that, I think, Rose; and to tell you the truth, I don't think I should have ventured to ask him to drive about on such an evening as this for your amusement merely. I have business in a hospital in the East of London, that must be attended to at once, and I thought you had rather drive there with me, than lose your turn of spending a Sunday with Grandmamma and me.'

'Oh, that I had; I only hope the place is miles away.'

'But then we should have very much less time to spend when we got there, and I expect you will be interested in the place. I am afraid I shall not be able to take you into the wards where the sick people are; but while I am busy there, I shall leave you in a room where I expect you will find a great deal to amuse you.'

'Have Maggie or Claude ever been to this hospital with you?'

'No; I have only lately visited it myself.'

'Then I shall be the first to tell the others about it. How lucky! Auntie, what miserable little streets we are getting into, and what crowds of people there are standing about in the rain! Look at that little girl by the fruit-stall. She has no bonnet on, and the rain is pouring down on to her hair, and she does not seem to mind it a bit. I wonder if it feels nice.'

'She is looking after you, Rose—see, she forgets to pay for the orange she has chosen, from staring after you, and wondering, I dare say, how nice it feels to ride in a carriage on a rainy day, with a warm straw hat trimmed with velvet on one's head.'

'I wish I had thought of nodding to her. She can't be very very poor—can she, Auntie? as she buys oranges. It must be rather nice, don't you think, for a little girl not so big as me to walk about in the rain without anybody fussing, and to go to stalls and places, and buy things just as it comes into her head.'

'Or just as she happens to have a halfpenny in her pocket. When there is not one there, she must stand and see other people buy, whether

It is bread or only oranges she is in need of. I don't suppose she finds all she wants ready on the table at home, without her even having to think how it came there.'

'But I hope that girl always has halfpennies in her pocket, and that she can buy oranges and hot potatoes and coffee and rolls in the streets, whenever she is the least bit hungry. I don't think I should mind having to do that myself—I think it would be an amusing sort of life. Of course there would be some disagreeable things about it; such as being rather dirty, and perhaps cold sometimes; but to set against that, there would be the advantage of never having to speak French or German. You don't know what a great difference that would make in one's life, Aunt Rachel. How very very much happier one would feel, if one knew one never need speak a word of German again. Since the Fraulein came we are expected to speak it, even after tea. I should be talking German this minute, if you had not come for me, Aunt Rachel.'

If Aunt Rachel thought her little companion was making the most of her opportunity to get through a great deal of talk in English—she did not say so. The carriage had now turned out of the thoroughfare into a narrow side street, still worse lighted and worse paved than those they had lately traversed; and after driving on a short distance, stopped before a tall red-brick building with an iron gate in front.

'Here we are at the home of the "Sisters of the Poor." Rose,' Aunt Rachel said, 'you may get out first, and ring the gate bell.' Rose paused on the door-step, with the iron bell-handle in her hand, to peep through the bars of the tall gate which formed the entrance to this unusual looking house. It opened on to a flight of shallow stone steps, leading up to a passage, on which three doors opened, one at the end, and two at the sides. One of the side-doors stood wide open, and gave Rose a glimpse of a room within full of a ruddy glow of fire-light, which looked very inviting from the wet, dark, muddy street outside. Somehow, it made her think of a picture at the beginning of an illustrated Pilgrim's Progress they had at home; and she quite forgot to pull the bell, as her thoughts flew off to the wicket-gate in the picture, and to Christian standing without, with the burden on his back, waiting for a Shining One to come and let him through. How vehemently she had wished last Sunday that she could get to such a gate really herself and have it opened to her. 'Please, Miss, you must give the bell a little push up—it sticks sometimes—and then it'll ring.' Rose turned round startled, and saw that there were other people waiting in the rain, on the door-step, to be let in, as well as herself. While she had been holding the bell-handle, two other figures had come up to the gate; a woman with a large white pitcher in her hand, and a little girl in a very shabby frock, who again addressed Rose. 'I knows how to push it, Miss—let me;' and as the child came forward, and the light from inside fell on her face, Rose recognized the little orange

buyer at the fruit-stall, whom she had pointed out to her aunt a few minutes before; yes, and she had the very orange she had been buying then in her hand, and the rain was still trickling from the wet ends of her draggled hair on to her thin frock, and on to the little knitted worsted shawl, within which she was trying to hide her shivering arms. 'That's the way, Miss; push hard, and the Sisters will let us in, in a minute, to the fire.' The little girl had passed Rose now, and was holding the bars of the gate, and looking through towards the lighted room with something in her eyes (great black eyes they were, staring out of pale cheeks) that again made Rose think of the wicket-gate, and Christian outside with his burden. The girl looked so eagerly and longingly towards the light, as if she really did expect a Shining One to come out of it and welcome her in, out of the darkness and the rain. Rose stepped back, and caught Aunt Rachel's hand, feeling a little odd and awe-struck, when just as the bell ceased tinkling, a figure in a dark dress, with something white about the head, came down the steps, and unlocked the gate, and bade them enter. There was some delay in the passage; the woman with the pitcher, and the bare-headed girl, disappeared through the door at the far-end, and then Aunt Rachel, pointing to another door, said to Rose, 'I must go in here, and cannot take you with me; but Sister Helen says you may go with her into the reception-room, and if I am detained longer than I expect, she will let you take tea with the Sisters. Perhaps she may even find something for you to do, if I am long away; but if not, you must keep quiet, and not trouble anyone, for Saturday afternoon is a very busy time here.'

Rose Ingram was not a particularly shy child; and if she had been, Sister Helen had one of those faces that put shyness out of the question. 'Yes, come into the reception-room to the fire,' she said, taking Rose's hand, and leading her towards the open door through which the ruddy glow came. 'I don't know how it will be about finding you something to do; but you can, at all events, sit on the hearth-stone among the other children, and talk to them. We are always very busy on a Saturday afternoon.'

No wonder a ruddy glow streamed out of the reception-room into the dark street, for when you got inside it looked a very cavern of light and warmth. It was a long low room, with a red-brick floor, and red-brick walls; and in one corner there was a great fire-place, in which a very bright fire was burning. There were a good many people in the room; most of them congregated round a table in the centre, on which were piles of clothing; but there was a clear space round the fire-place, and Sister Helen drew a straw chair in front of the blaze, and told Rose to sit down. 'Near the fire is the children's corner,' she said. 'They all congregate there, as fast as they come in; you'll soon find some one to talk to.'

'Might anyone come in out of the wet street that wished to come?' Rose wondered, when the Sister had left her and gone to the centre-table;

and she sat and stared at the red caves in the coals, then all around at a scene that was very strange to her—more like a picture, she again said to herself, than anything she had ever seen before. There was a hearth-rug made of knitted strips of cloth, in front of the fire; but instead of a fender, there was all round the hearth a raised coping of stone, just high enough and wide enough to make a very comfortable seat for small people to sit on. It had an occupant when Rose came in—a boy with a very humped back, and a good-tempered face, who made Rose feel shy, by smiling very broadly at her every time she turned her head his way, as if he expected her to notice him. She wished she could think of anything to say to him, but nothing would come into her mind. To avoid his eye, she twisted her chair a little round, and looked through the open door, at the gate. Every five minutes or so a little group collected there again. Sometimes it was only a troop of ragged children, who thrust their faces through the bars, and said to each other, 'Ah, there's the fire, don't it look warm and nice!' and then trotted off again down the dark street, and were seen no more; sometimes the bell tinkled, and then Sister Helen came to the fire-place, and lifted the great key from its nail on the wall, and let somebody in. Women with babies in their arms; lame men with baskets.

At last, that is five minutes after Rose began to look, it was a party of children who were ushered in by the Sister. 'There, go and sit by the fire till tea-time,' Rose heard Sister Helen say to them. And with the air of people accustomed to the ways of the place, they trotted in, made directly for the fire-place, and established themselves on the stone ledge, directly in front of Rose. Poor little shabby wet frocks, and stockingless feet in worn shoes, that shewed the red chilblained toes through, and shock-heads of tangled hair through which curious bright eyes peeped up at Rose sitting in state in her straw chair. These particulars had caught Rose's eye before she had had time to count the shock-heads, or to decide which of the ragged figures were little boys, and which little girls. The next thing she made out, was that the child with the cleanest face of the party, who might be about six years old herself, was elder sister to three of the little ones. How she did pull them and order them about, to be sure; and how resolute she was that her three should have the best places by the fire, and the most room to spread out the wet ends of their shawls and their draggled skirts to the blaze to dry; and when the middle-sized bundle of wet clothes fell backwards off the ledge, among the cinders, how quick she was to drag it out; and how anxiously she looked it over, before giving it a slap on the back and perching it in its place again. 'There now, Teddy, sit still, can't ye!' she cried; 'look at Polly, she never gives no trouble; she never falls over and messes herself, like you do.' So the one with a dirty worsted comforter tied round him was a boy, and called Teddy; and the one that looked all shawl, was Polly—a baby girl. Rose was still occupied with the interest of this discovery, when Sister Helen had

occasion to come near the fire, and nodded to her, with a smile that seemed to Rose to say, 'Well, you have got plenty of companions now, why don't you find something to say to them?' How Rose wished she could! It really seemed as hard to begin a conversation here, as if one were expected to speak German. Just as she was beginning to despair of anything to say ever coming to her again, she felt her frock pulled, and saw that one of the children was preparing to address her. It was the dirtiest, not the cleanest, of the two elder girls; and for a moment, Rose felt doubtful as to whether she liked such a very grimy hand on her frock, and was half disposed to get up and walk to the centre table, and stand near Sister Helen till tea-time.

'Be you the young lady as 'as a bag?' the grimy-handed girl began in a rough voice.

Before Rose was ready with an answer, the little elder sister put in her word. 'Mary Anne, for shame! you should not ketch hold of the young lady's frock—she don't like it, and she aint the young lady with the bag—she aint a bit like her.'

Rose was decidedly sorry to hear this, it quite determined her to stay and talk. 'I—I have a bag at home,' she began, timidly. The information excited immense interest. Teddy, who since the slap on his back had been crying quietly to himself, now took his thumb out of his mouth, and grinned from ear to ear with delight.

The elder children exchanged looks. 'She says she's got a bag—oh, aint it a pity she has not brought it with her!'

'But my bag is only a work-bag,' Rose went on, a little crestfallen; 'there's nothing in it, just now, but silks and perforated card, you would not care to see it.'

'It aint like the other young lady's bag, then?'

'What does she have in hers?'

'Oh, dollies and tin soldiers, and little carts and 'orses, and cakes, and sweeties!' cried Teddy, clapping his hands, and fairly laughing with delight at the sound of his own words.

'And she gives those nice things to you, docs she?'

'To us! No. We aint sick, we aint in the 'ospital; we don't get toys give to us,' said the grimy-handed girl, in a deplorable voice. 'She lets us look into her bag, and then she takes it up into the ward, and gives the things away there, all of 'em. I never have none give to me.'

'O Mary Anne, what a story! you know you had a lovely toy give to you last Christmas, off of the young lady's tree; and you went and lost it, you did.'

'I aint lost it; I had no place to put it in, and it was took from me.'

'But have you really no place to keep your toys in, at your house?' asked Rose, anxiously.

Mary Anne, who wore a shapeless bonnet with a dirty flower in it, below her neck, instead of on her head, and who (dirt apart) had not what

Rose called a very nice face, laughed a little contemptuously at this question. 'I aint got no place to keep nothink in, I aint,' she said; 'I aint got no home in particlar.'

'But you have some place to sleep in, surely?' cried Rose, aghast.

'I used to sleep in old mother Turner's house, under the stairs; but now Sisters 'ave took me away from her, and found another place for me to sleep in. I 'as most of my victual 'ere now, but I goes out in the streets and sells matches whenever I can.'

'But Sisters don't like you to run about the streets, Mary Anne, you know,' interrupted the other little girl, emphatically. 'You are to go to school now. Oh, you know.'

Quelled by this admonition, Mary Anne retreated to her former place, on the corner of the ledge furthest from the fire; and Rose, with a sense of relief, turned to the (tolerably) clean child, who had now tucked the ends of her hair tidily behind her ears, and shewed a nice little face, that, pale and thin as it was, had a brisk, capable, resolute expression on it, such as Rose had never seen in any small face before. 'Have you got any toys?' she asked, by way of keeping up the conversation.

'Oh yes, Miss, that we 'ave—we've got a bag of marbles, such pretty uns; I found 'em in the street last Saturday, and Sisters said I might keep 'em, and there was four for each of us. I've all mine now; I keeps 'em in a hole in the wall at home, quite safe. Teddy 'as lost all of his, he's so unlucky, Teddy is, but, please Miss, I'm very lucky. Once I found a threepenny-bit in the gutter, and I give it to Mother, and Father said I was a lucky little girl.'

'I aint a lucky little girl,' put in Mary Anne, from her corner; 'I never finds threepenny-bits in the gutter; I never picks up no bags of marbles.'

'But I give you one of them marbles, Mary Anne, you know I did. Aint you got it in your pocket now? You've never been and gone and lost that, too! Oh, you *are* an unlucky girl!'

'But do you care so much for marbles to play with?' asked Rose, with a vivid recollection of the litter of marbles that strewed the floor of the toy-cupboard at home, and were despised as rubbish by the elder children. 'Have not you any dolls? Don't you like best to play with dolls?'

'Oh, that we do, please Miss; we had a doll once; and oh, she was a sweet thing!—Was not she, Mary Anne? You know I let you have her to nurse on the steps iver so long one day. It was when Mother was well, we had her. Mother went out to char, and they was shifting house, the people was, that Mother went to; and Mother found the doll among a heap of things they left behind for her to take away. It hadn't got a head, but it had real shoes and stockings; and we made believe always it was asleep, and covered its face with the ends of our shawls. O Miss, it was lovely, the plays we had with her; but one day Tedly cried so to carry her himself, that Rosie let him,

and he hung her over his shoulder, and went down the street, and a big boy came behind and snatched her away, and ran off, and we've never seen her since, Miss, never. It always happens so if we let Teddy have things, he always loses 'em. I never do let him have nothink, because I know he's that unlucky; but Rosie will, she can't ever abear to hear the little uns cry, Rosie can't.'

'Rosie! have you a sister called Rosie? how odd! Why, I'm called Rosie myself. What is your name?'

'Clara, please Miss. I'm Clara Marshall, and that's Susie, and that's Teddy, and that little un's Polly; and please Miss, Mother has got baby in the hospital, up-stairs; and Rosie has gone to see her this evening, and to take her an orange.'

'An orange—oh, how very odd! Did she buy it at a stall just now?'

'Yes, Miss; just a little while afore we come in.'

'Then she's the very same little girl I saw; and she's your sister, and she's called Rosie? Dear me! how very nice and odd! Will she come in here by-and-by, do you think?'

'Yes, Miss, when she has seen Mother eat the orange. Mother do love oranges. Please Miss, it was along of Teddy's being so unlucky we got that one. You see, Miss, Rosie and I, we try to make Teddy behave himself proper in the streets, but he won't; he's always trying to turn hisself into a coach-wheel, like the ragged boys at the corners, that Mother says we don't ought to take no notice of. If we let go of Teddy's hand a moment, Miss, he's off into the middle of the road, a standing on his head among the carts and the cabs and the buses, Miss; and this morning, going to school, Rosie hurt her arm against the wheel of a bus, a dragging Teddy out from underneath it, and a lady that was sitting in the bus called to her, and give her a penny. Was not it lucky, Miss? we had not had a penny to spend for ever so long, and we wanted so to take something to Mother.'

'Is your mother very ill? has she been a long time in the hospital?'

'Since a good bit before Christmas, Miss; she was very bad indeed, before Sisters found her out, but she's getting well, now they've took her in here.'

'But who takes care of you while your mother is away from you?'

'Why, Rosie, to be sure. Rosie takes care of the little uns. I don't want no taking care of. I'se turned of six years old myself.'

'But I mean, who lives in the house with you, and washes and dresses you, and gets your breakfast, and cooks the dinner, and everything?'

'There's Father, he helps a bit. He's very good to us, is Father, except when he's you know how, Miss, and then Rosie never lets him leather the little uns. She promised Mother she would not, and she watches, and speaks gentle to him, and keeps Teddy and Susie out of the way, so as not to vex him, when he's like that, you know, Miss.'

‘No, I don’t,’ cried Rosie; ‘and, oh dear me, I’m so sorry about it. I can’t think how your Rosie can manage so well; Susie and Teddy and Polly, three of them! Do you mean that she washes and dresses them all every morning, and cuts their bread and butter, and makes the tea, and lights the fire, and everything?’

‘Father lights the fire before he goes out to work, when he’s got work, and we have a fire; and we don’t have no tea in the morning. Rosie dresses the children, and gives us all a bit of bread and dripping, and then we goes off to school; and we have our dinner here sometimes; and Sister Teresa comes in on a Saturday night, and washes Susie and Polly and Teddy, and tidies up a bit. Please Miss, that’s Sister Teresa, coming in at the gate now, and that’s our Rosie behind her. She’s been across the road to the Models, to fetch old blind Ben in to tea. Please, he lives in the room next to ours, Miss, and he’s very fond of Rosie. She says her hymns and “I believe” to him, on a Sunday, when we comes out of school, and she always leads him in here to have his tea on a Saturday night.’

Rose Ingram turned round eagerly, to look at her name-sake, as she came forward out of the dark part of the room, towards the fire, following the Sister, in her flowing black dress, and leading a blind man by the hand. Well, at all events, Lady Dunallan would not call her a *Lancaster Rose*, and pinch her cheeks because they were so pink and plump. There was not the least bit of pink in her face, except just a thin streak in her lips, that showed as she spoke to the old man, and told him in a very soft voice that Sister Teresa had gone to fetch a chair for him to sit down by the fire. She did not look anything like as brisk and capable as Clara; and though she had the same nice, large, dark eyes, she was not so pretty, nor even so tolerably clean and tidy, as the little elder sister! Yet, somehow, Rose Ingram was not disappointed in her namesake’s looks. She had quite made up her mind that she liked the White Rose face very much indeed, and that in spite of the dirt, and the tired expression on it, and the wet ends of hair hanging about, it was just as nice as could be, even before she saw the sweet look that came upon it, when Polly and Teddy wriggled off the ledge, and rushed forward to throw themselves upon her with odd little crowings and snortings of joy and welcome. Teddy, of course, fell foul of Sister Teresa’s feet, and grazed the end of his nose against the brick floor; but his Rosie had him up in her arms and carried him back to the fire-place so quickly, that he had not time to think about crying. She sat down herself between the two little ones, on the ledge, just in front of Rose Ingram, and put her arms round them. What a large black mark that was on the arm that held Teddy—but no, it was not dirt; it was a great sore bruise reaching from the elbow almost to the wrist, and there was a red bleeding spot in the middle, shewing where the wheel had grazed it. Yet Rose Marshall did not seem to care much about it. She hardly winced, when Teddy, in wriggling about, hid the sore spot with his head,

or when Clara nudged her elbow roughly, to make her answer her eager questions—‘Did Mother eat up the orange, every bit, Rosie? did you see her eat it? and was it a good orange?’ Now, if there was one quality that little Rose Ingram admired with all her heart, it was the power of bearing pain well; not that she had ever thought of practising it herself, but she liked to read stories of brave enduring people; and if the stories were about children, they filled her head for a long time after she had heard or read them. Even the thieving Spartan boy, who let the fox gnaw his side, was a favourite of hers; and as for ‘Agnes Green’ and ‘Jeanne Parelle,’ the pages in her copy of ‘Golden Deeds’ that had their histories on them, were almost worn into holes, from her having read them so many times over and over. To see a little girl just her own age, and called by her own name, behaving in the sort of way that she had so often dreamed of, and invented stories about, had a very curious effect on her.” She could not understand why it was; but as she looked at Rosie Marshall’s swollen arm, and heard her answer Clara in a cheerful voice, and tell her that ‘Mother *had* enjoyed the orange; and was not it a good thing they had got the penny to buy it!’ her own heart began to beat very fast, and her face glowed, and there was a pricking in her eyes, as if she wanted to cry, and could not. ‘Oh dear me! (she thought,) if ever Mamma could want an orange, and I could get one for her by having my arm bruised, how beautiful it would be! and yet it would not quite do to wish that Mamma should ever come to wanting a single orange,’ Rose Ingram thought.

Just then, a door at the far-end of the reception-room opened, and a lady entered, dressed like the Sisters Rose had already seen, but looking older than they—a little statelier, too, Rose thought, though quite as cheerful and as kind. ‘Look!’ the children whispered to each other, ‘there’s “Mother” herself, come to tell us to come in to tea.’

It took ‘Mother’ a long time to make her way to the fire-place, for every one of the women at the table wanted to speak to her; but directly she came among the children, she noticed Rose Marshall’s swollen arm, and in a minute had given directions for its being bound up with a lotion, that would take away the swelling and pain. ‘How did you come by such a severe bruise, my child?’ she asked.

Then Rose Ingram saw that the other Rose could for a minute or two wear her colours. As she looked up to answer the ‘Mother,’ a bright pink mounted into her thin face, and her eyes grew very large and tender and fearful. ‘Please, Mother, it was in the road, against the wheel of a bus, I hurt it this morning going to school.’ Not a word about Teddy; yet, Rose Ingram saw as plainly as possible, that if there was a thing her namesake dreaded, it was a word of reproof from the lady into whose face she was then looking up.

‘My dear, you should be careful how you cross the road, at your age, and having so many younger brothers and sisters to look after. I should have thought you would have known better than to run into such an

easily avoided danger as that. I am afraid, from what Sister Teresa tells me, that you are sadly apt to let your wits go a wool-gathering, and forget how much depends on you, while your mother is ill. Were you reading when this happened, Rosie? had you a book in your hand?

‘No, Mother.’

‘Then let us all come in to tea.’

The children got up and flocked towards the further door, and Rose Ingram followed last in the procession. She was biting her lips with vexation and anger at herself, for not having had presence of mind to put in a word about Teddy, in defence of her namesake, at the right moment. Fraulein von Bohlen was always telling her that her tongue led her into mischief from its being so apt to move when it ought to keep still; and now it had betrayed her in just the contrary way, by refusing to speak, when surely a word would have done good, and brought some praise to one who deserved it. To one, too, whom Rose Ingram had just five minutes ago taken into her warm eager little heart, with an earnest determination to stand up for her, and be her friend for all the rest of their lives. It must be confessed, that the Red Rose was a little apt to fall into hasty friendships, and that it had happened to her once or twice before in large London parties, to feel the same anxiety to sit near a particular little girl, that she felt just now to sit near Rose Marshall; but hitherto it had usually been something in the face, or perhaps only in the dress, of the new favourite that had caught her fancy. She had never fallen into a liking before with this enthusiasm for something done; and never before, perhaps, felt quite so happy when her wish was gratified, as she did to-night, when Sister Teresa beckoned her to a seat at the table; not, indeed, next door to her namesake, but divided from her only by Polly and Teddy. Side-by-side would not have been much gain, for everybody was too busy eating and handing about bread-and-butter, and bread-and-treacle, and hot mugs of tea, to think of saying more than a word or two now and then; but though Rose could not talk to her newly chosen friend, she could watch her, and she saw one or two little things that deepened the impression the bruised arm had created. Clara was just as much of a little ‘elder sister’ at the tea-table as she had been at the fire-place; she watched the plates of bread-and-butter as they went round, and managed that Polly and Teddy should be helped before Mary Anne, and she would even have changed a broken mug that came to Susie, for a pretty one with a picture on it, that had been handed to blind Ben, if Sister Teresa had not gently interposed, and reminded her that it was the rule here to take contentedly what was given, and never to interfere with other people. Rose Marshall made no fuss, but Rose Ingram noticed that it was she who took Polly’s crust away when she could not eat it, and gave her all the nicely buttered crumb from her own slice, and that it was she who eat up the dry remnant of Teddy’s hunch, from which he had gnawed the treacle, that he might be entitled to take a second piece when the dish came round.

Rose Ingram had been to a great many crowded children's tea-parties during the winter, but at none of them did the guests appear to enjoy themselves so much, or eat so heartily. There were grown people as well as children; blind people, lame people, people with humps on their backs. The table they sat round was made of two planks of wood, set on tressels, and scoured till they were as white as snow. At the head of this board sat Mother, pouring out the tea from a huge tea-pot, and talking and laughing merrily with her neighbours. The Sisters handed about the mugs of hot tea, and the buttered and treacled slices of bread, and Rose observed that the new mugs and the best buttered slices of bread were sent down to the children, and that Mother and the Sisters kept the scraps and the broken mugs for themselves. They seemed to like it. Aunt Rachel was one of the grown-up people who sat at the upper end of the table, and talked to Mother. When Grace was said, and the guests had all moved away, she came to where Rose was still standing, and said, 'The carriage has come for us, but I find I shall be detained an hour or two longer, and as it is raining heavily still, I must send it back again. Would you rather go home in it alone, or wait here till it comes again for me at nine o'clock? Don't stay here if you are tired.'

'Tired! Oh no, Aunt Rachel, I'm not a bit tired. I think this is the nicest place I was ever in in my life. I should like you to be kept here for hours.'

Aunt Rachel smiled, having had some previous experience of her little niece's sudden fits of enthusiasm; but Sister Helen, who had accompanied Aunt Rachel down the room, nodded kindly at Rose. 'I'm glad you like being with us,' she said; 'and as you are going to stay till bed-time, I think I must really try to find you something to do. We have no place for drones in our little hive. Now what would you like best? Will you be a little shopwoman, and help me to sell flannel petticoats at the long table in the reception-room? or could you make yourself useful to Sister Teresa, as a little under-housemaid, or nursemaid, when she goes across the street to visit the sick people in the houses opposite?'

Rose gave Sister Helen's hand such a squeeze. 'Oh, please, I should like that!'

'To go with Sister Teresa? Come with me, then, and I will find an Associate's apron to tie over your frock, and you will feel yourself equipped, and the people will understand that you have come to work for them, and not to talk or to stare.'

(To be continued.)

SPEEDWELL

CHAPTER VII.

'THE HIGH PREROGATIVE OF SUFFERING.'

HELEN was by no means the only one of the party which broke up next day, sensible that those Easter holidays had not left them where it found them. It was the feeling of Leonard as he went back to Oxford, and of Frank and Osmond as they paced the platform side by side, each little guessing that his companion was resolving as firmly as himself, that, spite of the discovery he had made, he would hold fast to the other.

Mrs. Lockhart too felt anxious, and could not help half questioning, now that the time had actually come for parting with Esther, whether, under existing circumstances, she had done right in trusting her child to the chaperonage of one so excitable as Amy.

Had Esther been younger, or less quiet, she must undoubtedly have refused the invitation; but there would be an appearance as if she was haughtily determined to receive no hospitality from the Lettridges if she refused this invitation, as (for a different reason) she had done all those to Ashmoor; and she had full confidence in her daughter's discretion—in Captain Hay's good sense, which would see she was not placed in awkward situations—and in Osmond, to behave as he ought to do—though exactly how *that* was, she could not tell.

She could not fail to see that, as she had believed for some years, he did love her daughter; but at the same time, he was most careful in avoiding anything that could be called 'attentions.' If he did involuntarily look up at sound of Esther's voice, it could not be said that he spoke oftener to her than to Helen; and though Mrs. Lockhart had once or twice suspected Amy of trying to throw the two together by slight manoeuvres, he had always, if possible, frustrated her attempts; and when they were both included in some small party, he had generally contrived to attach himself to Mrs. Lockhart, in a way that she could understand and value, though she feared it was contrary to his inclinations. If he were more constantly with the ladies than the other gentlemen, it was not from choice, but because, being slightly lame in consequence of his accident, his powers of walking were but small. No—whatever happened, Mrs. Lockhart felt she ought not to blame herself for letting Esther go to London with the Hays; but it made her feel a little uneasy in spite of herself, as she sat alone that evening, Helen having gone to bed early.

All had been such a hurry and scramble in the morning, that Esther had been unable, as well as unwilling, to mention Helen's extravagant grief to her mother; but Mrs. Lockhart could see that her child was overwrought, and suffering from reaction, snappish to the little ones, and

with tears very near the surface. Lessons might in time mend the matter; but at present Helen seemed as if unable to take interest in anything; and a new and horrible fear crept over the mother's heart, that her little one was further from being a child than she had at all supposed, and that she might find her steed stolen already, now that she was hoping effectually to lock the stable door.

Whilst Mrs. Lockhart was thus trying to quiet her anxious broodings over the future of her daughters, a slight lame young office clerk was likewise musing on the events of that sunny week, as he sat alone in his lodgings in an unfashionable part of London.

The lodgings might be poor after Ashmoor, but there was little to complain of in them. Amy had insisted on inspecting his quarters at once on coming to London, and finding him in some that she considered very uncomfortable, had made him take her with him in search of such as she would sanction. It had been very amusing to see her minute investigations, and her determination to sit on every chair or sofa, to see whether it would be possible to rest upon it. She had been very hard to please; but at last she had found some, where there was, amongst other recommendations, an arm-chair sufficiently easy to please her, and had allowed him to establish himself there, insisting on helping him to hang his pictures and arrange his books, to make sure that it was as comfortable and pretty as circumstances would admit of.

She succeeded in making it all look very nice; but do what they would, those lodgings could not but seem a miserable home to one born and bred in the luxury of Ashmoor. And they were all that Osmond could now claim as home. He could not be said to have quarrelled with his father, though they had differed. He still kept up communication with him, went to Ashmoor for a few days yearly, and was asked to dine with Mr. Lettridge at the Club whenever he was in London; but still he could not be said to *belong* to Ashmoor, since he had resolved that it was his duty to make a stand, and take whatever might be the consequences of it, rather than waste the best years of his life there—idle, and in the midst of continual temptation.

His father neither wished, nor exactly knew how, to get him anything to do. Had things turned out as he intended, Osmond would have had the estate, been the scholar and country gentleman, and in due time stood for the county; and his younger son (for only Owen of all the second family had survived infancy) should have gone into the army: but all had gone perversely.

Mr. Lettridge had made his younger son his heir, (and daily tasted the bitter fruits of such an outrage upon society;) but he could never make a soldier of the elder one, and he had had no education such as would fit him for a profession. Displeased as he was with him, he had no intention of casting off Osmond. Why should he go from home at all? There was plenty of room and plenty of money at Ashmoor; and surely, a maintenance, not an opening, was all that so

refractory a subject had a right to ask! It seemed perfectly inconceivable to a man like Mr. Lettridge, whose whole life had been spent in a sort of high-principled, refined idleness, that Osmond should seriously think it *wrong* to loiter away his own in the same way; and when Osmond opened the subject to him, he met his quiet determination with the dictatorial petulance that often covers vacillation.

Osmond saw that this matter would be left doubtful, as so many others had been; and now he was of age, and in fair health, he did not feel at liberty to submit as he had hitherto done. He was not surprised that his father would not help him to find anything to do; but since he would not, he did not mean to let the matter drop, and he therefore consulted a Mr. Darlington, whom he believed to be the most trustworthy and sensible of his neighbours.

Mr. Darlington thought he had done right, (especially esteeming his judgement in the selection of a counsellor,) and, after giving him a well meant scolding for not having acted with equal spirit about the matter of the entail, had set himself seriously to consider his case. What was he fit for?

For very little, as he freely confessed. Though very intellectual, he had had so irregular an education that any learned profession was out of the question, and he was not able-bodied or strong enough for much active work. Both he and his friend agreed that an office seemed the only thing open to him; and although Mr. Darlington told him sadly that it was a great waste, he did try for and obtain the offer of a situation for him; and Osmond steadily thanked him, and accepted it.

He did it with his eyes open. He had known it would be very distasteful, very wearisome; and moreover, it was something quite new and strange for a Lettridge to have to count every penny he spent. Of course, he began extravagantly in his extreme ignorance, and had to pull himself up short, and right himself as best he could, by doing without all comforts that were not absolutely needful. The positive physical hardship of cold rooms and distasteful food were considerable to one brought up as Osmond had been, and would alone have told upon health and spirits, although in his view of the subject, all such lesser evils were swallowed up in the great pain of having so materially opposed his father.

For Mr. Lettridge was extremely angry. This decided action had displeased and irritated the father as nothing had ever done before, and the application to Mr. Darlington had wounded his pride to an extent that had materially altered his feeling towards Osmond. *He* only saw that his son had applied to a neighbour for what he had thought fit to refuse him, absolutely overlooking the fact, that all the gentry of the neighbourhood had for years been making advances towards Osmond, willing to help him to take what they considered his proper place, in spite of his father's injustice, and his own 'spiritless' conduct about the entail. He might have known, if he would, how Osmond had hung

back, not making the friends who would have been invaluable to one so lonely, for fear of the partizanship which seemed to haunt him everywhere, submitting to see little beyond the home where he was trampled upon, rather than set himself in opposition to his father.

It was this meekness which they mistook for a want of resolution, which kept alive the hopes of Lady Mary and the Chaplain, and made them feel that no pressure that could be put upon him ought to be neglected.

It had, therefore, been as great a surprise to her as to her husband, that when he found his father could not be induced to help him, Osmond had not sunk down into passive obedience, but had helped himself.

It was not surprising that both should believe he had complained of his father to Mr. Darlington; but it was hardly the case, since the friend chosen had been one who knew all parties too well to require an exact explanation of everything, and who set to the work in hand without asking curious questions.

It had been in great measure because he knew him to have nothing of the gossip about him, that Osmond had made Mr. Darlington his adviser; but careful as both were, in this case as in that of the entail, the state of things got abroad, no one knew exactly how, and neighbours said things that were only just, but which were unpleasant to the ears of Mr. Lettridge, and filled him with resentment against a son whom he regarded as both undutiful and deluded.

Still Osmond came home once a year for a short visit, looked forward to for months, although there was little that was pleasant in it, except the loving motherly welcome of old Betty at the lodge, and the determined affection of Owen, who clung to his brother all the more firmly for the consciousness that the Chaplain, at least, disapproved of him.

This defiant spirit shewed itself in a way that grieved and frightened Osmond. Precious as the boy's love was to him, he saw plainly that it was on the point of leading him to be undutiful, and felt he should be doing him real mischief if he were much at Ashmoor.

He trusted a time might come when he could serve his brother—it was his dearest wish that it should be so; but at present he felt his presence did him more harm than good, and he bravely resolved to make his home visits as short as possible.

What he most looked forward to, during the whole year, were his occasional Sundays at Alston, with Mr. Graham. It was often hard to afford them, for he was a wretched manager, and in spite of the elaborate pains he took to disregard his extravagant tastes, was always 'hard up;' but he always felt that the refreshment of those days of quiet amply repaid him for the self-denial necessary if he was to afford himself the treat.

Now, however, he felt they must be given up. The Easter holidays had been delightful; but a heavy price must be paid for them. He *hoped* he had done nothing that could give Esther an idea what she was to him—without money, or prospects, or even very robust health, he

felt he could have no right to do so; at the same time, he must not trust himself again at Alston for the present.

He did not say—for ever. He was much too young not to be vaguely hopeful. He was *ready*, if called upon, to give up all; at the same time, he could hardly believe that a Merciful God was likely to ask for the happiness of his whole life. He had an idea that, after all, there probably was, sooner or later, a good time coming for him, as well as for others, and that he could still hope that, in spite of present difficulties, Esther might one day be his.

Amy in London was a great happiness to him; but of course, for the present, he must give up the practice of dropping in upon her every evening when his work was done. Amy *would* not understand hints; but if he did not come to the house she simply *could* not throw him and Esther together, and it was with this idea that he announced his intention of shutting himself up, giving as a reason, that he had been very idle lately about some reviews he had promised to write.

This was one of his most congenial employments. He liked writing, and could do it well; and since he had ventured on the speculation of sending a review of a new novel to a friend of his father's, who edited one of the leading periodicals, he had found life much pleasanter.

The editor had not only been glad to help him, but had seen that he might be made very useful, and had given him work to do—the earnings from which, though small, were not to be despised, and which, besides being interesting in itself, rendered a subscription to some library a necessary of life, instead of a luxury, which he had been denying himself at the price of great weariness and intellectual hunger.

The first fortnight of Esther's stay in London passed by as well as Mrs. Lockhart could wish. Amy could take a snub from her brother, if from no one else. She saw perfectly *why* he did not drop in at odd times, as he used to do before Easter; and she was subdued into good behaviour by the perception that he did not quite trust her.

Every Sunday, as a matter of course, he spent with them, heard what they had been doing in the past week, and discussed their plans for the ensuing one; but on these occasions Amy was very circumspect, afraid of vexing him, and half believing that she might do harm by manœuvring.

It was impossible not to wish to hear Esther's opinion of everything, especially his own particular favourites amongst pictures or sights; but he thought there could be no harm in this, and, poor fellow, believed himself perfectly safe, because he never spoke a word to her that he would not have been willing Amy should hear. Neither of them analyzed the happiness of those Sundays, nor knew that, though they never spoke of love, they could not meet without becoming more and more necessary to one another's happiness each time. Perhaps, if Esther had been asked why she so looked forward to telling him on Sunday all she had seen, she would have said, it was because Amy was too exstastic, and Captain Hay too matter-of-fact, to give the compre-

hending sympathy one seems to need with regard to pictures: certainly she had no shyness in speaking her pleasure in his society—it was a matter of course.

In the original plan Esther's visit would not have exceeded a fortnight; but Mrs. Lockhart had received such a pressing invitation from the 'seven maiden aunts,' as well as their nephew, that she had made up her mind she might gratify Leonard and her own daughters; and this being the case, Amy had pleaded it was really not worth while for Esther to go home, on purpose to travel over the same ground again directly—might she not keep her? and she should join her mother and sister at the junction on their way into Bedfordshire. Mrs. Lockhart longed to have her child under her own wing once more, but the plan was so natural a one that she consented to it, since the Hays had proved themselves efficient chaperones.

Unluckily, however, it was just at this time that Captain Hay's 'poor old sisters' suddenly required his presence to keep their lawyer in order, so that Amy and her guest were left alone together.

Amy did fully mean to attend to his parting lecture, and be very steady; but she was much less on her guard when he was gone: and on Sunday afternoon, when her brother came, she left him and Esther alone together, without remembering she ought not. They had always plenty to say to one another, and so enjoyed meeting, that they would perhaps hardly have thought anything of it, if the *tête-à-tête* had been a short one; but it was a very hot afternoon, and Amy fell asleep up-stairs; and during that time, Mrs. Giles (of all people in the world) must call and be entertained. She pointedly 'feared she was interrupting them,' and when Esther ran up-stairs to call Amy, she disgusted Osmond by asking point blank, 'if she might not congratulate him?'

Thankful this had not come whilst Esther was present, he most energetically declined all right to congratulations; but Mrs. Giles took the liberty of disbelieving him, and nodding—with, 'Well, well, we shall see. We'll say no more about it. I am the safest person possible. You may depend upon me.'—she proceeded to ask the most excruciatingly impertinent questions about family matters, until Amy and Esther came in together.

It had required some courage in Esther to face the invader again, but she felt nothing could be worse than to *appear* to be put out of countenance, and in consequence forced herself to talk more fully and livelily than Mrs. Giles had ever heard her.

That 'perfectly safe person' only left them when it was time for them to start for evening service, to which they went with the full conviction that everyone who came in her way, for the next fortnight at least, would be regaled with her suspicions, 'in the strictest confidence of course.' The only comfort was, that as everybody felt free to doubt Mrs. Giles's stories, perhaps no one would attend to her gossip.

Nevertheless, Osmond resolved such a thing should not happen again,

and that he must keep away from his sister's house, until either his brother-in-law returned, or Esther was gone. She must not be exposed to *this*.

Circumstances, however, would not allow of his keeping his resolution, for this was the very week during which it chanced that Mr. Lettridge and Lady Mary chose to spend a few days in Town with her brother, Lord Bebington. Of course they were asked to dine one evening at Amy's, and it was equally of course, that Osmond must be there to meet them.

Amy and Esther had been to the National Gallery that afternoon, and as Amy had not written to her husband before starting, it required doing after her return home, which made her so late, that Esther was already in the drawing-room before Amy had begun to think what dress she should put on. She heard a ring at the bell, and was somewhat flustered; but when the voices assured her that it was only her brother, she was quite satisfied, and submitted to the *tête-à-tête* as of no consequence, since it was not intentional.

Neither of the others were surprised, for Amy was generally late; and though there was more shyness than usual in their meeting, since neither could forget last Sunday, it soon vanished, and they were in eager discussion of the pictures, and enjoying one another thoroughly, when the door was thrown open, and Lady Mary and Mr. Lettridge were ushered in.

Osmond and Esther had been so engrossed in the Turners, that they had forgotten all about everything else, and not having heard anyone coming up-stairs, they were certainly caught in a way they would not have chosen to be. Although they had been doing no harm whatever, it was impossible but that the colour of each should deepen considerably, (were it only from the remembrance of Mrs. Giles,) as Osmond stepped forward with a not very coherent apology for Amy's tardiness.

This was Esther's first introduction to the Lady Mary, of whom she had heard so often; and she looked at her with as much curiosity as was compatible with intense shyness, and feeling herself decidedly in the way, in spite of Mr. Lettridge's courteous recognition, and presentation to his wife.

Lady Mary was most considerate, she took in the whole situation at once, and pitying the poor girl's awkwardness, did much to relieve it, by a few laughing words about Amy's incorrigible unpunctuality, which was quite a joke in the family; and then began asking questions about her own people, and Mr. Graham, and what she and Amy had been doing in London, as if she considered her an old friend; and so the time passed, until Amy at last appeared, full of apologies, but not in a very amiable frame of mind.

Her embrace of her father was like herself; but Esther felt she should not have valued a short pettish kiss, such as she bestowed upon Lady Mary, and augured they should have a stormy evening. But Esther did not know the elder lady, or she would have been at ease.

Amy might mean to be contradictory, but her step-mother had seen the danger, and resolved to avert it.

Being very anxious that her husband should enjoy himself, she kept out of Amy's way as far as possible, devoting herself kindly to Esther, with the remark, that it was so seldom Mr. Lettridge saw both his children at once, that she liked to leave them together. Osmond had not been able to get away when Amy was at Ashmoor in the spring.

In spite of her former prejudices, Esther heartily liked Lady Mary; she seemed able so entirely to put herself aside, and throw herself into the interests of other people. This was the grandeur of her character—she had no self; she regarded herself simply as an instrument in God's hands, and was as ready to sacrifice herself as other people, to what she believed His service.

This gave a depth to what would have seemed like mere common-places from other people: to talk to her about Westminster Abbey was delightful, she so gloried in all that was good and great, not flinching at the thought of the refining fires through which all true greatness must pass. Whenever what she said struck Esther most forcibly, the girl involuntarily paused, to see whether she ought not to distrust it; but she always found, with a thrill of joy, that they were still on common ground, and that, so far, she might heartily admire what she had seen of the high-souled persecutress.

That evening passed off peaceably, but was not without important consequences.

Osmond effectually guarded against awkward situations next Sunday, for he only came to his sister's in time to go to evening service with her and Esther. He was silent, and seemed so out of spirits, that Amy scanned his face wistfully; and after Church, Esther took care to linger over the process of putting off her bonnet, in hopes that he would take advantage of her absence to open his heart to his sister.

He said nothing remarkable, however, all the time she was up-stairs, merely asking Amy if this were not Miss Lockhart's last Sunday in London, and then talking of other things, as if determined to be uncommunicative.

Tea was a silent meal, so that at last Amy became almost wild with such depression; and when they were once more in the drawing-room she began talking recklessly. She did not know what talking might do, but anything was better than for them all to sit up moping like this.

'What horribly gloomy times they must have been that the Curate was preaching about!' she said; 'it is a comfort we don't live in them, I am sure, they would drive me mad. Such times are only fit for great saints or great sinners.'

It had been a very striking sermon on 1 Cor. vii. 29–32, and was (all things considered) rather an odd one to discuss in the present party. Before enlarging upon his text—'It remaineth that both they who have wives be as though they had none, and they that weep as though they

wept not.'—the preacher had given a strong picture of what 'the present distress' must have been, which made it best to be unmarried and unencumbered for the service of the Lord.

The sermon had chimed in strangely with Osmond's frame of thought—the resolution some events of yesterday had made him feel to be his duty. It had seemed to strengthen his hands; and it was an instinct of this which had made it so irritating to Amy, and determined her to discuss the sermon freely. Esther's being there would keep them to generalities, she thought; and with a sort of wild impulse she plunged into the middle of the subject.

Osmond did not answer at once. Esther said shyly, but very earnestly, 'I thought it was a very beautiful sermon, though. One cannot help being thankful those terrible times are over, but it must have been a great privilege to live in them.'

'How?' said Amy, turning upon her pettishly. 'I should say it was a greater to live in these much better ones. What do you mean?'

She could not have told why she *asked*, instead of *thinking* what was meant; it was rather to save herself the pain than the trouble of answering her own questions.

Esther hardly knew how to frame her reply; and to her relief Osmond said gravely, 'I suppose Miss Lockhart is thinking how the "great things he shall suffer for My Name's sake" are mentioned as the greatest honour that could be conferred upon St. Paul.'

Amy winced. 'You are getting too deep for me,' she said; 'I still say I am glad those times are over.'

'Are you certain they are over?' Osmond said quietly. 'For most people they are; but I think there are a—a—favoured—' (his voice steadied again, and he pronounced the word as if he heartily meant it,) 'a favoured few who even in these days must live as the generality of Christians did in those—regarding home ties as not for them unless God should see fit greatly to alter their circumstances—and make them a help, not an encumbrance, to His service.'

The room was nearly dark, and he had his back to the window, yet Esther knew that he had glanced towards her with a look that almost implored forgiveness. She thought it could not be wrong to meet his gaze steadily, and let him see she understood that though he had spoken nominally to his sister, his words had been *for* her. What could have happened since they last met she had no idea, but she felt they had been so thrown together, (though it might be without his fault,) that if such were his views, it was but right to let both her and Amy know it at once. He tried to hope she did not care—that she liked Frank best after all; but he was not super-human, and of course he did not succeed.

Amy was completely silenced and awed; and a long pause ensued, only broken at length by Osmond's request for a little music before he went. Amy passively sat down to the piano, and played whatever he turned to. There were a few favourites against which she generally

remonstrated as gloomy, but to-night she *played* 'Thy Will be done,' without a single attempt at resistance—*sing* it she would not. There was no hypocrisy in Amy, and if her companions were good enough to find comfort in singing it, she knew *she* was not.

They ended with the evening hymn—'Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;' and though the voices might tremble, there was intense earnestness and relief in almost every word. Osmond knew, and Esther felt, that entire separation must follow this evening, and the cry, 'Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me,' went up from hearts which realized that for the last time they were praying together, for themselves and one another, and found inexpressible comfort in turning to the One who could and would be with them both if they earnestly wished it.

The last notes died away. Osmond kissed his sister, and turned to say good-bye to Esther. Amy may be forgiven that she could not bear it, and rushing out of the room, left them together. It *could* do no harm now; and they must, at least, have the opportunity of speaking for once, if they desired it.

Esther wished to shew him that she had understood. 'Good-bye,' she said, smiling, and looking more like the Sister of Mercy than he had ever seen her do since. 'Good-bye. I suppose we must not hope to see you at Alston again for a long long time? You so seldom get a holiday.'

'No, I must work hard,' he answered, with a firm smile, feeling that her every word conveyed encouragement to fight his battle bravely, though she dared not put it into language. 'Good-bye; and forgive me!'

He was gone; but would the feeling of the short intense pressure of the long thin fingers ever leave her hand?

He felt he needed forgiveness for having led her on as he had unconsciously done; but she could not feel he had been wrong, and the relief of being *certain* that he had loved her—nay, that he loved her still—was untold, in spite of the intensity of the pain she felt for him; as yet she was too much benumbed to have any feeling for herself.

It was two hours later, but Esther was not in bed. She had no desire for sleep, she was too weary and sad for anything but prayer, and even that was hardly what many people would have so called, since it asked for nothing, and was little more than as it were lying still in the arms of a merciful Father, Who doth not willingly afflict His children. She did not know what to ask, for Osmond or for herself; no words would come, except the sort of cry, 'O Lord, I am so tired, do help me;' but this was a great rest, and kept her thoughts patient and submissive, if very sad.

A gentle knock at the door caused her to start to her feet. Amy entered, looking wan and awe-struck, and caught her in her arms. 'O Esther,' she gasped, 'I could not help coming. What does it all mean? What can have happened?'

Esther could make no answer, she knew as little as Amy did.

Amy seemed beside herself. 'I cannot bear it,' she said passionately;

‘why should he, who is so much better than others, have no happiness? Lady Mary must be at the bottom of it; but he must, he shall conquer in the end; and then—then—Esther, promise me you will be true to him!’

Esther drew herself up with maiden dignity. ‘Amy, you forget yourself,’ she said; ‘you have no right to speak so. I *cannot* be true to one who has never asked anything of me.’

‘You can, you must,’ Amy said vehemently; ‘you can, for you know as well as I do that he loves you; and if you don’t value his love, you are—I can’t help it, Esther—I hate you!’

Esther turned very pale, but said gently and firmly, ‘You must go, Amy; I cannot be spoken to this way;’ and yet, when Amy, taking her at her word, dashed out of the room, Esther could hardly restrain herself from calling her back, and giving that promise to value and be true, which Amy could not have delighted to hear, as Esther would have joyed to give it—had she felt she had any right.

When Captain Hay came home the next evening, he found his wife more bent than ever on showering caresses and real affection on her friend. No reconciliation had taken place; what both most wished was that that stormy midnight scene should be as if it had never been; but it did not escape ‘Charley’s’ vigilant eyes, that Amy was in the subdued state consequent on glaring imprudence or over-excitement, and he feared she had been very injudicious, though she was much longer than usual in confessing her follies to him.

(To be continued.)

A WINTER STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘THE ROSE GARDEN.’

I saw a gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was ware,
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backwards by the hair,
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,
‘Guess now who holds thee?’ ‘Death,’ I said; but there
The silver answer rang—‘Not Death, but Love.’

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

I.

LATE in the evening of a chill and damp October day, the little station of Heatherham began to awaken to the spasmodic excitement, which constitutes the life of stations. The approach of the seven o’clock express from London being heralded by the impatient tinkling of the telegraph

bell, the news-boy mounted guard over his stall, and the officials shewed signs of the despotism which is apt to accompany even a temporary accession of dignity. The station itself was a low and dingy building; and drawn up in the little enclosure attached to it, were an omnibus, two or three rural looking flys, and a tax-cart, empty and guarded by a boy, one of the hangers-on at the station. A damp mist, not yet taking form in rain, brooded over the place; the lamps gleamed feebly through it, while the few expectant passengers gathered in little knots on the platform, and grumbled at the discomfort of the weather.

There was, however, one burly and broad-shouldered countryman, in a sage-green smock, who displayed neither the grumbling nor the gregarious instinct, for he stood alone, looking round him with a good deal of wonder, and much in the way of everyone who moved about the station, from the superintendent down to the little news-boy at the stall. He never resented the impatient remarks which fell upon him, but when ousted from one spot moved slowly to another, generally succeeding in taking up as inconvenient a position as that from which he had been driven; and when at last the train rushed in, and the usual stir and buzz began upon the platform, he still stood immovably planted in the midst of the tumult, open-mouthed and speechless.

Heatherham traffic not being so important as to cause any long delay to a train already behind time, the temporary bustle soon resolved itself, and the platform was thinned; but the guard remained outside his van, holding by the shoulder a little pale fair-haired lad of eleven years old or so, and looking about him impatiently.

‘Ronald Carr! Anyone here for Ronald Carr?’

No answer followed this inquiry; the boy gave a frightened glance round, the guard looked irresolutely at the waiting train, and then down at the little black figure again.

‘Ronald Carr!’ he repeated. ‘For the Pollard Farm. Is any person here?’

There was still no direct answer; but a porter, busied with the luggage, raised his head, and nodding towards the countryman, said, ‘I expect he comes that way, Mr. Knowles.’

‘Pollard Farm!’ shouted the guard again. ‘Here, man, are you deaf? Ronald Carr, Pollard Farm—that’s he; and a nice look-out you keep! Come, be sharp for once in your life. There’s his box.’

As the man, aroused at last, came slowly across, the boy who was to be delivered into his charge shrank involuntarily; but in another moment the good-natured guard had patted him on the shoulder, and jumped into his van; with a farewell shriek the train moved away, the countryman watching it so long as the last light gleamed redly through the mist, and then without a word he swung Ronald’s box on his shoulder, and strode out into the darkness, followed by the boy. The omnibus, disappointed of passengers, drove away from the inclosure; the fly-drivers stamped about to free themselves from the clinging mist; Ronald’s box

was dropped into the tax-cart, while he clambered up in front; his companion followed more deliberately, lighted a short pipe, gathered up the reins, cracked his whip once or twice to arouse the old horse, and away the two went together.

Young lives as well as old have their days and their epochs. As we jog along from mile-stone to mile-stone of our dusty road, growing tired and heavy-footed, and wanting our rest, we are all apt to fancy the road was more beautiful when it was new, and the same weariness did not weigh us down. Looking back, we remember the sunshine, and forget the sudden tempests, the shadows, the disappointments, the failures—the more bitter for their unexpectedness. Yet, although it is thus that childhood and youth live in our remembrance as brightly coloured as the future of a maiden, and although it is indeed true that they are at least free from the wearing burden of anxiety which comes with later years, it is no less certain that there is an abruptness in their griefs which adds to their poignancy. If Ronald Carr had been older, he would have understood long before that the tender mother's care, which formed his one possession of love, was being gradually unloosed; and if he were spared the anguish of looking forward, to realize it first from seeing the pale face—a little paler now—lie unstirred by his approach, the shut lips unclosed no more to meet his kiss—there was a sharpness in the pang or amazement, which no after years of sorrow could intensify.

When Mrs. Carr was dying, she wrote a letter to her brother, Mr. Philip Oldfield, of the Pollard Farm; and the answer to this letter, which came in time, and only just in time, to satisfy her anxiety, was the cause that Ronald was now driving to the Pollard Farm, in Mr. Philip Oldfield's tax-cart, jolting through the narrow streets where the mist hung heavily, blotting out all but dim outlines of the brick houses, blurring the lamps, and falling in little drops from the side of the cart. Ben filled the narrow seat so amply, that there was small room left for the boy, who shrank into himself with vague terror. Being a tenderly nurtured child, coming from the crowd of a great city, and carrying a sore heart that yearned after the sheltering mother's love of past days, this silence, this darkness—by-and-by, after they got out into the country, this solitude—fairly appalled him. Big tears trickled down his cheeks, and he shivered to his fingers' ends, although the night was rather damp than cold; but terrible as he felt the silence to be, he could no more break it than if he had been dumb.

Once out of the town, they found themselves in a wide road, where files of bordering trees stood like dark phantoms against the sky, and little pools of water caught glimmers of light from an unseen source; then the way led up a dreary stony hill, against which the horse toiled wearily, and Ben sat forward, his elbows planted on his knees, his great head poked out, and his enormous breadth of shoulder shutting in his little companion like a wall: presently, as well as Ronald could make out

through darkness and tears, they were crossing a bleak and desolate country, an open tract, over which the wind whistled keenly, and every now and then broke into a kind of sobbing shriek; and Ronald, looking from side to side in despair, beheld no more dim shapes of trees, or hedges, or landmarks, and began to think that they were driving on and on to the end of the world, and that he should not be very sorry when they reached it.

By-and-by it seemed as if Ben were becoming sociable. He took his pipe from his mouth, knocked out the ashes, and turned round upon the boy with a twist that shook the cart under them.

'Pipe's out,' he said at last, after a scrutiny which appeared interminable.

Ronald, shrinking, if possible, further back, thought that after all speech might be worse than silence, and wondered whether politeness required any further attempt at conversation; but Ben, as if satisfied with the effort he had made, returned to his original position, holding the reins loosely, and allowing the horse to pick his own way; and silence fell upon them again, broken only by the sound of wheels, and the melancholy pipings of some distant bird.

What with crying, fatigue, and hunger, the boy drifted at length into a stupefied state, in which he was only conscious of jogging on at the same slow pace; and when the cart stopped he scarcely noticed it, until he became aware that his companion had rolled off his seat, when, as well as he could, for he was stiff and cramped in every limb, he tried to follow his example. Ben had apparently forgotten his existence, for he was talking to the old horse, and unstrapping a little lantern from the side of the cart, which, until this moment, Ronald had never discovered, so feeble was its ray of light; and having thrown open a gate, led the horse through, and re-fastened the latch, he was turning off to the right towards the stable, when something recalled the boy to his memory. He stopped short, held up the lantern, and seeing him—pale, tearful, and half asleep—shuffling after him as well as he could over wet straw and stones, shouted in a voice which made Ronald start, 'Mis'ess!'

Almost immediately followed a sound of hasty steps, a door opened, a light flashed into the darkness, and a woman's voice called out, 'Is that you, Ben? Where's the boy?'

'Blest if I hadn't nigh forgot all about 'un, he's such a little chap,' he answered, with a great chuckle. 'Go along wi' she, young master, and don't ye fall into the duck-pond, or ye might be drowned afore iver we got yer head 'bove water aguin.'

Chuckling at his own wit, Ben turned off to the stables; and poor Ronald, almost too tired to comprehend the directions, instinctively moved towards the light, which looked at least more friendly and inviting than the misty darkness that enveloped him. He made a push for it, stumbling through the thick straw as he went—a dog met him, growling angrily—and then he perceived that the candle was held up by a very

little woman, and heard her say in a sharp impatient voice, 'Don't be a fool, Watch!—This way! why, wherever is the boy stopping?'

But when he emerged out of the gloom—Watch, finding he was not a formidable enemy, following close at his heels—she uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and putting her hand under his chin, turned his face, all pinched and tear-stained, towards the light, and having looked hard at him for a minute or two, dropped her hand, saying, with a disappointment which the boy detected, 'No bigger than that! Whatever shall we do with such a little feller here?'

It was so impossible to answer the question, that although she fixed her eyes thoughtfully upon him as if she expected him to do so, Ronald could only look hopelessly at the stone flags under his feet, and wonder what, too.

When next she spoke, it was to ask his name.

'Ronald,' said the boy, timidly.

'Yer mother was took off very quick?' she went on, lowering her voice and glancing hurriedly round, as if she were afraid of being overheard.

Ronald could not reply. He was choked, frightened—exhausted into the bargain, for he had been travelling all the day, and with but little heart to eat, so that the cross-questioning came at an ill time, and broke him down altogether. His burst of tears probably startled her, for she said, 'There, there, don't ye cry, child,' impatiently but not unkindly, set herself to call across the yard to Ben to bring the boy's box into the house, which gave him time to recover himself, and then, as if afraid of venturing upon more questions, she said only, 'Mind an' rub yer shoes well, an' come along to yer uncle.'

Poor Ronald followed her with a beating heart.

Taking but a few steps along the white-washed passage, flagged with large stones, she opened a door on the right, and entered a great low-ceilinged kitchen. To Ronald, accustomed all his life to small town houses, this dark expanse looked oppressively large. Broad rafters ran across the ceiling, from which two or three hams were suspended; while opposite to the door stood a high dresser set with blue china and tins, which caught a dimly flickering reflection from the fire. The room was wainscoted with old wood, and a quaintly carved head, like a miniature gargoyle, and black with age, caught Ronald's eye as he entered, and seemed to fascinate and grimace at him whichever way he turned. He kept close to his guide, whose presence and candle were sorely needed to overcome the vague feelings of terror which crowded upon him at the sight of the dark desolate room, without any more visible inhabitant than the mocking face. He thought that Mr. Oldfield could not be there; but Rachel went forward a few steps, and he then perceived that a high old-fashioned settle placed near the door had screened from his view a large hearth, on which a couple of logs were feebly smouldering, a small round table, a shaded lamp, an arm-chair and its occupant, Mr. Philip Oldfield.

The first impression of which Ronald was conscious was that his uncle was a much younger man than he had expected to see—indeed, he looked almost boyish until something brought into prominence the lines about his mouth, and the grey hairs freely intermingled with the brown. For the rest, his head was singularly well shaped, his forehead broad, and widening slightly across the eye-brows, his nose straight, his eyes blue and deep set, and his mouth not entirely devoid of beauty.

He said at once, 'Is that Rachel?' and then glancing in her direction, and seeing the boy shrinking against her, he stood up and leant forward, slightly resting his hands upon the book he had been reading, as if some support were necessary. The blue veins on his forehead seemed to become more marked, and there was a look of much disquiet on his face, which could only have been restrained by a prolonged effort; Rachel, who was watching him earnestly, said in a minute or two, 'He's a little fellow, aint he, Mr. Philip? but he looks half-starved with cold an' fretting. P'raps he could sit there by the fire, while I see to the supper?'

She spoke hesitatingly, as if accustomed to have her suggestions put aside. Mr. Oldfield, however, made no objections to them. That he was moved by the sight of Ronald was evident, for the faint flush on his pale face deepened, and his eyes wandered from the boy and back again, as if drawn by an emotion at once painful and irresistible. It was remarkable, too, that this agitation, whatever it was, blotted out in a moment that look of youthfulness which has been noticed, and that, glancing at him now, you would have seen nothing of it remaining, except a dim shadow which might have touched you with a sad perception of what had been and had past. His voice, when he spoke at last, was shaken by the same uneasiness, though very gentle.

'This is but a dull home to which they have sent you, I am afraid; but Rachel will do what she can for you. Come and sit by the fire, Ronald—is that your name?'

The boy answered 'Yes,' doing as he was told; and Rachel stretched across him and threw another log on the fire, which sputtered and hissed, and did something towards breaking the silence that followed, for Mr. Oldfield, sitting down again, leant back in his chair, his elbows on its wooden arms, and his hands clasped upon his forehead, so as to hide his face from view, and said no more. Ben's step was heard in the passage, and Rachel ran out to meet him. Ronald looked from the fire to his uncle's figure, and then to the spot in the darkness where he knew the grim carved face was staring at him, and back again to the fire, as the most cheerful object that presented itself. The warmth at length began to make him drowsy. He forgot the sorrow which all that day and for many days had been swelling in his heart, forgot weariness and hunger—a haze crept about him; the room, the flickering fire-light, the mysterious shadows, his uncle's figure, all melted into one; and when at length Mr. Oldfield looked up, Ronald was sleeping with his head against the wall. His face, which still bore its troubled expression, grew tender for a

moment, and he called to Rachel to hasten supper. The boy, starting up, heard an answer in the distance, though he could not distinguish the words. Presently, however, she came, spread a cloth over a long deal table, until now scarcely noticeable in the obscurity, and placed upon it two lights in shining brass candlesticks, plates, glasses, cold meat, cheese, and a great loaf of bread; Ronald, now wide awake, watching all her proceedings with interest, and inwardly rejoicing that there was promise of plenty in his new home.

When supper was ready, Ben came in, and they all moved to the table and sat down, Mr. Oldfield at the top, Rachel and the boy on one side, Ben on the other. Ronald thought the distances between them greater than was necessary, and the silence struck him as very strange. He looked with increasing dislike at Ben, at his square head, his thick eye-brows, the enormous hunches he shovelled into his mouth. As for his wife, she was a direct contrast. She had a sharp and somewhat aggressive face, and all her movements, from the manner in which she set a plate upon the table to her cutting bread for the new comer, were prompt and uncompromising, and seemed to convey a warning that she was not to be trifled with. Ronald wondered why she did not talk, but on the whole he felt her silence to be a relief.

Mr. Oldfield—whom, probably from the difference between him and his companions being so apparent, and yet so little marked by outward signs, he watched as closely as he could, directly he had in some measure satisfied his own hunger—Mr. Oldfield ate and drank very sparingly, and in almost unbroken silence. Once he addressed a remark to Ben about a lame horse, but after the reply the subject dropped. Once Rachel made an inquiry as to his wishes on some trifling matter, and he answered her as briefly. Besides these sentences, no words fell from him during the supper. When it was ended, he stood up, and wished Ronald good-night; and Rachel at once touched the boy, and signed to him to follow her.

The instant they were in the passage, she began to talk with a readiness which made Ronald think it must have been very hard for her to have kept silence so long.

‘This way, an’ look where yer going,’ she said, holding her candle low, that he might pick his way as he could along the odd tangled passages, with steps here and steps there, and then a narrow steep flight of stairs and more shadow-laden passages. ‘Bless the child, whatever’s he about!’ as Ronald suddenly found himself face to face with a whitened wall, against which he had walked in the darkness. ‘Can’t ye mind? Ye’ll be falling down the steps presently; did ye never have to find yer way in the dark before now?’

‘Not in such a queer place as this,’ Ronald answered timidly.

‘Well, ye’d best look sharp an’ learn, then; for here ye are, an’ here I s’pose ye’ll have to stop. Though whatever to do with you passes me. There’s many a boy of yer age might be handy about the farm; but I’d

lay anythin' ye wouldn't so much as know the difference between a field o' mangel an' a field o' swedes if ye was set down before 'em !

Ronald, feeling profoundly humiliated by the conviction that she was right, would have found some difficulty in answering, had they not by this time reached the end of the dark labyrinth, and Rachel opened the door of a little white-washed room, beautifully clean and tidy, but no less cold and unhomelike. His heart sank as he took a survey of the bare walls, the little plain bed, the hard furniture, with nothing friendly or familiar meeting his eye, except his own box ; and Rachel was on her knees before that in a moment, turning over his things with a freedom of criticism which cut him to the heart. There were his treasures—his paint-box, his books, some plaited paper-mats it had cost him a world of trouble to manufacture, a few old shells, a dried piece of sea-weed, which was of inestimable value both as a trophy and a barometer—all so much more precious than his more solid possessions, that to see her toss them aside as 'useless rubbish' was actual torture. But when she proceeded to hold up his clothes to the light, and to comment upon them with a little contempt, Ronald—remembering the love scarcely noticed while it flowed so bountifully round him, and the patient toil of loving fingers, never more to wear themselves in his service—felt his heart swell with an agony of childish grief.

It is not likely that Rachel noticed his trouble, or had any idea that she was unkind ; she was too much taken up with her own immediate object ; and she went away at last with a great many injunctions that he should neither leave his things about, nor set himself on fire. When the door closed upon her, the boy's first feeling was of gladness ; but as her steps died away along the many passages, and he felt himself deserted in so dreary and unloved a solitude, a panic seized him. He trembled at every sound, just because sounds were so few ; he pictured to himself all kinds of horrors ; and when at last he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, it was with a face wet with tears, buried in the very depths of the bed-clothes.

(To be continued.)

THE CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

PART I.

CHRONICLE OF TURPIN.

THERE are certain literary 'stocks,' which, like those used by gardeners, though possessing but little beauty in themselves, have yet served for the engrafting of other and richer productions. This is peculiarly the case with the 'Chronicle of Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims.' Upon this work,

romance after romance, and poem after poem, has been founded, until this ancient, quaint, and rugged 'stock' has been almost forgotten in the masses of brilliant foliage and blossom which have clustered round it.

With the purpose of afterwards considering some of these later works, especially those whose merits have since numbered them amongst the classics of Italy, we will first endeavour to gain a clear idea of the source whence so many inspirations were derived, and whence even Dante quotes in his great poem.

This earliest of mediæval romances, the *soi-disant* 'Chronicle of Turpin,' was formerly by no means accounted as mere fiction. It professed to be real authentic history, and as such it was revered and cited: and much of the material afterwards inserted in *bonâ fide* 'Chronicles,' was drawn, in all good faith, from its pages. Nay, we have probably, each one of us, quite unconsciously imbibed our first impressions of Charlemagne and his times from this very 'Chronicle of Turpin.' Who does not remember that pleasant description of the personal appearance of Charlemagne given in the early part of the Histories of France? It commences thus: 'He was a man of great stature, but not too great; seven feet of the measure of his own foot was he in height; his head was round; his eyes large, and so clear, that when angered they sparkled like carbuncles,' &c. The passage ends with a description of his marvellous strength.

We are told, indeed, that this description is taken from the 'Chronicles of St. Denis,' whose compilation was commenced by the Abbé Suger, in the time of Louis le Jeune; but if we examine the Chronicle of Turpin, we shall find that the passage is taken, sometimes almost word for word, from the description there given.* But, though the Chronicles of Turpin, (or Telpin, as he is sometimes called,) were thus copied by historians, it appears very doubtful, not indeed whether his Chronicles were authentic; but whether there ever was a Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, at all! Certainly, if there was such a person, he did not write the work attributed to him, for the Archbishop of Rheims supposed to be identical with him, died in the year 800;† whereas the earliest date which can reasonably be attributed to the authorship of the Chronicle, is between 1085 and 1092.

There are several MS. copies of this work—varying a little according to the greater or less accuracy, or sometimes to the taste, of the copyist, and bearing differing titles—extant in certain libraries. One of these, from a printed copy of which I shall frequently have occasion to quote,

* The description of Charlemagne in the Chronicles of St. Denis is precisely the same as the one in the 'Life of Charlemagne,' by Eginhard, the secretary of Charlemagne, a work of very doubtful origin; Turpin's is probably the original of both.

† Fourteen years before Charlemagne, though the author of the Chronicle says of himself that he not only survived the great Emperor, but also had supernatural previsions of his death.

was accidentally discovered in a Florence rag-shop, the proprietor of which had unfortunately sold part of it to make stoppers for bottles!

There is, indeed, another pseudo '*Chronique de Turpin, Archevesque et Duc de Rheims, et premier pair de France*;' * but, as no one has ever supposed this to be genuine, it must make way—though we shall have occasion to revert to it—for the greater pretensions and more definite aim and character of the one which has engaged the attention and attracted the fancy of so many scholars and poets.

The date of the chronicle is rendered more doubtful by the fact of its being written in Latin, and thus affording but little clue in the peculiarities of its language. But its pages are so crowded with miracles, and its deference to the Church is so marked, that there is no doubt it was written by an ecclesiastic, nor that that ecclesiastic made the honour of his favourite saint, St. James of Compostella, one of his principal objects in writing. I say 'one' of his objects, because his chief aim was, beyond question, that of inflaming the ardour of the Christians against the Infidels. Eichhorn, in his *History of the Middle Ages*, supposes it to have been written after the First Crusade, at the beginning of the twelfth century; he considers that the fables of Charlemagne and his wars were invented by the monks, for the purpose of inciting the Christians to enlist amongst the Crusaders. But the aim of the work itself, though it is, as aforesaid, certainly directed against the Mahometans, does not at all tend towards their ejection from the Holy Land, whither the whole mind of Europe was attracted at the time mentioned; but, on the contrary, it is levelled wholly against the Saracen occupation of Spain. Hence Sismondi, with more probability, conjectures that it may have been written at the time when Alfonso VI., King of Leon and Castile, conquered Toledo and New Castile, in the year 1085. The ecclesiastical tone of the language, and the deference paid to St. James, have led some to think that the writer was a Spanish monk; but there seems stronger reason to suspect that the credit of the authorship lay between Pope Calixtus II., who vouches for its genuineness, and who was an ardent admirer of St. James, and a certain Godfrey, Prior of St. Andrew's at Vienne in Dauphiny, who is said to have made a copy of the work as early as 1092, and to have stated in his editorial preface that he had received it from '*Esperia*,' (which might mean either France or Italy,) and that nothing was known of its '*argument*' except what had been drawn from the '*cantilenes*' of the '*joculatores*' (*i. e.* the songs of the troubadours) of the day. The style of this preface is said to have been suspiciously like that of the work itself, in which reference to these '*cantilenes*' is also made: but this copy, with its preface, seems to be lost.

Having thus arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that no one knows anything at all about the subject in question, we will proceed to take a glimpse at the matter contained in the Chronicle. We might have

* The original of this is in old French it was edited by Arnouillet, 1583.

imagined that this narrative, which so stirred the fancy and stimulated the literary tastes of several succeeding ages, would have been, like the romances founded upon it, a tale of love and beauty, knights, fairies, and magicians: but it is not so. Upon examination, we find only an account of various imaginary campaigns of Charlemagne against the Saracens in Spain, during which he founds sixty churches in honour of St. James, and receives innumerable proofs of the Divine favour, in the shape of miraculous answers to his prayers. He takes Pampeluna; and after various battles with Aygoland, the Saracen king, and his allies, who in the interim invade France, he penetrates as far as Compostella, where he holds a council, and parcels out Spain amongst his knights. It was on the return from this expedition that the treachery of Ganelon produced the catastrophe at Roncesvalles, in which Roland and most of his fellow paladins were slain. Now let us see how far the facts of history will bear out this legend.

It is true that Charlemagne, having conquered the Saxons, was minded to secure his frontier on the Spanish side. In the expedition he made with this view, he did take the town of Pampeluna, but certainly never penetrated as far as Compostella. Neither was there any Saracen invasion of France during his reign. It is probable, therefore, as regards this part of the story, that the wars of Charlemagne have been confounded by the author with those of Charles Martel with the Saracens.

We need not follow the whole course of the narrative, which is somewhat tedious; but some of the episodes are too marvellous to be altogether omitted. The Latin author also mentions certain incidents, which enable us much better to understand the references so constantly made by the Italian poets to 'Turpino.' He gives, moreover, a list of the warriors of Charlemagne, many of whom we recognize as old friends, when we meet with them under their Italianized names, and with the addition of such characteristics as it has pleased each succeeding author to bestow upon them.*

In the first place, Charlemagne having assembled his army, a grand Mass is celebrated, and 'absolution from all their sins' bestowed by Turpin upon all those who are about to engage in the war with the Infidel. Then follows the list of knights. It is noticeable that these knights are not called peers or paladins in the Latin text, (at least, not in that which I have consulted,) but simply 'pugnatores,' whereas in the black-letter French translation of another Latin 'codex,' the betrayal of the 'twelve peers' is especially bargained for with Ganelon. It

* As we improve our acquaintance with these various knights, we find that one romance-writer so borrows his data from the inventions of another, that it becomes curious, and often puzzling, to find the origin of the numerous accretions to the character as it once stood, bare and unsuggestive, in the pages of Turpin. Many of these addenda have, very likely, been derived from the 'cantilenes,' which were still current amongst the people long after the 'Chronicles' were written.

is rather difficult to make out distinctly who were these twelve peers, as, though they are constantly alluded to by the poets, a much larger number of names than twelve is always given when they are enumerated.*

The names given in the Latin text are thirty-two in number.†

There are various comments and notes of identification, which may be made upon several of these knights in passing. And first, we must mention the illustrious Roland, or Orlando, who plays the most prominent part both in the Chronicles of Turpin, and also in so many of the later stories. This knight is nephew of Charlemagne by the marriage of the latter's sister Bertha with Milo of Anglers. He is hence very often called Anglante; Blave also in Italian becomes Brava, the name of his castle; he is afterwards a Roman senator, and he derives other distinctions from his various feats of arms. His name is famous in all mediæval song and story. It was the 'Song of Roland' which was sung by the knight Taillefer at the Battle of Hastings; and we find his name, and various legendary incidents of his story, still clinging to various localities on the Continent.

Oliver (or Ulivieri) a gay and gallant knight, Marquis of Burgundy, is the son of Regnier, (Rinieri,) and is destined to meet with a horrible death at Roncesvalles.

Estulfus, Count of the Lyonnese, (that part of Cornwall which is said to have been submerged,) is a favourite character with all the successive authors. He has been endowed, possibly with some idea of a travesty

* In Uhland's 'König Karl's Meerfahrt,' where Charlemagne sets off with his twelve peers for the Holy Land, they are thus enumerated: Sir Roland, Holgar the Dane, Sir Oliver, Ganelon, Turpin, Count Richard the Dauntless, Sir Naims of Bavaria, Sir Rioul, Sir Guy, Sir Guérin, Sir Lambert, and Sir Godfrey. In this list, as we see, many of the most celebrated names are omitted. Pulci, after mentioning the 'twelve paladins' as being present at the court of France, at the great festival with which his Morgante commences, proceeds to enumerate twenty-two paladins of nearly equal fame; but the word 'paladin' is indifferently applied by the Italian poets to all knights, whether Christian or Pagan, who exhibit proofs of daring and prowess in arms. The 'twelve peers of France' include the kings and leaders of various other countries, no doubt tributary to Charlemagne, as for instance, England and Dacia, (or Denmark, as the case may be.) In the Chronicle of Turpin, edited by Arnouillet, a claim is put in for Turpin as 'first peer of France;' but elsewhere Roland is always, by common consent, allowed the first place amongst these worthies.

† They follow in the order given below, the enumerating figures being my own.

- | | | |
|--|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. Roland, Count of Mans, and Lord of Blave. | 10. Bald. in. | 21. Garinus, of Lorraine. |
| 2. Oliver, Count of Gebennea. | 11. Aldebodus, King of Frisia, (also called Galdebakna.) | 22. Alberic. |
| 3. Estulfus, Count of the Lyonnese. | 12. Arnald, King of Berland. | 23. Rogo. |
| 4. Arastagnus, King of Bretagne. | 13. Naman of Bavaria. | 24. Berardus, of Nubla. |
| 5. Angler, Duke of Aquitaine. | 14. Ogerius, King of Dacia. | 25. Guinardus. |
| 6. Gaifer, King of Bourdeaux. | 15. Oellus, Count of Nantes. | 26. Estunatus. |
| 7. Gelerus. | 16. Lambert, Prince of Bourges. | 27. Tedericus. |
| 8. Gallinus. | 17. Constantine, Roman Prefect. | 28. Berengardus. |
| 9. Solomon. | 18. Rainaldus, of Albo Spino. | 29. Alto. |
| | 19. Walter, of Thernea. | 30. Ganalonus. |
| | 20. William. | 31. Ivo. |
| | | 32. Samson, Duke of Burgundy. |

of the English national characteristics, with various attributes of folly, braggadocio, good-nature, beauty, and wealth, as he passed through the various hands which treated of him in turn. Estulfus is not mentioned in the French black-letter edition ; * but the name of Esculius, Count of Langres, is given instead. Baldwin is mentioned in the Latin as the brother of Orlando by the mother's side ; Pulci, however, makes him the son of Ganelon, though not concerned in his treachery.

We are indebted to Arnouillet's 'Chronicle' for the following history of the birth and parentage of Ganelon, and his connection with the family of Charlemagne. Thélamon of Mayence, being very old at the time of his brother's death, and his own consequent accession, has a philtre, which restores his youth, administered to him by an old sorceress, in return for which boon he marries her daughter Ursine. Notwithstanding the philtre, he dies very shortly afterwards ; and out of regard for his memory, Pépin allows Ganelon, the child of this infamous marriage, to be brought up amongst his own children. Charlemagne, having thus learnt to regard Ganelon as a brother, allows the artful youth to obtain a baleful ascendancy over his mind, which is never afterwards shaken off. Ganelon, moreover, having learnt some of his grandmother's arts, himself composes a philtre, which he administers to the beautiful sister of the Empress, and she in consequence falls so madly in love with him, that her sister and brother-in-law are constrained to permit the marriage, and thus Ganelon strengthens his connection with the royal family. He also endeavours to do away with the stigma upon his birth, by getting rid of his grandmother by poison. ('Dont ce ne fut pas grand dommage,' says my author!) His hatred of Roland arose from the fact that in a joust with the powerful young knight he had his thigh broken, and in consequence of the accident, limped ever after. He hated Regnant, or Rinaldo, because that champion had killed in battle no less than sixteen Counts of the House of Mayence! I give this full account of Ganelon, because he is everywhere the archetype of treachery ; each fresh author exhausts his fancy in the delineation of perfidious plans to sow dissension between Charlemagne and Orlando and Rinaldo, the flower of his paladins, of which 'Gan' is the contriver. The name of 'Gan, the traitor,' comes in like a note of discord amidst accounts of knightly faith, high honour, and noble daring. The future treachery of Gan hangs like a black cloud over all the smiling present of pageant and joust. There is little doubt that the idea of the treachery of Judas was present in the mind of the author of the Latin Chronicle, for, with the license in speaking of sacred things which was then, and subsequently, but too much in vogue, he uses almost the very words of the New Testament in mentioning 'Ganalonus, which was afterwards the traitor.' It is quite possible, also, that the number twelve may have been assigned to the peers in consequence of its being that of the Apostles.

* I suspect, from various other circumstances, that it is an omission of the translator, and not of the Latin codex he used.

The next in order on our list, of whom I have anything to say, is Arnald of Berland, who was the first who passed the 'Ciserean Gates' between France and Spain, and came to the walls of Pampeluna, and who afterwards distinguished himself by killing Aygoland, the King of the Saracens. Naman (or Naims or Namu) of Bavaria, is a venerable warrior, of whom frequent mention is everywhere made. Between Ogerius, King of Dacia, and Oellus, Count of Nantes, a curious confusion has been made, which has resulted in the production of a far more famous hero than either, namely, Ogier (or Holkar or Uggieri) the Dane. The Latin text gives both names, and says of Oellus that 'he is still sung of in the cantilenes of to-day,' and that he did 'innumerable wonders.' The black-letter French translation omits Oellus altogether, and says that the songs were sung of Ogier, King of Dacia. Further on, the first knight who is sent to encounter the terrible Ferracutus is 'Ogerius *Dacus*' in the Latin, but 'Ogier *Dannoys*' in the French.

Rainaldus of Albo Spino (white thorn, probably from his cognizance,) appears to be here only a youth, as he first receives the order of knighthood during the campaign; but elsewhere we find him as the illustrious Rinaldo of Mont Albano, scarcely if at all inferior to Orlando himself in strength and valour; his name of Montalbano or Montauban seems to be only a more high-sounding alteration from Albo Spino, and Chiaramonte* or Clairmont, the name of his family, a play upon the meaning of the words Mont Albano. He and Orlando are first cousins, and strongly united by affection as well as kindred. He is the son of Aymond or Ammon of Ardennes, or Dordona, and has three brothers, all distinguished in arms: Alard, Guichard, (also called Richard,) and little Richard, or Ricciardetto. Their sister, Bradamante, is second to none in arms, unless it be to her brother Rinaldo. She is not mentioned at all in the Latin as the sister of Rinaldo; but the sole episode in the book in which any woman is especially mentioned, or in which there is any approach to gallantry in any of the knights, is one where two ladies named 'Brandimond' and 'Euracque' are mentioned; and this Brandimond is no doubt the original of Bradamante. All that is said of her however, is, that Roland, whilst in pursuit of the enemy, encounters a Saracen knight named Sallaptraz, kills him, clothes himself in his armour, and takes his horse, which was 'the best that then existed,' and which was doubtless the original of 'Brigliadoro,' though the romance of 'Aspramonte' says Orlando gained this noble steed, together with his ivory horn, his sword Durlindana, and the rest of his armour, when he killed Almonte.† Riding on in the character of Sallaptraz, he observes

* The name is, however, said to have been that of a great-uncle of Rinaldo and Orlando, who died young, and whose parents gave his name to their castle to preserve his memory.

† Olaus Magnus relates that this horn was won by Roland in his battle with the giant Jutmundus. It was called Olivant, and its sound might be heard for the distance of twenty miles. Warton, in his 'History of Poetry,' identifies this horn

these two ladies in a balcony, and enters into conversation with them; he makes himself so agreeable to them by promising them the best knights in the army as husbands, that they, in return, acquaint him with the way to obtain an entrance into the city—information of which he shortly afterwards made use.

Tedericus (or Thédric) was one of the knights who escaped the slaughter at Roncesvalles; he afterwards undertook the single combat on behalf of Charlemagne and his slaughtered peers, against Pinabello, by which Ganelon was tried—Thédric's victory, of course, convicting the traitor.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN ART.

XIV.—MICHAEL ANGELO. *(continued.)*

WE return to Michael Angelo, at that period of his life and work which is most universally known. Before he could complete the cartoon in the Council-chamber at Florence, he was summoned to Rome; (1508.) and—with far different feelings than when, twelve years before, he had started, in the dawn of youth and hope, to try his fortune as an unknown adventurer—he obeyed the summons. The monument, his cherished design and first great work, was consigned to oblivion, and he was very sorrowful over the waste of life and energy which it had involved. He was not much comforted by finding, on his arrival in Rome, that the Pope had conceived the idea of covering the vault of the Sistine Chapel with painting, and that it was to execute this work for which he had been sent. He asked for some different commission, told the Pope he was not a painter, and felt unequal to the task; and it is said, suggested that Raffaele should be substituted. But the Pope was determined that Michael Angelo, and no one else, should do the work; and he was at last obliged to prepare designs for it.

Michael Angelo invented his own scaffolding, having refused to use Bramante's somewhat clumsy contrivance, on account of the holes which it made in the building. The idea is said to have been invaluable to the latter afterwards in building St. Peter's; and the economy of rope was so great, that the carpenter to whom Michael Angelo gave it, was able

with the traditionary horn of Alexander, which required sixty men to sound it, and the blast of which was audible for sixty miles round. Cervantes says it was as big as a weaver's beam; but Boiardo makes no mention of its great size, only of its terrible blast, and of its owner's skill in winding it. Turpin gives no account of the acquisition of either the horn or the sword Durandal; but Boiardo tells us that Durlindana was the sword of Hector of Troy, after whose death Penthesilea possessed it; she being also killed by Achilles, the sword fell into the hands of the ancestors of Almonte.

to portion his two daughters with the profits. On commencing his difficult task, Michael Angelo sent for some of his artist friends from Florence; but soon perceiving that their work was no help at all to him, he determined to get rid of them, the only difficulty being, how to devise it without hurting their feelings. One day, when they came to work, they found the chapel locked up and Michael Angelo disappeared; and understanding the meaning of this characteristic action, they wisely took the hint, and went back to Florence, leaving Michael Angelo to his solitary work in peace. The burden of the work lay heavily on him, however, now that he was all alone; his first painting faded off from damp, and he was thoroughly inexperienced in the medium he had to work with. Money, of which he was sadly in want, could not be extracted from the Pope; and he was over-taxed with his laborious uncongenial work, and allowed himself neither sufficient rest nor food, urged on and worried incessantly as he was by the impatient Pope. With hard and constant work, half the ceiling was finished by the autumn, and Julius insisted that the scaffolding should come down, and the chapel be thrown open to the public. In vain Michael Angelo protested against, and threw obstacles in the way of, this hindrance to the work which he was so anxious to complete. Julius was determined, and on November 1st, 1509, the wonderful painting was thrown open to the gaze of the astonished Romans. Nothing had been seen like it before. The heavy domed roof had melted away in aerial perspective, and it must have seemed to the beholders as they entered the gloom of the sombre chapel, that it was not a vault of stone which they beheld, but the vault of Heaven in its clearness, and the hosts that people it in their majesty. In the centre was the great Creator flying forth on the clouds of heaven in the 'hiding of His power,' scattering the everlasting mountains, cleaving the earth with rivers; the sun and moon standing still in their habitation 'at the light of His glittering spear.' The only approachably great conception recorded by mortal hand of Him at Whose Vision the Prophet 'trembled in himself that he might rest in the day of trouble.' Not less wonderful in conception is the Act of Creation. Man on the mountain summit awaits the awful Gift of Life, which begins to burn within the still earth-bound figure, as the Almighty Father hovers over him, the sons of God shouting for joy around. Then came the Creation of Eve, the Fall, the Expulsion from Paradise, the Murder of Abel, and the Deluge; and between, seated round the walls, as in brooding thought over the great mystery of human life through the ages, sit the awful, mighty figures of the Prophets and the Sibyls.

Looking at this great work now, cracked and dim and murky as it is—yet still, alone among the works of the mighty masters of Italy, undesecrated by the hand of the restorer—we may faintly imagine the sight which met the eyes of those who stayed, awe-struck, to gaze that All Saints Day three hundred years ago, on the spirit forms of the great cloud of witnesses which chain the Church Catholic in one.

In 1512, the whole work was finished; but in consequence of Julius's haste to take down the scaffolding and throw open the chapel to the public, the gold lights had not been put on the dresses. The Pope was very anxious that the scaffolding should be re-erected, and this defect rectified; but Michael Angelo had no mind to re-touch his work now that it was finished. 'The figures look so poor,' objected Julius. 'They were poor people whom I have painted there,' said Michael Angelo; 'they wore no gold on their garments.'

In February, 1513, Julius II. lay dying, and Florence was holding high festival at the restoration of the Medici, who had won their way back, between force and guile, to their native city. In March, Leo X., the Medicean, was elected Pope; and the star of the Medici family was once more in the ascendancy, and the liberty of Florence from that time a doomed thing.

An elegant scholar and an accomplished man, like all his family, Leo X. was yet vastly inferior to his ancestors in power of mind; and his court owes its brilliant reputation rather to the constellation of learning and culture which gathered around this last great representative of the Medici family, than to his own powers of mind. He was, too, singularly devoid of that discernment and appreciation of genius which had been so remarkable in others of his race, and allowed himself to be flattered into patronizing Raffaele's party in Rome to the exclusion of Michael Angelo. There is no proof that the two artists ever had a quarrel; and it is probable that they had no share in, and were nearly powerless to prevent, the intrigues which were carried on by the respective parties which rallied round them. But, no doubt, the exclusive patronage which Leo X. extended to Raffaele went far to inflame the ill-feeling on both sides; and the two principal persons concerned would have been something more than human had they been altogether free from jealousy which their followers took such pains to instil into them.

To the long-delayed work, Julius's monument, then, Michael Angelo now betook himself, though with depressed and disappointed feelings; for although Julius had charged his nephews to continue the work at his death, the original plan* was altered, and the scale considerably diminished, and all the blocks already prepared were of too large proportions for the new design.

In 1515, while at Carrara, excavating marble, a summons came to him from Rome. A façade was to be built for San Lorenzo, the family church of the Medici; and all the great artists were summoned to Rome to compete for it. It was a common thing in Italy to leave the principal end of a church unfinished, to be completed with a façade at some future time; and many churches thus left remain to this day, striking the eye with their bare brick exteriors. Michael Angelo's design was chosen;

* The two chained youths, now in the Louvre, were prepared for the original monument.

and he undertook the work on condition that he should be allowed to go on with the monument. The next few years were spent at Carrara, superintending the excavations, in weary disputes with the workmen and attempts to open a new quarry; all to end in the suspension of the order for the façade, after much useless labour and expense, the burden of which fell upon himself. So the great master's prime was wasted, and his soul embittered by the vanity and incapacity of his employers.

After this, Michael Angelo retired to Florence, where he went on with Julius's monument, and took up his position as one of the chief men of the city. It was at this time that the petition was sent to Rome, signed by the principal citizens, to request that the remains of Dante might be brought to Florence. 'I, Michael Angelo, the sculptor,' concludes the petition, 'address the same request to your Holiness, offering to raise the divine poet a worthy monument in this city.' But Leo cared for none of this, nor for the memory of Dante, and was busy with schemes for his own immortality, and no answer was sent. So the great Florentine lies still in his exiled grave among the marshes of Ravenna, more sacred than all the mausoleums of Rome; and the cherished wish of the 'divine master,' to raise a fit memorial to the 'divine poet' of Italy, was unfulfilled.

When Leo X. died, (December, 1521,) the sun went down on the brilliant era inaugurated by Nicholas V. The measure of the iniquity of Papal Rome was nearly full; and the Renaissance, with its elegant culture and finished scholarship, its pride of wealth and lust of power, was fast drawing to a close. Adrian IV.—the simple, ignorant, pure-hearted man, who had been forced from his quiet episcopal work by the Roman intrigues, into the Papal chair—who in his horror at the pollutions of the den of iniquity in which he found himself, had walled up the picture-galleries, and desired to pull down the Sistine ceiling because of the naked figures painted there—died, worn out, after a year and a half. To him succeeded the Cardinal Medici, Clement VII., whose contemptible character and despicable conduct have made his name execrated in history as the worst representative of an accursed race, and by whom was accomplished the ruin of Florence.

In 1524, Michael Angelo began the tombs of the Medici, which, with the chapel containing them, were to supersede the commission for the façade of San Lorenzo; and after much worry, dispute, and waste of time, he was secured a salary of fifty ducats a month. The next few years were perhaps the most troublous of the great master's long and weary life. The family of Pope Julius made complaint for the second time of the postponement of the work for the monument, which Michael Angelo would only have been too thankful to finish, if time and peace were given him.

In 1525, he was in Rome again, petitioning Clement to allow him to fulfil his contract; but Clement, like the rest of the Popes, was perfectly indifferent to any claims but his own, and decided that the

monument must wait for the present; and Michael Angelo submitted in despair. The faction of artists against him, also, was now at its strongest under Clement, whose chief favourite was a painter named Bandinelli, a low-minded and vulgar man, who hated Michael Angelo, maligned and injured him on every opportunity, and on whose name rests the suspicion of having destroyed Michael Angelo's cartoon in the Council-chamber. This man intrigued for, and obtained, the commission to execute the statue of Hercules, which was to be placed on the opposite side of the porch to the David; and there the wretched piece of work stands to this day, a disgrace to Florence. It is said that Michael Angelo felt this slight most keenly.

We must pass very briefly over the disastrous period of the fall of Rome and Florence. In January, 1527, Charles V. crossed the Alps and marched on Rome. There, sunk in vice, enervated by luxury, and possessed by an infatuated sense of security, Popes and Cardinals scoffed at danger in their splendid palaces, and barely escaped captivity by entrenching themselves, at the last moment, in the Castle of St. Angelo. No one was ready for the enemy, and an almost bloodless victory was gained. There was one short day of useless resistance, and the sun set for ever on Rome as the capital of Christendom. Clement, selfish wretch that he was, might have saved the city by capitulation; but, safe in his own castle, he refused to make terms with the Emperor, and would not attempt to prevent the sack and the massacre, of which he must almost have been an eye-witness. So, once more in the world's history, the night closed on a scene of rapine, slaughter, and license in Rome, too terrible to contemplate; and the German hordes, less merciful than their barbarian ancestors, inflamed by fanatical passion which gave zest to their deeds, spread, the scourge of God, over the doomed city. It was 'as if the earth had opened and disgorged a legion of devils.' The Lutheran fanatics had found their way at last into the centre of that Catholicism which Rome had so defiled, and they were maddened. They too, like the simple northern tribes of centuries ago, had heard of the hoard of the wonderful city, and lusted for it; ten million ducats, it is said, they took. Priceless works of art were destroyed; the ancient statues which decorated the streets were thrown down; the matchless windows of William of Marseilles broken in pieces; the paintings and mosaics defaced or torn down; the Vatican—that museum of the world—was plundered, and fires lighted on its precious mosaic floors; churches and palaces turned into stables. In the National Gallery is a Madonna painted by an artist named Parmeggiano, at which he was working when the Spaniards entered Rome. The soldiers burst into his studio, where he was quietly painting; but, struck with the majesty of the picture, allowed him to go on unhurt.

In the awfulness of the calamity which had fallen on Rome, there was kindled in the Florentine people a spark of their ancient greatness; they knew that their turn would come next, and prepared to die fighting in

defence of their freedom. The Medici were expelled from the city, a Gonfaloniere elected, the people assembled once more in the great hall which Savonarola had built, and Mass was said there, and laws for the morality of the city framed. We know nothing of Michael Angelo's part in this sudden movement. He filled no office—was consistent, then as ever, to his refusal to take part in politics; and we only know that his sympathies were with the republic.

In August, 1527, the new Government made atonement to Michael Angelo for the insult he had suffered in the matter of the Hercules, by giving him the block, which Bandinelli had not yet begun. He never touched it, however; for the catastrophe came too soon, and Bandinelli's friends were in power again.

Clement, having leagued himself with the Emperor, as the only chance for his own safety, now proceeded to intrigue with Florence, which, however, true in this last hour to herself, refused to break faith with her allies, or to accept overtures of which the return of the Medici was the price; and the defences were commenced. In April, 1529, Michael Angelo was appointed Commissary-General of the fortifications, and the work began in earnest. It was a mournful task which they commenced with, for the suburbs had to be destroyed, and all the beautiful churches and houses pulled down, so as to afford no assistance to the besiegers; but a spirit of patriotism possessed the people, and there was not a dissentient voice. One of the ruined monasteries, San Sabri, still contains a fresco by Andrea del Sarto, of the Last Supper, said to have been saved by Michael Angelo when the building was demolished. Florence stood alone now, deserted by all in the Peace of Cambray, unable to negotiate with Charles, because of the determination of Clement to gratify his revenge.

There is something very grand in this last gallant effort of a noble people to save their freedom; and it is sad to know that but for treachery within the walls, their courage and patience would have sufficed to baffle the enemy. In September, 1529, suspecting treachery, unable to obtain hearing and credit from the Government, and thinking with his usual morbid hopelessness that all was lost, Michael Angelo threw up his post, and fled secretly to Venice; but he had over-rated the extent of the mischief, and was induced to return to his place in command of the works in November. The city was as one man in that flash of heroic courage, and they returned for answer to the Pope, who once more made overtures, that they would rather destroy the city and die than give it over to him or his. In that last scene of Florentine history, Michael Angelo stands a grand central figure, fit alike for a poem, a picture, or a hero's place in history; ennobling the fruitless struggle with his high-strung patriotism; dignifying it with his uncalculating faith. The attack began on San Miniato, over the tower of which, Michael Angelo had, in his foresight, hung wool-sacks, and so saved the beautiful old campanile. There it still stands, a memorial of the last

struggle for Florentine freedom; and from it we may still gaze on that same sweet landscape which Michael Angelo watched day by day through the long summer days of 1529—the fertile valley, with the Arno winding along like a silver thread—the woods of Fiesole, and the blue distance of the Appenines. The end is well known. Malatesta Baglione, the commanding officer, whose name has come down in history covered with disgrace, prevented the last sortie, and introduced the enemy within the gates; and on August 12th, 1530, Clement the Medicean became master of the city, and Florentine liberty expired.

Michael Angelo retired into the campanile of San Niccolo, near San Miniato, and in silence and solitude nursed his bitter sorrow, disregarding the search of the Pope for him. At last he appeared again, and went on with the tombs of the Medici; and in the course of the next year were finished the four great figures for the sarcophagi of Giuliano and Lorenzo de Medici,* which, solemn as they are in themselves, borrow a still greater solemnity from the history and period of their execution, in the direst hour of Florence and the despairing sorrow of the great master's soul. Too strangely awful, and dimly symbolic for description, are these four sculptures of Night and Morning, Twilight and Dawn, shadowing forth the Life and Death, the Passing and Awakening, of the soul of man. Life, in the fullest strength of manhood; Death, in the uttermost weakness of sleeping womanhood; Twilight, the awful passage of the passing soul, figured by the dying agony; Dawn, the unimaginable awakening to immortality of the wondering soul, by the rousing out of sleep as of fitful and painful dream, or as of the chill light, when 'the casement slowly grows a glimmering square,' ere the first crimson hue dispels the shadows of night. To the statue of Night were found affixed these words, 'Sleep is dear to me as long as sorrow and shame last among us; wake me not, I pray you; speak gently.' So ended the sacristy work, which was never finished, or the interior painted as had been intended.

Henceforth, Michael Angelo was a voluntary exile from Florence. The tyrant, Alessandro de Medici, reigned there, and Bandinelli secured his place as court favourite, and went on with the Hercules. Florence was Florence no longer to the artist-patriot; and no offers ever induced him to return.

In the winter of 1533, Clement proposed the painting of the Last Judgement in the Sistine Chapel, from which Michael Angelo at first excused himself on the plea that he must now fulfil the long-standing contract for Julius II.'s monument. He was, however, compelled at last to prepare the designs; and with the help of Sebastian del Piombo, he scraped off Perugino's fresco and prepared the wall, and after thirty years took up his brush again, to paint the work more inseparably associated with his name than any other, and so mistakenly considered

* Lorenzo and Giuliano were brothers of Leo X., and grandsons of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

his greatest work. Clement VII. died in the autumn of 1534, before the work was begun; but the new Pope, Paul III., was even more anxious than his predecessor to monopolize Michael Angelo's services, and the painting was commenced. After seven years of solitary labour, he completed the gigantic fresco; and on the Christmas festival of 1541, the chapel was opened. The Pope came to see the painting before it was finished, bringing the master of the ceremonies with him—a stiff, high-bred, old Italian gentleman. The Pope asked him how he liked it; whereupon he answered gravely, that such a multitude of naked figures was more fit for the walls of a bath-house than a church. Michael Angelo, in grim satire, took up his brush and painted the old gentleman as Minos. There was a reaction against the muscular treatment of the figures some time afterwards, admired though they were at this time; and when Cardinal Caraffa was made Pope, he caused many of them to be draped. This work of Michael Angelo's, painted in failing power, and when hope and faith were dim within his soul, has been strangely exalted, as though the perfection of its muscularity must establish its claim to be the most sublime picture in the world. It is a strange problem, how so great a man, his mind formed on and profoundly versed in the mystical teaching of Dante, could have so failed in the motive of this subject, of all possible subjects the most tremendous; as to have sacrificed noble teaching and thought to a mere display of anatomy. That Michael Angelo, deeply religious as was his mind, was not himself materialistic we know; but it would seem as if his perceptions had been warped and darkened concerning the true relation of the human body to the soul. Such problems have perplexed all generations of the world's thinkers, and only find their solution—partial indeed, but enough for the days of our dimness—in the doctrine of the Incarnation. No marvel indeed that good men's faith should fail, in days when all sins of the flesh were abroad almost uncloaked throughout the court of the Vicar of Christ; and that a phase of Protestantism was developed, which left its mark in the art which it extinguished, in the giving to the body a fictitious honour which exalted it in reality above the soul. But to contend for the nobility of this picture, and to rank it above the sublime conceptions of Giotto and Orcagna, is to say that the aim of art is to exhibit contortions of limbs and agonies of emotion; instead of the majesty of man made in the image of God, and the illimitable beauty of the soul hereafter to awake up anew in His Likeness, and be satisfied. Think of that consummation of all things, to which all ages of Christendom have looked in trembling joy; in the expectation of which that whole multitude which no man can number, of Saints, and Martyrs, and Confessors, and Doctors, have counted not their lives dear to themselves; in the sure and certain hope of which the Church has committed her dead to rest for eighteen centuries; the expression of faith in it passed on through all the ages, and sung as a note of triumph wherever the creed of Christendom is confessed;

think of the indescribable grandeur of that supreme moment; when He that sitteth on the throne shall proclaim, 'It is done!' and then consider that wild passionate mass of human beings, seemingly half desperate in their self-absorbed, agonized wonder if they are to be hurled down by the wrath of the repellent Figure above. Miserably inadequate conception of that glorious Day known to the Lord, when our Redemption shall draw nigh! It is the teaching of terror,* of faith without hope. Michael Angelo had, it is well known, borrowed the idea of Orcagna's figure of our Lord; yet strangely enough, missed the whole meaning of its gestures. The well-known figure of Christ in Michael Angelo's picture, disposed—one might say, distorted—so as to exhibit best the muscular action, has the left hand closed across the breast, the right hand raised in threatening gesture. But 'the old painter theologian had,' as Mr. Ruskin said not long since, 'another meaning in the action.'† The left hand is closed indeed, but it is to draw back the drapery that men may look on Him whom they have pierced; the right hand is raised indeed, but as in shewing His glorified wounds, that they who gaze may be 'glad' as were those few in the upper chamber long ago, 'when they saw the Lord.' It is vain to pursue the comparison between the two pictures; a century and a half of gradually darkening faith in Christ lies between them.

It was while Michael Angelo was painting in the Sistine Chapel, that he passed under the great influence of his life, and made the friendship of Vittoria Colonna. Fitted in every way, alike to enchant, to inspire, or to save a great man's soul; gifted with beauty and genius, trained in all lofty learning, disciplined by earnest devotion—there came to Michael Angelo in his old age, by this woman's voice, a message from God; and the clouds rolled off from his soul, as, holding by her hand, and seeing with her eyes, he cast aside the entanglements of philosophies, and bowed his head before the Cross of Christ. 'As Beatrice called back Dante,' it has been well said, 'from the *selva oscura* in which he had wandered, into the *verace via* which led to Paradise, so Vittoria Colonna reclaimed Michael Angelo from the dreams and pursuits of Philosophy, Poetry, and Art, and shewed him where to find a truer wisdom, a higher inspiration, a more ideal beauty.'‡ She came, in 1536, to Rome, a widow, mourning with a life-long sorrow the loss of an adored husband, and would have taken the veil but for the interference of Clement VII., who valued her social and political importance too highly to allow her to take such a step. So she lived the life of a religious in her own palace, near the nunnery of San Silvestro on Monte Cavallo, and there gathered round her a small circle of valued friends, of whom Michael Angelo was among the dearest; and these years of her sojourn in Rome

* See Mr. Ruskin's Lecture on the 'Relations between Michael Angelo and Tintoret' on this subject.

† Lect. X. of the 'Val d' Arno' series of Oxford Lectures, 1878.

‡ Edinburgh Review, October, 1857. Article on Michael Angelo.

were the happiest and most peaceful of all the great artist's life. A description has been left us, by a Portuguese artist, of one or two of those Sunday meetings, to which he was admitted; and we can picture to ourselves, by the help of his vivid sketch, the little group which met and listened to the exposition of St. Paul's Epistles in the quiet convent church, and exchanged deep thoughts as they sat under the laurel trees in the Colonna gardens, through the long summer Sundays, with the city lying at their feet. In the Oxford collection are two sketches for a crucifix, done by Michael Angelo for her during her absence from Rome in 1541, under one of them written—*Non visi pensa quanto sangue costa!* On the occasion of his sending the first sketch to her at Viterbo, she wrote him a letter, which is among the correspondence in the British Museum, in which she tells him that she likes it too well to return it. She died in 1547, Michael Angelo visiting her to the last, mourning her loss through all his remaining life, and passionately regretting that in that last sorrowful hour when he was called to her death-bed, he had only kissed her hand, and not her face also. So, with the only soul which ever spoke face to face with Michael Angelo's, passed away the one all-powerful influence of his life; and the love which had been briefly given, its work completed was taken from him, that he might accept a more infinite Love, and be perfected for its eternal inheritance.

In the same year, (1547,) when he was close upon seventy years of age, he was appointed architect of St. Peter's, having outlived Bramante, Raffaello, and San Gallo. The grand old basilica had been ruthlessly demolished by Bramante, in his ambition to gratify the impatient desires of Julius II. regarding the new Cathedral; and the beautiful marbles, mosaics, and tombs, with which it was filled, had been, to Michael Angelo's great grief, extensively injured; and it only remained to him now to make the best of the work as he found it, and carry on the new plans. He returned to Bramante's design—the four great pillars on which the dome was to rest, being the only part which Bramante had lived to complete; rejecting Raffaello's alteration of the nave so as to form a Latin cross, and constructing the dome after the great invention of Brunelleschi at Florence. He would have an opportunity now, said his friends to him, of building a Cathedral which should surpass Sta. Maria del Fiore. 'I will make it her sister,' he said; 'greater perhaps, not more beautiful.' The 'tragedy of the monument' came at last to an end, between 1545 and 1550. A letter of Michael Angelo's remains, in which his sorrow bursts forth passionately at the time and fortune and reputation he has wasted, only to be called an extortioner and a robber, 'by ignorant men who were not born when he began the work.' The Duke of Urbino sent him an insulting message, accusing him of falsehood and dishonesty. 'Tell him,' said the old artist-aristocrat, 'that he has fashioned a Michael Angelo out of the materials he found in his own heart.' So the three figures, which are all that

remain of that vast design, were completed according to the new contract; Leah and Rachel—the Active and the Contemplative Life; and the mighty figure of Moses, which had been Michael Angelo's companion through forty years of his earthly wandering; which seems to recall to us the form and features of the 'thunderer of the Vatican,' and which Paul III. had declared to be alone a worthy monument of his predecessor. The proud and ambitious Julius II., who had desired to lie in the most conspicuous and honourable place in the great Cathedral of Western Christendom, rests not in it at all, but in an ancient suburban basilica,* where nevertheless, the solemn quiet, and dim light, suit well the majestic form on which the spirit of Michael Angelo seems to rest.

The last ten years of the great master's life were clouded with trouble and disappointment. There were plots against him among the artists, who, he must have felt bitterly, were anxiously looking for the old man's death, that they might step into his place; there were factions, too, among the Cardinals, and attempts to turn him out of his place as architect of St. Peter's, although he had refused to take any payment for this, his last work for the Church.

Caraffa (Paul IV.) was even brutal enough to deprive him of his pension, the moment he was elected Pope. His old servant, the companion of half a life-time—less a servant, indeed, than a 'brother beloved,'—died too, mourning only in his death that he was leaving his master alone in his extreme old age.

The Spanish campaign drove him out of Rome in 1556; and he was fain to go into the wilds of Carrara, where, as he wrote to Vasari on his return, he 'left more than half his soul, since there was no peace but in the woods.' Vasari came to see him late one night, bringing a message from the Pope, and found him working by the light of a lantern. Seeing that Vasari was trying to catch a glimpse of his work, Michael Angelo dropped the lantern, and left them in darkness. 'I am so old,' he said, 'that Death often pulls me by the garment to come with him; and some day I shall fall down like this lantern, and my last spark of life will be extinguished.' Under the dome of Sta. Maria del Fiore lies this sculpture—a dead Christ; his last work, left unfinished.

His poetry tells us much of the last thoughts of the old patriarch, as he came face to face with death. How deep was his repentance for his life's failures, how earnest his wish to free himself from the clinging to earthly things which he thought he detected in himself still; how humbly he looked back on his work, how calmly prepared he was for that vast unknown Future, to which he had now learned to look in hope. He had lived to see many changes, political and religious; he had outlived the extinction of that dream of his life, the freedom of Florence, had seen the wild fanaticism of German Protestantism on the one side, and the quenching of the last sparks of religion and morality

* St. Peter in Vincoli.

by the hopeless depravity of the Roman court, on the other; and had beheld the sudden gleam of light which Savonarola had shed over Italy, set in more utter darkness. But he had kept, through the breaking up around him of political and religious systems, the Divine Ideal which he had set before him in early life; and the great problems of life unrolled themselves to his soul, as he stood, so long beyond the three-score years and ten of the days of our age, on the confines of eternity.

In the winter of 1564 his strength visibly failed, and the end came so swiftly and quietly at last, that his nephew was too late to see him alive. His last words were few, and as of one who had long since done with earth. His 'soul he resigned to God, his body to the earth, his worldly possessions to his relations;' and with the one last wish that he should rest in Florence, beloved to the last, and the request to those around him that they would read to him of the Passion of Christ, he passed away. 'All things find rest upon their journey's end,' he had said; and rest had come at last to him too—'the Rest that remaineth for the people of God.'

The artists met secretly and quietly at the gates of Florence, the evening that Michael Angelo came home to his native city, after thirty years exile. But the news spread quickly through the city, and a dense multitude gathered in profound silence, and formed a long procession to Sta. Croce, where they laid the coffin before the Altar. Then the bearers uncovered it, and the people streamed in, each one imploring to look on his face once more. Well might they gaze with tear-dimmed eyes, and hearts too full for words; for there lay the last of the patriots of Florence—the last of her mighty men!

(To be continued.)

A. C. OWEN.

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

VII.—THE PRINCIPLE OF WORK.

It will be seen by what has been said already, that the key-note of the Jesuit system of training is the elevation of Obedience to a position not merely of supremacy but of monopoly amongst Christian virtues. But in Christian theology the supreme rank is accorded not to Obedience but to Love. No doubt, obedience is an admirable test of true love towards a superior, and no one would attach much value to professions of affection from a child who habitually disregarded a parent's commands. But in matters of religion, the whole value of obedience depends on its being obedience to God.

On the Jesuit theory, however, obedience has in itself a direct and positive value, apart from any consideration of the character of the com-

mand, and with only a secondary consideration of the character of the person commanding, provided that person be in a position of authority. To treat the voice of a Superior as the voice of God, and to yield it instant and unquestioning submission, is therefore regarded under this system as the highest form of Christian holiness. It is alleged that true humility would always lead a Christian to say, 'My own judgment often goes wrong, and it is, to say the least, far more probable that it leads me wrong now, than that an order distasteful to me, but which comes to me directly from a Superior set over me in God's Providence, can be wrong. So I will obey.' This maxim is perfectly sound in matters purely indifferent, and in which no moral question is obviously involved, but merely personal preference. But to apply it in the sphere of morals is to wrap God's talent of conscience in a napkin, and to bury it in the ground. And the sin of such an act is not even palliated by choosing a delicately fine white napkin, skilfully embroidered, for the purpose; that is, no religious covering given to the abdication of personal responsibility excuses it.

When the maxim of the 'sacrifice of the intellect' is acted on, one necessary result is the substitution of a shifting and uncertain rule of right and wrong for the operation of conscience and the laws of morality, putting man's caprice or ignorance in the stead of God's Will. And as the masters of the Religious Life in ancient times saw this, they made the headship in monastic houses a constitutional monarchy, held in check by a ministry of elected officers, all responsible to the Chapter or Parliament, representing the whole body, which could depose them if needful. The despotism of the modern system, though it may be able to adduce a few scattered precedents from earlier times, is in the main a revolutionary innovation on the whole theory of the Christian family in its conventual aspect.

Hence, the spiritual level of a Sisterhood cannot be so much as approximately estimated by the strictness of its rule or the perfection of its discipline; for the rule may be a bad one, and the government a mere tyranny. It must be judged by a very different standard, that of the multiplicity and variety of Christian virtues exhibited by the members; and where one virtue—or what is too often a treason against conscience, masked as a virtue—alone is cultivated, the effect is like that of the formal and barbarous parterres of modern gardeners, which exhibit a wearisome glare of a single flower, massed in great clumps, with no relief or variety.

But variety and individuality are as essential to the happiness and welfare of a convent, as of any other family household; and this can be had only by giving free play, within reasonable limits, to personal difference of type. This is necessary to *happiness*, because life becomes vapid and feeble where there is no change and no contrast; it is necessary to *welfare*, because an active Sisterhood must apportion its tasks amongst various minds, and seek by the wise distribution of labour to economize

time and trouble; and the only true economy is to set people to do that work for which they are most fitted.

It has been necessary to be thus minute, because one corollary from the Jesuit theory has been very often drawn within my knowledge, logically enough, but disastrously. It is this: that if a Sister shew any marked preference for a particular kind of work—nay, if she seem to enjoy doing some work which she has had assigned to her, but has not chosen—it ought to be taken from her at once. This not only seems so incredibly stupid, but is so intolerably wicked, that if I did not know it to be often acted on as a matter of deliberate principle, I should never have thought of it save as a device of some bitter enemy of religion. The distorted view to which it owes its origin is the universal application of that rule of the early Jesuits as to ‘detachment,’ of which I have already spoken.

It was feared that a member of the Order who gave himself up too unreservedly to any work, or became too closely attached to any place or persons, might be either reluctant to change his sphere of labour at a moment’s notice, or might at any rate prove comparatively languid and inefficient in his new tasks, through regrets for the old. So the training aimed at crushing out all choice and preference; and what was at first a mere piece of military foresight, was elevated into a test of religious perfection. Accordingly, those who now act on this system persuade themselves that it is salutary discipline, as teaching obedience and humility, and preventing any occupation from becoming an absorbing idol.

But in truth this is to mistake the whole character of the Christian life, which is not depressed and resigned submission, but glad liberty—a service which is perfect freedom. No offering of work is or can be pleasing to God, which is not also pleasing to the offerer, for God loveth a cheerful giver. And no work can be done in the best and most effective way, unless the worker be directly interested and attracted by that work. This does not touch at all the truth that plenty of work, distasteful in itself, has to be done, and that for God. But unless the actual pleasure felt in doing it, and doing it well, exceed the disgust, it is either no offering to God, or it is a maimed and blemished one. Take a crucial instance: dressing fetid sores—a most disagreeable and sometimes even loathsome task. A Sister who does this merely because she is ordered to do it, but revolts inwardly all the time, or who does it only with the notion that she is furthering her own salvation by doing it, takes no pleasure in it, and is not a cheerful giver; nor indeed, in the second case, a giver at all, but a mere huckster, in God’s sight. But one who, while feeling natural repugnance just as keenly, nevertheless is conscious of real pleasure in lessening the pain of a sufferer, and in doing so with competent skill and tenderness—mental pleasure which more than outweighs the physical revolt—such a one does make a pure offering to God.

It should therefore be the first moral aim of the director of an active Sisterhood to make Sisters not barely *do* their work, but *love* it, and be happy in it. And consequently, instead of taking work from Sisters because they shew that God has given them the necessary capacity and taste for doing it, pains should be spent in ascertaining the bent and powers of each Sister, in order that the work she is best fitted to do may be entrusted to her, and thus done as well as possible, instead of either as badly as possible, or in a tame, mediocre, half-hearted fashion, which is the best result that can be hoped for under the repressive system. For the true difference between the Religious Life and the worldly life certainly does not consist in vigour, colour, heartiness, and enjoyment being the attributes of secular occupations, while feebleness, pallor, apathy, and indifference mark the performance of higher duties; but in the consecration of our tastes and faculties to the noblest ends, in the sense of enjoyment and *delight*—the Psalmist's term—in the law of the Lord. This most wicked effort to counteract God, and to take all savour out of His service, cannot be too strongly condemned and repudiated. It not merely comes under the Prophet's ban upon those who 'make the heart of the righteous sad, whom I have not made sad;' (Ezek. xiii. 22.) but it defrauds God in another way, by inevitably lowering the quality of the work offered to Him, because introducing into religion a very bad feature of the Trades Union system, the reduction of the best workman to the level of the worst, the discouragement of excellence to further the interests of mediocrity and inferiority.

And I appeal once more to the patent fact, that no first-rate work, and very little meritorious second-rate work, has been done by the Jesuit Order for nearly two hundred years past, albeit it is amongst its members that the best fruits of its own system must reasonably be sought

Change of work, and the removal of the worker to an entirely different post, is often not only commendable but necessary; either to fit the probationer for more kinds of employment than one, or to discover her speciality, or to test her good temper and adaptability, or simply to afford her rest and refreshment by means of variety. These points will be touched on more fully in a later paper; it is enough to reiterate here that arbitrary withdrawal of work from a Religious because she enjoys it, is both a sin and a blunder.

It is needful to bear in mind, what has been said already, that the Religious Life differs in *degree* only, not in *kind*, from devout life in the

* It is not a little singular, that the Jesuits owe their very existence at the present day to their frank abandonment of their own fundamental principle of absolute submission to a Papal Order. They were suppressed by the Bull *Dominus ac Redemptor* of Clement XIV. in 1773, and not restored till the issue of the Bull *Sollicitudo omnium ecclesiarum* by Pius VII. in 1814. Had they refrained from admitting fresh novices, they would have been nearly extinct in forty years. But they took refuge in Prussia and Russia, and were in full working order, and large, though much reduced numbers, when the Bull for their revival was published.

world, and therefore all those graces and virtues which help to make the harmony and happiness of an ordinary family, and to win its members the respect and affection of their friends, ought to be sedulously cultivated to yet greater abundance and perfection in a convent, which should bear the same kind of likeness to a family that a nursery plantation does to an ordinary garden. And as no secular household would be regarded as happy, or as a model for imitation, where an absolute despotism of father, mother, or husband, instead of the law of love, ruled the family, or where the daughter with a fine ear and delicate touch was forbidden the piano, the son with strong literary tastes prohibited books; so no convent whose rules and practice are cast in this mould should be copied, or suffered to continue a moment longer on its existing basis, if its suppression or reform be possible.

There is another side of the Jesuit system, however, which is admirable for its religious common sense; namely, its mode of dealing with the body. While crushing the heart and soul by the sternest spiritual asceticism, it has set itself steadily to repress extravagant bodily maceration, on the very practical ground, that if the physical frame be enfeebled, it will not retain vigour enough to execute the will of the mind; nay, that the mind itself will suffer loss of strength if its dwelling be recklessly damaged. In a famous letter of St. Ignatius Loyola to St. Francis Borja immediately after the profession of the latter in the new Society, A. D. 1548, the neophyte is directed to retrench the time he had allotted to prayer and penance by one half; to diminish his fasts—nay, to dispense with them altogether, so far as might be done without giving scandal—because we are bound to give a strict account of the use we make of our bodies as well as of our souls, and ought not to enfeeble them so as to prevent them from working, and ought to prefer spiritual gifts to bodily austerities.

St. Ignatius gives his reasons for this advice very clearly and sensibly, pointing out that bodily mortification is a means only, and not an end, that its chief value is as a defence against certain kinds of temptation, and that where these temptations have either been overcome, or are not present at all, there is no particular benefit to be obtained from practising it. In truth, the very word *asceticism* itself points this out to all who know that its literal meaning is *training*, in the sense of bodily preparation for athletic games. The lads at Oxford and Cambridge, who put themselves into strict training for the boat-race, and cheerfully submit to a fixed regimen of diet, hours, and exercise, incompatible with much self-indulgence, do so in view of an ulterior victory in a struggle. But it never occurs to them to regard the rules the trainer enjoins as being in themselves reason enough for obeying them, or as having any value apart from their bearing on the future contest.

So it should be in a Sisterhood intended for active work. Luxury and self-indulgence ought to find no place within its walls; nor indeed is it likely that they should, while the Religious Life is still in the first

flush and vigour of its new revival amongst us; but as little should an overstrained system of bodily mortification be adopted. Health is a law of God, and rules or customs which injure health are violations of that law, and disobedience to His Will.

Accordingly, it must be the care of founders to see that the regulations they make are such as will ensure the greatest physical efficacy amongst the workers. The dwelling ought to be well drained and ventilated, and free from damp. Delicate and scrupulous cleanliness should prevail everywhere. A convent which is dirty and untidy disposes at once of all claims on the part of its inmates to fitness for work amongst the poor, the sick, or the young, besides being very bad and even demoralizing for themselves. Rooms which are studiously bare and ugly are depressing to the spirits, and if the walls be white-washed and glaring, hurtful to the sight. A dress which is cumbrous and heavy is a sore tax on the strength of its less robust wearers; one which is too thin and scanty will promote rheumatism and pulmonary disease. Food of inferior quality, insufficient quantity, or coarsely and unappetizingly cooked, is not fitted to do its work of recruiting the body. It is inefficient, and therefore costly, and it is even hurtful. The truth is, that food is *medicine*; and it is just as contrary to real piety and wisdom to be neglectful on this head, as to employ for the sick drugs of bad quality, or made up by an ignorant and careless chemist. And as bad cooking causes the loss of certain nutritious properties of food, it is a waste of a gift of God, which is a sin. Beds which are extremely hard, or inadequately supplied with covering, are not restful enough for bodies which have been toiling all day, and thus they lessen the next day's stock of energy; unduly shortened hours of sleep and recreation are hurtful in the same way; unduly protracted seasons of exertion, in another. A valuable Sister is not easily replaced if prematurely worn out by neglect of sanitary laws; and it is bad economy to expend costly materials lavishly, save in cases like the Fever Hoospital at New Orleans, where the Sisters of Charity find that the poison lays hold of their constitutions so soon, that a lower death-rate results from keeping the same nurses at work till they finally succumb to the disease, than from the seemingly better plan of giving them frequent change, and thus exposing larger numbers to contagion. But this is a wholly exceptional case, and in the vast majority of instances the wisest policy will be to keep the minds and bodies of Sisters in the healthiest and most active condition possible, that they may adequately fulfil their duties.

(To be continued.)

R. F. L.

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XIII.—SUNDAY SCHOOL

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS were the fashion of one generation, then the *unfashion*. They were in the first place often very inefficiently managed, and then were found fault with unreasonably.

A penance to teachers and taught! This stock accusation is a sentimental one, hatched by outsiders. It is, at the utmost, only true of those places where the children's seats in church are utterly deficient in comfort, and in opportunities for devotion. Even then it will generally be found, that the child has no dislike to the Sunday-school, and is uncomfortable when deprived of it. The pleasure of wearing best clothes, of seeing those of others, and of the change of occupation and interest, allure it, together with a certain sense of self-approval in doing the right thing and having so much time disposed of. To many this is the chief motive; but to many others, the Sunday-school is the brightness of a dull life.

And as to the teachers, no one who has the real faculty of teaching can fail to enjoy it. Moreover, where it is *properly done*, the training to the teacher's own mind on religious subjects is invaluable, and the contact with various ranks above and below very useful.

As to results: when people complain of their failure, and of the general irreligion of the masses, they forget that the noisy, active, and worldly years of life are not the whole of it, and that they know not how many death-beds are soothed by the instructions gained in those childish Sundays; how many repentances may be owing to old associations—nay, how many there are who have never lost the hold then acquired, but who do not make themselves prominent. All those who work among the poor—soldiers, sailors, &c.—testify to the far greater possibility of dealing with those who have some Sunday-school training than those who have learnt nothing, and whose ignorance is unfathomable. Another charge against Sunday-schools is, that the tone of persons in the lower class does not improve more rapidly. This is for want of reflecting that the more hopeful children go forth into the world, rise, and are seldom the parents of the next generation of National-school children. The really good servants, a far larger class than popular literature allows, are mostly the growth of country schools, National and Sunday. They are often very intelligent in religious matters, faithful and devout. It is the idle, the dull, those who have fallen into sin, that remain at the bottom of the scale: and the same process goes on with their children; the superior ones go away, the inferior remain.

Of course, too, there is, or more truly there has been, a kind of

Sunday-school that did an infinitesimal amount of good; namely, those where everybody was accepted as an assistant, whether qualified or not—young lady, farmer's or tradesman's daughter, steady young man, anyone who would volunteer—without any system, or any examination as to what their knowledge might be, and all were left to teach their classes by the light of nature! Now the general run of middle-class teachers have no idea of questioning; and if a book with questions be supplied, they complain that they do not know the answers; or if answers be given, they read them out in a dull voice, and make the children verbally repeat them. So that of course the children learnt nothing intelligently until they came under the hands of the very few comprehending teachers—by which time they had grown too stupid to take much in. Moreover, most of the teachers—if they had any idea at all—thought their business was to preach, and cultivate among their pupils the peculiar Evangelical form of pious expression. Just as in those days the Religious Tract Society thought itself bound to bring in the whole doctrine of the Atonement in every penny book; so the teacher was told to instil the whole idea into each child in each lesson; and of course this led to much more of preaching than of teaching, while there was nothing definite—with that one exception—inculcated.

All these things have within the last half-century or more hindered Sunday-schools from having anything like a fair trial, though even thus, the good they have done has been immeasurable.

And now that secular instruction has become so much more engrossing and compulsory, and the time for religious teaching in the week is so much restricted, Sunday-school work is a double necessity, and has been taken up so as to make it far easier to act upon a system, and to obtain instruction as to the mode of teaching. But be it observed, that even more valuable than Sunday work is the taking a class during the hour for religious instruction on the week days. If it be left entirely to the school staff, some of the classes must receive very inferior teaching, and the clergyman can of course teach only one class at a time—while, besides the desirableness for the children, it is a great thing to set free the younger pupil-teachers to study, or to share the lessons of the first class, instead of going over those first truths which in their young mouths can hardly fail of being mechanical and monotonous.

It is very unfortunate that most people's breakfast hour coincides with this only period permitted for religious teaching; but where there is no one else to undertake it, the effort of getting up earlier so as to breakfast by eight or half-past eight, and letting the less strong have theirs in their own room or later, really ought to be made, for the good of the poor; or else the member of the family who can and will attend the school regularly should not be tied down to the dawdling pleasure of the latest comer.

What is to be the aim in Sunday-schools? Decidedly *not* to preach,

but rather to prepare the way for preaching. The children are in hand for about seven or even ten years of their lives. In that time, they must learn 'what things a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health,' have a full code of moral rules, be prepared to worship intelligently, and have the understanding opened sufficiently to read devotional books, and enter into sermons, through life; and the ideas connected with the seasons of the Christian year should be so instilled, that the church going of future times shall recall the associations of earlier times.

For this reason, I think the great subject of every Sunday, in each class, should be its own peculiar teachings. The week-day hour of religious instruction should provide for the learning of the Catechism, and for the reading of the Scriptures in narrative form; also for the understanding of the arrangement and diction of the Prayer Book; but the Sunday-school should apply all this to the seasons and festivals as they pass by.

Repetition of Scripture is one great point, for all the reasons I urged before. It is by far the most valuable store to carry away, and it is to my mind the best criterion on which to give rewards. Answering questions depends on readiness; but there are few cases in which a perfectly repeated lesson does not prove real diligence.

My own system is this: As soon as the children can learn at all, they bring the Collect, (*de rigueur*,) and if they please, a couple of verses of Hymns Ancient and Modern, and a verse or two of a Psalm, chosen for them beforehand. They cannot understand them, of course, but it is a foundation; they cannot know them too well, and they prefer them to anything of narrative which involves hard names; and they should be asked easy questions on them.

The next class still repeat the Collect, which probably the lapse of a year has made a novelty to them; and more or less of the Gospel, according to its length or difficulty, is now added to it; they may also learn a hymn or part of a Psalm, but they ought not to have tickets for these latter if they have neglected Collect or Gospel for them.

The third must say the whole Collect and Gospel. A hymn, and a parable, or part of the Sermon on the Mount (specified) are the volunteer extras, and the enterprising sometimes undertake the Epistle. This class also read one of the Lessons for the Day, and are questioned on it.

The head class say Collect, Epistle, Gospel, hymn, and about ten or twelve verses of Scripture bearing on or chiming in with the subject of the day; and they read one of the Lessons. Taking all the Morning First Lessons one year, all the Afternoon another, all the alternative a third, they have gone over them between ten or eleven years old and thirteen or fourteen; and the recurring cycle keeps up the knowledge of the whole range over which the Old Testament extends, without the too frequent recurrence of the very same chapter. So, one year

they are examined on the Collect, another on the Epistle, and the third on the Gospel. The repetition year by year becomes easy to the children, while it secures the remembrance of the subjects of their repetition; and I take care to secure that the more important Psalms and other such portions of Scripture as are peculiarly valuable stores for the memory, should often be repeated—i. e. the fifty-first Psalm on the First Sunday in Lent, sometimes also on the Sixth after Trinity; the twenty-third either on the Second after Easter or the Third after Trinity; the fortieth on Palm Sunday or the Fifth after Trinity; the fifty-third of Isaiah either at Passion-tide or on the Third Sunday after Epiphany. In the same way, the hymns are always adapted to the Sundays.

The Catechism is repeated straight through in all the classes; the younger ones are questioned *viva voce* on it, the elder bring answers to twelve questions on it, written out in their copy-books.

After this, a story is read to the children: and I cannot say I have ever seen any distaste to Sunday-school, but rather a vehement determination to come thither, even when there have been obstacles in the way. I confess there are irregularities in the discipline. The first class, having much more to do, begin half an hour sooner than the younger ones, and thus there is no 'opening.' Nor are rules of perfect silence so rigidly enforced as in the week.

The attendants at the two schools are nearly the same; there is a small margin of older girls who have left the weekly school, and there are little ones who do not come on Sundays; but they are so much the same, that the teaching of the one school becomes an element in the other. On every Monday, too, there is a lesson on the Prayer Book—an absolute necessity in school teaching, either Sunday or weekly, and the greatest of all preservatives from dissent.

Where there are many real helpers, it is well to have numerous classes; but it is much better to have eighteen or twenty in one class with an able and spirited teacher, than three classes of half a dozen children under two droning teachers and one child. Young or diffident helpers may be very well employed in assisting to hear the lessons by heart, and may sit by and listen to the questioning, and thereby learn to question themselves. This is a very desirable plan with unconfirmed young ladies, who only in cases of absolute lack of other teachers should be placed in charge of a class. Nobody ought to teach till the sentiment of justice and abstinence from favouritism is developed. This is even more important than knowledge.

But knowledge is very important too. This sounds like a truism, and yet the usual assumption has been that anybody knows enough to teach poor children. Now putting out of sight that a child in the fourth, fifth, or sixth standard is an intelligent being, it is quite a mistake to suppose that the very ignorant do not need an instructed teacher. Only real information on a subject can take advantage of the dim

perceptions of a pupil, and use its first footstep to lead it into the intended track, instead of turning it right round into the teacher's narrow line. Illustration, varied manners of treating a subject, seeing what various trains of thought lead to, the power of explaining words, the absolute avoidance of false doctrine and heresy—all depend on tolerable instruction. *E. g.*—a sensible teacher can connect the words, scribe, Scripture, inscription, and superscription, and thus interest the children and leave a definite impression. One who is conversant with history can explain the circumstances in which St. Paul found himself, instead of going on in a blind way from chapter to chapter. I do not say that an experienced teacher needs to prepare every lesson beforehand, because such have been so often over the same ground as to have at their fingers' ends all that needs to be taught, and a reference Bible to bring the illustrative passages to mind is all that they need; but young people cannot hope to teach usefully unless they really get up their subject, both literally, doctrinally, and practically, only actually using what may fit the needs of their scholars, but having all in their minds, even to the details of scenery and dress. This is the way to fix attention, and retain elder scholars, who cannot be expected to remain if they do not feel themselves learning something they did not know before. Considering the very great benefit of thus keeping a hold over elder young people, I should think it better to fly a little over the heads of the younger and duller portion of the class in order to have the elder ones interested.

This of course applies to places where the number of workers is too small for classification. Where it is possible, there ought to be separate classes for the confirmed, both boys and girls, held anywhere but in the school; and this is really one of the most beneficial of all such undertakings; it is very seldom that willing scholars cannot be obtained, and their age is a far more permanently impressible one than that of childhood, besides that the alternative is too apt to be one of lawlessness and irreligion.

Where there are factories, or small home industries, such as glove or lace-making, young women will preponderate in such classes; but in purely agricultural parishes the girlhood above twelve is chiefly out at service; and there is instead a number of youths and boys, generally far from being ill-disposed, though very loutish and awkward, and nearly sure to respond to any kind and sensible cultivation. Some very bad ones there always are; but the average English lad is very glad to be saved from these and from himself.

Where it is possible, these elder classes should be divided between those who have left school well instructed, and can go on to higher things, and those who have missed, shirked, or forgotten everything, and must begin at first principles. Both sorts are sure to be found, as outsiders from neglected parishes drop in; but it is penance to them to be put together. However, the *influence* of such teaching is quite

as needful to the youth or maiden who can pass an admirable examination, as to the poor drudge or wild waif who is not clear who Adam was; so if possible make separate classes—read advanced books with the one set, and teach the others the rudiments; there will be a most valuable intercourse in either course, often more useful than the instruction.

Confirmed scholars should always have the Holy Communion kept as it were before their thoughts. Some special hymn or reading bearing upon it, should be selected for the Sunday when the larger number is likely to communicate: unconfirmed should be led to the thought. It is a great mistake to treat it as a subject quite out of the range of young children; indeed, I verily believe that the deficiency of communicants is owing to the larger mass of the poor having been taught next to nothing about its necessity when they were at school.

It is, in fact, necessary to teach the poor far more theology in early childhood than the rich, because this is the only time they are within reach. Just as a young gentleman's education is really beginning in a public school, the poor boy's is entirely stopped, except for the opportunities of night or Sunday-school; and it is much the same with the girl. Service is but a lottery as to religious opportunities, and very very few girls or parents will be found to sacrifice worldly advantage for their sake; nay, the best endeavours to place a child out favourably are often frustrated by some unguessed-at peril—some unprincipled or ill-tempered fellow-servant, or some folly of the child's own or her parents.

And after all, what training do the most ordinary good families give, such as are caught at for our girls? Family prayers, a Sunday exposition, church-going in turn. It is much if a watch is kept whether the younger servants have the opportunity of communicating—the young girl of fourteen or fifteen is unusually favourably placed if these are her privileges.

Must we not then strive that the system of faith and duty should be as complete and indelible as we can make it before she leaves our care? She *may* fall on a family where special instruction is given to young servants, or on a parish where there are Communicants' classes; but alas! these are but exceptions.

But above all, let our Sunday-school children be taught prayer. If they truly pray, we may trust them. Their intercourse with Heaven is open; they will go on from strength to strength.

Of course we can do no more than give them prayers, and entreat that they may be used. We cannot follow them home and see whether they are; but we can pray for them—we can sow the seed.

But let us remember that the Divine Sower Himself only represented one-fourth part of the seed as bearing fruit, and that *with patience*.

Hosts of disappointments we shall have. Even the responsive few we shall find more often due to good homes than to our school teaching. But there is this hope. Many of the good homes which now send forth

children of high promise, are the homes of parents who were great disappointments in their early youth, but have considered their ways, and sought the old paths.

And shall we think any pains too much to bestow, when we remember that this may indeed be 'sowing the seed of eternal life'?

'In the morning sow thy seed,
And in the evening withhold not thine hand;
For thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that,
Or whether they both shall be alike good.'—*Eccles. xi. 6.*

(*To be continued.*)

AN APPEAL FROM EDINBURGH.

Dear Children,

With the permission of the revered Editor of the Monthly Packet, I desire to enlist your sympathies, and to ask your help, at this joyous Christmas season, on behalf of some of your little fellow-Christians over the Border.

Various circumstances in my life led me, some eighteen months ago, to think of the possibility of my being able, by God's help, to open a Home for a few of the deserted and orphaned little ones, with which a great city like this abounds. With the lively and pleasant recollections in my mind of a happy month spent at an Orphanage in the south of England, many years ago; with some experience of the toils and the pleasures which those know who have had little ones to bring up, and with a great love for them, I yet felt at times troubled by doubt and uncertainty, as to whether I was indeed fitted for this work or not. In early youth, liberty of choice seems to be the goal of one's ambition; as one grows older, one gets to feel that there is nothing more trying to a spirit of any earnestness, than to have this choice to make—a choice, I mean, involving the distinct turning of one's energies in one direction or another—the taking up a work, having faced as one could all its possible trials as well as its joys; or the passing it by, leaving it for other, and it may be worthier and better fitted hands to accomplish. Often at a junction of this kind, one of those little trivial circumstances of which one's life is full, and yet which we may believe are indeed ordered of God, help to turn the scale, and the choice is made.

Let me give you an instance of what I mean, in connection with the subject in which I wish to interest you. One fine morning, in the spring of 1878, I was on my way to visit a poor woman, who lived then in a locality famed at once for its historical associations, its picturesqueness, and I fear I must also add, *for the dirt and depravity*

of its inhabitants—the Grassmarket. The Castle rock towered above me, in all the glory of its spring verdure, touched by the golden sunshine—a sunshine which I rather saw than felt that morning; the pros and cons of the question I have touched on had been fighting a battle in my mind, and the result was a feeling of depression, almost of dread, at the magnitude of the work before me. I had left the Castle behind me, and was entering the Grassmarket, when my attention was suddenly attracted by a group of children advancing to meet me. I had never seen them before. The rags and general squalor of their appearance seemed only to bring out more strikingly, though perhaps sadly, the grace and brightness of their childhood, for bright imps they were, between the ages of six and seven, evidently bound for a frolic, their hearts full of glee as they tripped along over the rough hard stones with their stockingless feet. As the group approached me, one of them, (who shall say why or wherefore?) let go her companion's hand, bounded up to me, and with an indescribable grace and sweetness, stretched out her little hand and stroked down my dress; flashing up into my face the while a smile from the wonderful grey eyes one only sees in Ireland—a smile, which seemed at once to bring sunshine, hope, and brightness to my spirit. It came upon me like a Benediction, this little stray child's caress, and I took it as such. I went on my way with a lightened heart; all doubts and despondency fled; and I felt as doubtless many have done—and, let us hope, as many will do so long as the world lasts—how to those wearied with the burden and heat of the day, little children may be God's unconscious messengers—angels unawares. Touched with the glory of Heaven, they fling rays of glory about them wherever they go; for those who have eyes to see and hearts to love them—I say hearts to love, not *this* child or *that* child only, but all children, for the love of Him who was, once a Child, and in whose Name, dear children, I plead for my orphaned little ones.

Let me briefly tell you a few facts. On the 26th June, 1873, a small though suitable *flat* having been taken, (I use the current Scotch expression to denote several rooms on one floor opening into each other,) St. Mary's Home was opened with two orphans; and the house blessed, in the presence of a few friends, by our revered pastor, the Rev. Alexander D. Murdock, of All Saints Church, Edinburgh, assisted by the Rev. Canon Humble, of St. Ninian's, Perth. By the autumn of that year, the number of children had increased to eight. In May, 1874, I moved my family to a better and more commodious house, in one of the suburbs of Edinburgh, where we have the advantage, not only of a house entirely to ourselves, but of a garden and a small court for the children to play in.

I have now in our pleasant little country home, one promising industrial girl, aged thirteen, and five orphans, between the ages of four and eleven. The industrial girl, with the two elder orphans, do the whole work of the house, under a good Matron. The teaching, of

course, falls to my share; a succession of lessons generally goes on in the school-room, from ten till twelve. The children meet in the Oratory for Prayers, morning and evening; and a short Office is generally said in the same place, directly before dinner. The afternoon is given to needle-work and knitting. There is still room for three more children. I am anxious, before winter sets in, that my remaining beds should be filled by some of the utterly orphaned and destitute children, of which, alas! there are so many; but on behalf of these expected little ones, I must beg, Will you, dear girls, who read this appeal, help me with your alms, and above all, with your prayers? One hundred and eighty shillings sent to me regularly by one hundred and eighty children, would give me just the aid I require in keeping an orphan child through the year. Nine pounds yearly is the rate fixed on, you will see, in the rules of the Home; and though some children, placed here by poor working people, have been admitted at a less rate, and one poor little waif has been taken in entirely free, because no one came forward to help, and yet her case was too sad and urgent to be dismissed; still, if the work is to grow, it must get some help from without. Not forgetting to acknowledge the kind help, both in money and clothes, I have received from friends in Edinburgh from time to time, I feel I must now ask alms from those at a distance. I ask, for the first time, from children, in His Name, to Whom at this season children's offerings must be those He loves best to receive.

M. F. TYTLER,

LADY SUPERIOR, ST. MARY'S ORPHANAGE,

CANAAN LANE,

MOMINGSIDE, NEAR EDINBURGH.

Contributions in stamps will be gratefully received, addressed as above; and Post Office Orders may be made payable at the Post Office, Boroughmuirhead, Momingside, near Edinburgh.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

LENT.

What time unshelter'd and unfed,
Far in the wild His steps were driven.—*Keble.*

PART I.

THE WILDERNESS.

ALONE with night and all its terrors, waits
One in the wilderness. There is no morn,
For all is black and desolate and wild,
The rocks wall in the desert, where day's light
Seems faded when its sickly beams are thrown
Across the stagnant pools, where trembling reeds
Reflect their feeble and despairing bend.
Beyond, where eye can reach, wide wastes of sand;
Above, the moon no soft'ning shadow throws
Where all is shade, but ghastly stares and wanes,
As if in horror of a scene so grim.
No verdant rest, no sign of life, save one—
The Form, the Voice of God—

Jesus that One.

Long is His vigil; forty days and nights
He there must wait and watch and pray alone.
Alone! unaided, fasting, tempted, worn,
Only the king of night may break that watch,
May darken worse its darkness, or with light
Of lurid dazzling power strive to lead
The Holy One from out the sinking depths.
Thrice does the tempter break that awful watch;
But with eternal triune glory He

Blinds and repels from His pure Soul the eye
 Of that unholy sin that fain would pierce
 The most divine recess—would see and know
 God's Human Heart, if It can hold one ray
 Of evil. So the tempter came, and knew—
 Christ conquered, evil left its victor there ;
 The long dark watch is o'er, the trial done !

PART II.

THE ANGELS.

Is it the light of morn, that lovely light
 That breaks with such all-flooding rays His watch ?
 Is it a rushing wind, that wondrous sound
 That floats above that sacred low-bent head ?
 Come ! Angels of His Father ! night is done !
 God's Day begins, the watch is o'er ; oh, come !
 And minister to Him, Who long has borne
 The pangs of hunger, thirst, and cruel grief,
 The terrors of the night, the threefold pain.
Rose of the Wilderness ! They come like show'rs
 To raise thy bloom from off the conquered dust—
 The Angels come ! The morning breaks in love,
 And peace, and rest. Who dares to stay with these ?
 'Tis holy ground where kneels the Lord of Day,
 With Angels minist'ring. Enough ! Away !

B. C. MEDHURST

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

REVELATION CONSISTENT WITH REASON.

My dear —,

I have given you an outline of some of the difficulties, based upon acknowledged facts, which prevent me from accepting the sceptical theories in reference to Christianity.

But there are persons—and you may be of the number—whose minds are so constituted, that they can scarcely be induced to regard as evidence anything which does not appeal to their own personal consciousness. Such minds are essentially rationalistic, and must be dealt with accordingly. They are, I confess, not easy to meet on their own grounds, for each individual case is likely to require a peculiar treatment.

The obstacle to full belief which is insuperable to one, is comparatively nothing to another. The doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement—the awful and perplexing questions connected with the existence of evil, and the eternity of punishment—present themselves in turn, demanding separate answers; and as (for the most part) such questions, lying beyond the evidence of the senses, require even for their statement an amount of reasoning power which comparatively few possess, it is evident that the attempt to answer them so clearly as to leave no doubt behind may be vain.

For this cause, if for no other, many persons object to arguments in support of Christianity based solely upon human reason. They are, it is said, dangerous, and likely to be unsound; and so, no doubt, they are, if carried too far.

But when we have accepted, upon historical witness, the fact that a Revelation has been given to man, it seems to me quite allowable to shew, if we can, that Reason of itself would have led us to expect a Revelation.

Such evidence strikes me as being very important, in days when the testimony of history is decried, and that of Reason exalted. And with this idea, I have lately tried to follow out a line of thought suggested by Reason; not so much with the hope of bringing others to my own conclusion, as of satisfying myself that there is no occasion to be afraid of this kind of discussion. The result of my thoughts I am now going to place before you; and if my argument should serve no other purpose, it will at least, I think, shew you that we cannot escape from the difficulties of Reason by denying Revelation.

Four questions at once suggest themselves, in reference to this subject of the reasonable probability of a Revelation.

I. Does Reason alone give us any expectation of a future state of existence for man?

II. Granted that Reason does give us this expectation, is there any need of a direct Revelation from God, to confirm the belief?

III. Granting it to be proved that there is such a future state of existence, does Reason point to any necessary connection between the future and the present life?

IV. Granting the necessary connection between the two states, can Reason alone prepare us for our future state?

In answering the first inquiry—*Does Reason alone give us any expectation of a future state of existence?*—I have tried to place myself in an impartial position, and divesting myself of preconceived convictions, to regard man's condition upon earth simply as it might appear to a visitor from another planet, if he had no knowledge of it beyond the information derived from what he actually saw.

In such a case, what would be the conclusion of Reason as to man's ultimate destiny? Now the first thing, I believe, which would strike the supposed stranger, as it certainly strikes myself, is the fact of *Death*.

We are so accustomed to death, that I do not think we ever look upon it in its true light, as being the most startling and inexplicable of all the phenomena connected with human existence. If we had never heard of it, could we have imagined or anticipated it? Let us see what it really is, so far as human experience alone can discover. Can we recognize it as aught else than the triumph of what we call matter over what we call mind? I do not ask here what mind is—whether material or spiritual. I do not inquire whether matter is eternal or created. Those are questions beyond the point. I am only concerned now with the fact that death—so far as we can see—puts an end to the thinking power, and reduces the intellect of the keenest-sighted philosopher to a level below that of the inanimate dust; for the dust resolves itself into gases, and appears again in other forms, whilst the thinking power has, *to all appearance*, vanished from the face of the universe. If it exists still, we have at least no trace of it. This is death, as it presents itself to us here. What can we say of it—what would the supposed visitor from another planet say of it—but that it is an insoluble mystery, a contradiction to everything which has preceded it? During life, mind is the acknowledged superior of matter. In death, matter is superior to mind. The ingredients of a noxious gas are, it seems, indestructible; so that when they cease to be a gas, they separate only to appear in a new form: whilst the mind of Sir Isaac Newton (whatever it may have been) has become absolutely nothing.

This is to me—when I stand apart and consider it—incredible. It makes the inferior conquer the superior. And looking at the difficulty in the light of Reason alone, I am compelled to argue from the indestructibility of matter to that of mind. This, you see, is taking the very lowest ground—reasoning merely upon the Atheistic view of Creation. But much more is death, regarded as the annihilation of mind, a difficulty to my reason, when I accept—what, according to the Psalmist, none but fools deny—that there is a God, a Creator of this same mind. Such a Being must be wise and powerful beyond all human imagination. The very mind which He has formed proves Him to be so, even without looking at His inscrutable works in Nature as we see them on this earth, or at those wondrous glimpses of far-off worlds, which are afforded us by the discoveries of science.

But to create a mind, and to destroy it! To form an instrument capable of diving into the mysteries of the Universe—and even, under certain limitations, of using the elements as its servants—to let it live, and exercise its powers for a few years, and then suddenly, by some slight wholly unforeseen cause, it may be a pebble on the road, the stumbling of a horse's hoof on slippery grass, to put an end to it—to extinguish it—to leave of it nothing but a memory and a wonder! Can this be the work of Infinite Wisdom? Is it, in any way, consistent with belief in an intelligent Creator? Rather, does not the very idea seem an insult to Him? Surely Reason alone must suggest to us, from its

own wonderful exercise, that the God Whose gift the mind is, must have intended it for an existence that shall defy Death, and out-last Time.

But still further. The Being Who created man, gave him not only a mind, but passions, feelings, and affections—love, hatred, hope, fear, &c.—which are in various degrees the motive powers originating his actions. He gave him also moral powers, perceptions of truth, justice, benevolence, &c., by which the passions, feelings, and affections, are to be guided. The whole course of his career on earth is a struggle between these two classes of motive powers.

All persons, I think, whatever may be the philosophical view which they take of the meaning of morality, will agree in this statement. The struggle is one of intense interest. It lasts—or may last, perhaps—for seventy years; hope and disappointment alternating. But why should there be any interest in it? Why should we trouble ourselves as to the result? The God Who formed His creature so wondrously, did it—as we must suppose, judging merely from the apparent end—for no lasting purpose. He may possibly have taken pleasure in watching the conflict; but He has suddenly brought it to a close. A little noxious vapour stealing into the system has put an end to everything, except the dust of which the body was composed. There is no real victory, no real defeat. The great Being Who planned that complicated moral machinery has, it would seem, suddenly grown tired of it. He has given it over to death; and it is cast aside—broken up, as a child's worn-out toy! Can you accept this? I cannot. And again I say, my Reason teaches me that the moral existence thus begun in life, must be destined, by Him Who originated it, to out-last death.

Once more. The God who created man created him with the capability of happiness, but also with the capability of suffering; both these capacities being intensified by the workings of hope and fear.

And man has through life—whether his years be few or many—a full experience of these possibilities. Joy and sorrow are in various degrees meted out to all. The question as to which preponderates will be answered, I think, generally according to the age of the respondent. Childhood and youth will say they were created for happiness, and they are for the most part happy. Middle age and old age will say they were created for happiness, but they have ceased to find it. All alike will own that disappointment, pain, and sorrow, in various proportions, have a large share in the ingredients of human existence; whilst some there are who, if they confessed truly, would own that but for the hope of a better world they would fain have been spared their brief experience of this one.

And God—the Good, all-Wise God—we are to suppose looks on upon this earthly tragedy with indifference. He sees His blinded, helpless creatures holding their joys tremblingly, yet trusting to Him to continue them for ever. He watches them drinking the cup of sorrow meekly, because it is sweetened by the hope of future happiness. He sees them,

staggering under their burdens—wearily wending their way to the grave, yet cheering themselves with the belief that immortality lies beyond it; and He calmly leaves them in their delusion.

They have been created—why? He knows. They know not. Possibly for some ultimate purpose as regards other worlds, but certainly for none as regards themselves.

Whether they have had experience of gladness or of grief, it will be all the same when they reach the inevitable bourne. Mirth and tears, excitement and weariness, pleasure and anguish—all will have come, all will have gone. King and peasant, philosopher and fool, must end alike in nothingness. They are called moral beings; but they are little else than puppets. They have their part to play; and they do play it, and then—they die.

Only they *think*—that is the great fact never to be forgotten—they think, and thinking multiplies a hundredfold the power of feeling. They have clear moral perceptions; and the course of this world, in which goodness is too often oppressed, and evil triumphant, is perplexing to them. They have also a strange yearning for immortality; they shrink from annihilation; and these moral perceptions—this yearning which they only half understand, the impossibility of being satisfied with that which the senses alone make evident, will often make them dream a strange vivid dream of another and a purer world, from which injustice shall be banished, and in which death shall have no power. But it is only a dream. There is no reality to answer it. He who made them, bestowed upon them moral perceptions; He who granted them intellect, taught them to think; He who endued them with instincts, gave them the unquenchable thirst for immortality: but He is only mocking them; He upholds them through life with a lie, and then He gives them over to Death.

Is this good? If Goodness is but another word for Wisdom, is this wise?

Granted that the God who made us is a God of Wisdom, does not Reason teach us that there must be a future state of existence, which shall be the continuance and completion of this life?

But if this be so, then what are we to say in answer to the third inquiry, which naturally follows.

Granted that Reason has given us the expectation of a future state, is there any need of a direct revelation from God to confirm the belief?

Deists say, No. They regard the Almighty Creator of the universe as contriving a most wonderful, intricate machine, setting it in motion, and then retiring from it to delight Himself in the contemplation of its perfect working. They suppose that man has been placed upon earth with Reason for his guide; and without denying the probability of a future state, they consider that Reason sufficiently points out all that is necessary, both for belief and action, in reference to it. Now this idea might be all very well, if Reason and the senses told the same tale; if we had a clear

idea of the future life, and by the aid of Reason could make a definite preparation for it, as we do for a career on earth. But unfortunately there is in this instance a great and most important contradiction between Reason and the senses. Reason tells us that we shall live in another world after death; but the evidence of the senses tells us that our existence terminates with death. And the result of this contradiction is, that the senses for the most part overpower the reason, and mankind—as we see in heathen times and in heathen countries—when left only to the guidance of Reason, trouble themselves comparatively very little about anything beyond this present world. Death, therefore—as it seems to me—is, when we look at it by the light of Reason, the most powerful of all preachers, of the need of revelation to confirm our belief in a future state.

But, say the Positivists of the present day—if I rightly understand their principles—Why disturb ourselves with this question of a future state? Our concern is with the world into which we are born, and all that is really of consequence to us is the interest of humanity—the Progress of the human race.

The meaning of the words is obscure, but I imagine that by the Progress of the human race is implied the advance towards some condition of mankind at some indefinite period, when all that we now call evil will, by the action of the natural laws of social and moral improvement, have come to an end. I will venture to state my difficulty in reference to this theory rather at length, because the idea that it is the part of wisdom to concern ourselves only with this world is no doubt gaining ground. It is the teaching of some of the most brilliant men of the day, and has been upheld especially by one who has lately passed away from us, and who is, perhaps, the highest representative we have ever had of the peculiar school of thought which accepts only what it sees.*

If the Positivists are right, there may indeed be no need of Revelation; but the doubt brings us to the third question I propose to consider.

Granting it to be proved that there is a future state of existence, does Reason point to any necessary connection between the future and the present life?

Now under the belief that there is no such connection, all considerations respecting a future life may doubtless rightly be put aside. But in this case, what are we living for?

The analogies of our existence on earth teach us that we are intended to be in a constant state of preparation for something to come. What is termed success in life is mainly attributable to our own efforts; and the power of thus foreseeing and preparing for a future career is, when rightly stimulated and guided, one of the most influential agents in education. It is, in fact, but another name for education itself.

But this same power of foreseeing and preparing in a certain measure

* John Stuart Mill.

for the future, is, it seems, limited to this world. The boy works with a view to his future profession, the girl is trained for what will probably be her future sphere; but the man—the woman—in the full exercise of their powers, are working—for what? Old age and decay—nothing more!

The individual man has—so say the Positivists—no knowledge of his personal future, beyond the worm and the grave; yet as he is so constituted, that for his own good he must have some object of interest, some noble and disinterested aim, he is to labour for the Progress of the human race.

I wish to speak truly upon this question, even if the difficulty which strikes me should have its root in some moral defect in myself; and I will therefore candidly own that I cannot contemplate the possibility of labouring earnestly for that which, not only I shall never enjoy myself, but which no other persons will ever enjoy, except for a very few years.

I can suffer and struggle thankfully, indeed, for earthly objects, which I shall never live to see completed, when I know that they have in themselves a further end, reaching beyond the grave, to the world whither we are all hastening. But tell me that I am to labour for the advancement of the human race, when I know that every individual of that race, after having lived—at the utmost—some seventy or eighty years, is to die, and my efforts are simply paralyzed.

Men may talk of humanity, but humanity must mean the race of human beings, and the race is made up of individuals; and if these individuals, in the far-off age of which we are dreaming, are to live no longer than I live myself—if in their blissful existence they are to be haunted with the knowledge that it is every day drawing to an end; I say honestly, it is not worth my while to sacrifice myself for them. Conquer death, indeed! tell me that immortality shall one day find its home on earth, and I can understand the self-sacrifice which shall earnestly, though sadly, labour for the happiness in which it is never to participate. But let man be in the distant Utopia what he is now—the tenant but for threescore years and ten of the battered tenement of the body—and it is vain to speak to me of progress. I will help those who immediately surround me; it gives me pain to see them suffer. I will do *what I can* to render the generation that may succeed more prosperous than that in which my lot is cast; for I should like to think that I had been of use, even though my efforts can but avail for a few years to each individual; but it will only be *what I can*, or as the expression usually means, what I can without trouble or inconvenience to myself. Enthusiasm there can be none. I suffer now; so must those who come after me suffer, if it should be their fate. It is but for a short time for either of us, and then will come an end.

This may sound very cold, very selfish; but I believe it is the natural working of principles inherent in human nature.

To suppose that men will ever labour for a perfected state of existence

in far distant ages, which, even could it be attained, no human being could expect permanently to enjoy, appears to me a folly that never could have been accepted, if it had not been wrapt up in the fine-sounding but unintelligible phrase—‘the Progress of the human race.’ If this is the only object set before us, ‘Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.’ I see no other motto for those who have wealth, and health, and comfort, within their reach. For those who have not, can we wonder that many, had they the courage, would rather die to-day?

You will be shocked at the conclusion, and so am I; and therefore, rejecting the idea of labouring for humanity on earth, as one which, being based upon words that have no tangible meaning, is untenable—I find myself compelled by Reason to look upon life in another world as the only answer to the inquiry, What are we living for? The connection between the two states of existence seems to be absolutely necessary, if we assume—as we must—the Wisdom of the Creator. Were it otherwise, He would have bestowed on us an intelligence which desires an enduring aim, but would have provided nought to satisfy it.

Passing, therefore, to the fourth inquiry, I ask—*Granting the necessary connection between this world and the next, can Reason alone prepare us for our future life?* The question is one of infinite importance.

Let Eternity be dependent upon Time, and every moment of Time must be of priceless value.

Let the work of this life be the training for another, and all the powers of the human mind must be concentrated upon it.

But the powers of the human mind, what are they? We boast of Reason—will Reason teach and enable us so ‘to pass through things temporal, as finally to lose not the things eternal?’ The answer must be considered in another letter.

Yours, &c.,

Ashcliff, Bonchurch,
January 6th, 1875.

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY SELINA GAYE.

XXIX. (*continued.*)—DOBZSE LASZLO.

A. D. 1492 TO A. D. 1505.

WHILE Vladislav thoughtlessly nodded his empty head, and uttered his accustomed ‘*dobze, dobze,*’ in token of assent to whatever was proposed to him; and while his subjects regarded his irresolution and indecision with growing scorn and contempt, the government of the country was

practically in the hands of three men—Zápolya the Palatine, Báthory the Vajda of Transylvania, and Bishop Bakács, who, in cunning, cleverness, inordinate ambition, and covetousness, far surpassed the other two. Not satisfied with being one of a triumvirate, Bakács soon determined to get rid of the Vajda, and for this purpose incited the Transylvanians to accuse him to the King of tyranny. Vladislav, helpless as usual, was easily persuaded to appoint a second Vajda, to share the government with the stern old soldier; and Báthory, offended at the implied want of confidence, was beguiled by the Bishop into resigning his post altogether, believing that, as the wily Bakács urged, his services against the Turks were too valuable to be dispensed with, and that sooner than lose them the King would dismiss the new Vajda. However, to his great mortification, his resignation was accepted; and when it was too late, he found that he had been outwitted.

After an ineffectual attempt to overthrow his rival, the old General died; and the Bishop, having gained a complete ascendancy over the King, proceeded to use his power to rid himself of other persons who were likely in any way to interfere with his schemes. He advised Vladislav to appoint a second Vajda, Ban, or Count, to each government, as the case might be; and when Corvinus and the other governors retired rather than accept coadjutors, their places were quickly filled by his own friends. Zápolya was now his only remaining rival; and as he was too powerful and independent to be dispossessed in like manner, the court, and indeed the whole country, were split into separate factions, one having the Palatine, and the other the Bishop, for its head, and each secretly striving and intriguing to obtain the upper hand.

As for Vladislav, he had attained the desire of his heart, inasmuch as he now enjoyed the undisputed possession of the Hungarian throne; but he had sacrificed the conquests of his predecessor, he had destroyed all that Mátyás had created, and he had yielded the nation's cherished and incontestable right of freely electing her own king on the extinction of the reigning house. Hungary's power and prestige had alike sunk to a low ebb; and the grievous change wrought in her internal condition by two years of Vladislav's rule, might well give rise to serious apprehensions for the future.

Bajazet had by no means relinquished his ideas of conquest, though his operations were at present limited to predatory raids—in one of which the Turks were signally defeated by the Székels and Saxons; while in the other they inflicted severe losses on some Hungarians under the command of the new Ban of Slavonia, who lay in wait at Ubdina, to intercept them on their return from a plundering expedition in Carinthia.

Meantime the Emperor Friedrich had died on the 19th August; and as his son and successor, Maximilian, was more urgent than ever in pressing for the recognition of the treaty of Presburg, Vladislav summoned the Diet to meet in Buda, at the end of October. The time

could hardly have been more ill-chosen for the forcing of a disagreeable measure. What with the recent serious defeat, apprehensions for the future, and a growing sense of the King's incapacity, men's minds were far too much agitated to discuss, or even to contemplate with any degree of calmness, the project for uniting their country with Austria. Vladislav's carelessness, and indifference to the affairs of the State, were held to be the sole causes of the misfortunes which threatened the nation; and the general discontent was studiously fomented by Zápolya and Ujlaky, who had lately entered into a close league for their mutual support and aggrandisement. Meetings were held in Ujlaky's palace, of all the lords spiritual and temporal assembled in Buda, to consider the aspect of public affairs. Bitter complaints were made against the King. He was accused of leading a life of careless slothfulness, with not a thought for anything beyond his hunting, while he squandered the revenue of the state, and left the country exposed to the attacks of the enemy; moreover, in virtue of his office as Palatine, Zápolya was commissioned to tell the King of the charges laid against him. Vladislav, on his part, met these accusations by throwing the blame on the Prelates and Magnates. 'It was they,' he said, 'who threw the country into confusion by their lawless proceedings, and their party strifes; it was they who forced the King to sit idly at home in his castle, because they would not obey his call to arms. As for the revenue, how could he be accused of squandering it, when forty thousand ducats were all that he had received, from first to last, during the three years of his reign? It was Bohemian money which had maintained the royal household, and paid the expenses of the Austrian and Polish wars; and for the rest of their charges against him, he would soon shew himself to be both a man and a sovereign!'

There was a certain air of truth and dignity about Vladislav's defence, which was not without its effect; and the statement with regard to his finances made a profound impression. The Bishop of Csanád, who held the office of treasurer, was suspected of fraudulent practices, and was dismissed, his place being filled by Sigmund Ernuszt, the wealthy Bishop of Pécs. But beyond this Vladislav gained nothing; and as for even attempting to secure the succession to the House of Austria, he found that in the present temper of the Diet it was utterly out of the question. Indeed, a majority of the States proceeded to take measures which had an exactly opposite aim; for they withdrew the custody of the crown from the Bishop of Syrmia and Báthory András, and gave it instead to Zápolya and Bishop Bakács, in whom they had more confidence.

The two newly-appointed guardians then, with the sanction of the Diet, entered into a covenant, which testifies clearly to their mistrust of one another, as well as to their anxiety to preserve the crown from falling into the hands of Maximilian. Each was to appoint a castellan of Visegrád, to be dismissed at his pleasure; and the two castellans

were to swear solemnly that they would never surrender the crown, even to the King or the States, and that they would not allow either the Palatine or the Bishop to bring into the castle any body of troops outnumbering the garrison, except in time of war, in which case they would take care that each guardian brought an equal number.

Bakács, however, did not wish entirely to break with Maximilian, and therefore made Kanizsay Ban of Croatia, and Czobor commander of Belgrade, both of them being men who had given their sanction to the Austrian succession.

Early in the following year, Vladislav made Kinisi hereditary count, and appointed him Lord Chief Justice—though, as the rough old soldier could neither read nor write, it is not to be supposed that he had much acquaintance with law. His new duties, however, did not withdraw him from his more congenial vocation; and immediately after his appointment, he took advantage of the frost to cross the Danube, and storm two castles in the neighbourhood of Szendrő, where Ali-Bég kept his plundered wealth. Returning thence victorious, and laden with booty, he discovered that the Bohemians, who formed part of the garrison of Belgrade, had entered into a conspiracy to surrender the fortress to the Turks. Having forced them by torture to confess their guilt, he kept them in prison and without food for some days; then, horrible to relate, one was roasted every day, and served up as food to the rest, the last unhappy wretch being left to perish of hunger. Such monstrous cruelties had been first practised by the Turks, then used in retaliation by the Hungarians; and at last, when people had grown accustomed to horrors, were actually, as now, employed as punishments.

Meanwhile, as a natural consequence of the notable blow inflicted on the royal prestige by the last Diet, faction and defiance of all authority were becoming daily more rife among the nobles. Corvinus adhered to the King and Bakács; for which, in spite of Vladislav's remonstrances, he was deprived of some of his possessions by Zápolya and the Bishop of Agram. As for Ujlaky, he was holding seditious meetings, which apparently had for their object the dethronement of the King, whom the haughty Duke spoke of in his speeches as 'the ox.' In this embarrassing state of affairs, Vladislav went to Leutschau, to have a personal interview with his brother John Albert, who had succeeded to the throne of Poland in 1492, and now came to the place of *rendez-vous*, accompanied by his three other brothers, and his brother-in-law, Friedrich, Markgraf von Brandenburg. Vladislav was attended by all the most distinguished nobles of Hungary, except Ujlaky and Zápolya, the latter of whom would not make his appearance until he had received a safe-conduct, although the King had paid him a visit on his way to Leutschau, and had pardoned him for the violence done to Corvinus. When, however, at last he did appear, the Palatine quite eclipsed everyone else by his magnificence. The Hungarian and Polish nobles vied with one another in the splendour of their attire; but Zápolya wore a different dress, and

a fresh suit of armour, every day. On one occasion, one of the Polish lords appeared in a costume, the material of which was entirely concealed by the pearls and precious stones with which it was embroidered. The next day Zápolya donned a perfectly plain suit, but at his throat he wore a diamond clasp, of greater value than all the jewels of the Pole put together. As being Count of the Zips, he entertained the assembled company, and had a thousand waggon-loads of provisions brought to the town-hall by his tenants.

The Kings and their councils were occupied apparently with the rectification of the frontier, and the renewal of the leagues between the two nations; but the real object of the family congress was to afford the brothers an opportunity of consulting how they might best help one another to curb the unruly nobles by whom each was troubled.

Vladislav, however, did not find his difficulties at all lessened by the Leutschau meeting—quite the contrary; for his expenses had been heavy, and had so completely exhausted the treasury, that, on his way home he stopped at Kassa, to consult with the Prelates and Magnates in his train as to what should be done. In direct opposition to the law, they granted an extraordinary tax, which was to be levied not on themselves or their tenants, but on the tenants of the lower nobility, and the clergy. Much ill-will was thereby naturally excited, and in some places the tax-gatherers lost their lives; while in Transylvania there were open rebellions, which were at length suppressed by the severity of Drágfy, who was made sole Vajda for the purpose, and managed to extort a large sum of money from the miserable people. Meantime Belgrade, which was held by a small and not very trustworthy garrison, was so unexpectedly attacked by the Turks, that the latter succeeded in planting some of their standards upon the walls, and might have made themselves masters of the place, had not Kinisi's sudden appearance brought relief. Though his tongue had been paralysed for the last year, the veteran burnt with as much eagerness as ever to do battle with his old enemies; and he pursued them, though without coming to any actual encounter, as far as the Black Mountains of Servia. He returned home laden with booty, and full of eager plans for the capture of Szendrő, which however were cut short by his death, which occurred on the 29th November. The projected campaign was abandoned in consequence; and the Turks must have felt that they had been delivered from the most formidable of their Hungarian foes. As for Vladislav, whether he felt the loss of his daring general or not is uncertain; at all events, he was chiefly occupied in humbling Ujlaky, whose insolent speeches about 'the ox' he had not forgotten. The Duke had lately joined some outlawed nobles in making depredations on the estates of three Bishops; and Vladislav, suddenly determining to take the law into his own hands, actually despatched Drágfy with his whole army against him, and sent him a message, saying that 'the ox mentioned by him had already grown one large horn, and hoped shortly to have two, wherewith to overthrow his enemies.'

Matters looked serious. Ujlaky's capital was taken, and himself closely besieged in Güssingen; while Zápolya, finding his angry remonstrances disregarded, was calling upon some of the counties to take up arms for the relief of his ally. Fortunately, at this juncture, Vladislav's advisers deemed it prudent to stay his hand, and induce him to grant the pardon for which the haughty Duke sued in abject terms.

It would be wearisome to follow minutely the history of the next few years of Vladislav's reign; it is a miserable record of strife, dissension, and corrupt dealing of all sorts. Bishop Sigmund, the new treasurer, proved to be neither more efficient nor more honest than his predecessor; and of one million eight hundred thousand ducats, extorted from the people in six years, only sixty thousand appeared ever to have reached the King, who was as poor and improvident as ever.

On Christmas Day, 1499, Zápolya closed his long and active life, leaving behind him two sons and a daughter, whom he committed to the guardianship, among others, of Duke Ujlaky, and Bakács, now Archbishop of Gran. His will contained a bequest of twenty thousand ducats to the King and the States, followed by this petition: 'I humbly pray the King, my most gracious master, as well as the Prelates, Barons, and noble lords, that they will be mindful of the services rendered to King and country, by myself and my departed brother, and will not abandon my children in these evil times, but will be their support and protection. Besides this, I bequeathe to the King two side-boards, two cannon, and two horses, one of which I have used in the King's service in battle, the other at court. I entreat that he will consider not the small value of these things, but the honest intention of the testator, who has served him with unswerving fidelity to the present hour.'

Thus ran the words of Zápolya's will; but the 'fidelity' was at least doubtful—and in point of fact, not only had Zápolya done nothing to strengthen the hands of the King, whom he had helped to place upon the throne, but he had systematically sown dissension between the Magnates and the nobles, in the hope of securing the succession to his own family, should Vladislav die childless; he had been guilty of great ingratitude to Mátyás, his benefactor; and his whole career was marked by selfishness and immoderate ambition: yet, in spite of his many and grievous faults, he had been the first general and statesman in Hungary, since the death of his brother Imre. He was succeeded in the office of Palatine by Count Geréb, who ill supplied his place; and the striking increase of misery which followed Zápolya's death, caused his loss to be sensibly felt by the nation.

The miserable nature of the government was notably apparent, above all in the war with the Turks. Bajazet had concluded a peace with Venice, in March, 1499; but had resumed the war two months later, at the jealous instigation of Naples, Florence, and Milan. In June, the Pasha of Bosnia had extended his inroads as far as Zara; in July, the

Venetian fleet had been defeated, off the island of Sapiientia; in August, the Sultan had taken Lepanto; and in September, the renegade Skender Pasha had overrun Friuli, taken Makarska in Dalmatia, and blockaded Almissa. Towards the end of the year, however, fortune once more favoured the Venetians. They re-captured the island of Cephalonia, and gained the alliance of Louis XII. of France, Ferdinand of Spain, and Pope Alexander VI.—all powerful sovereigns, though little to be relied on for material assistance; and they were consequently the more eager to include Hungary in the league. Early in the year 1500, Sebastian Giustiniani arrived in Buda, as ambassador from the Republic, and he was speedily followed by the representatives of France and Spain; but the Hungarian Council of State shewed little inclination to enter into the proposed alliance, and even hinted that Venice was Hungary's foe, so long as she persisted in retaining possession of Dalmatia. However, other motives, besides fear of the Turks, were at work beneath the surface; Bakács, whose ambition was not satisfied with the archbishopric, thought to win for himself a cardinal's hat, and, by way of ingratiating himself with the Pope, used his powerful influence to bring about the desired league.

Vladislav sent to Corvinus, who had resumed the government of Croatia for the third time, bidding him see to the defences of the frontier; and at the same time, orders were issued to the counties to prepare for war, but secretly, because, as the preparations would take some time, it had not been deemed advisable to break off the truce which had been concluded with the Turks five years previously. Bajazet had indeed ambassadors in Buda, who kept him perfectly informed of all that went on; but he considered the truce as still standing, and even wrote to Vladislav, claiming his congratulations on the capture of Modon, a town in the Morea. Practically, however, the truce, which had only been concluded for three years, was quite at an end on the frontiers; and when the Pashas of Werbosinn and Szendrö became aware of the preparations going forward in the border fortresses, they gathered their troops together, and besieged Jaicza; but were thoroughly defeated by Corvinus, who abandoned their camp to the plunder of his troops, took their guns into the fortress, and sent their standards, with his most distinguished prisoners, to the King.

But, after this success, the national energy seemed to be exhausted, and everything relapsed into inactivity; for Bakács had won his cardinal's hat, and although, when the Diet met at Pest in the spring of 1501, the people were told, amid the firing of cannon and the pealing of bells, that the States had declared war against the Turks, and although a plan of the campaign was drawn up, and taxes were levied from the clergy and the towns, and messengers were despatched to Venice to fetch the subsidy promised by the Pope, and to Rhodes to concert measures with Pierre d'Aubusson, the Grand Master, and Admiral of the allied fleet—and although Corvinus and the other

generals had their several posts allotted to them, and the counties were ordered to have their banderia in readiness—still no great enterprise was attempted this year. The fact was, that Vladislav's attention was occupied by far different matters. It was only a few months since he had been at last released, by the Pope's sentence, from his engagement with Beatrice, the Queen-dowager. Now that he was free, he determined to marry, and to this end despatched ambassadors to France, to ask the hand of Anna, Countess of Foix, a cousin of Louis XII. Meantime, the throne of Poland having again become vacant, by the death of John Albert, some of the nobles offered it to Vladislav, who accepted it, and sent to apprise the Emperor Maximilian and Louis XII. of the joyful event. When however, shortly afterwards, a majority of the Polish States elected his brother, Prince Alexander, Vladislav was just as ready to acquiesce, and calmly sent to recall his messengers from France and Vienna. He spent the winter in Bohemia, and had the satisfaction of hearing, early in the spring, that his suit was accepted, and the marriage contract signed. The bride passed through Verona on her way to Venice, in July, and is described by Marino Sanuto, the treasurer, as 'seventeen years old, short, but handsome, and of gentle speech.' She had lived for seven years at the French court, and being an orphan, although she had brothers, the marriage had been negotiated by Louis, who promised Vladislav a dower of forty thousand ducats; but, as the French commissioners who accompanied her had forgotten to bring the money, and the Hungarians who had come to meet her declined to receive her without it, she remained the guest of the Doge Loredano, in the palace of the Dukes of Ferrara, much longer than was expected. Her sojourn cost the State four thousand five hundred ducats a week; but having begun on this scale, a senator remarked that 'it would be bad policy to stop short,' and that 'He who drinks the sea may drink a river.'*

She was crowned at Stuhlweissenburg, on the 10th August; and the wedding was afterwards celebrated, with little pomp, by the impoverished court at Buda.

And now there did seem some prospect that the Turkish war would be renewed in real earnest. Maximilian was striving to rouse Germany, and Henry VII. of England had sent one Christopher Urswick, to promise aid in money 'to the distinguished King Vladislav, who had been fighting for years against the Infidel, with marvellous and brilliant courage.'

But these hopes were suddenly disconcerted, by the news that Bajazet had made peace with Venice, the Pope, and Louis, in consequence of the defeats which he had lately sustained at the hands of the Republic, and the insurrections which demanded his attention in Karamania; so that Hungary, having delayed to seize the favourable moment, now

* 'Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII. Selection of Despatches written by the Venetian Ambassador, Sebastian Giustiniani.' Translated by Rawdon Browne.

found herself in a position of the greatest danger, being left to do battle, single-handed, with her hereditary foe. Fortunately for her, the reasons which had prompted the Sultan to make peace with Venice, rendered him unwilling to prosecute just then the war with Hungary. In August, 1503, a truce for seven years was agreed upon, in which the Empire, Poland, France, Spain, the Knights of Rhodes, and the Italian States, were to be included if they would: the Vajdas of Moldavia and Wallachia were to pay tribute, and render obedience, to the Sultan during this time; but Ragusa, though also paying tribute, was to remain under the sovereignty of Hungary. Happy was it for the nation, that she was freed for the time from the necessity of fighting with an external foe, for her internal condition was deplorable. Day by day the bands of order and obedience were becoming more and more relaxed; the counties on the Danube had latterly refused to send their banderia when called upon; and in the neighbourhood of the Tisza, the lower nobility were so oppressed by the higher, that they had even taken up arms against them, and laid waste their estates. The King wrote to the Palatine, saying that the lower and poorer nobility 'were obedient, and paid their taxes, and that the whole blame rested with the great and rich, whom he intended to punish, for their rebellion and disobedience, by confiscation of their estates; only he wished to have the Palatine's opinion before taking any step.' What the Palatine's opinion or advice may have been, we do not know; but certain it is that nobody was punished, and no steps were taken to mitigate the evil. The most pressing difficulty of all was the state of the finances; for the Prelates and Magnates appropriated the taxes raised on their own estates, as a matter of right, and the sources of revenue were yet farther so greatly diminished by the mortgage of crown-lands, taxes, and even the royal free cities, that there was an actual difficulty in furnishing the King's own table.

'We are living,' writes the King's Bohemian secretary at this time, 'in a state of poverty, surrounded by gold and silver; and so we shall continue to live, for unless his Majesty looks after his affairs better, I am afraid he and we shall soon be obliged to leave the country.'

From Giustiniani, the Venetian ambassador, who spent three years at the Hungarian court, and was afterwards accredited to England, we get a similar picture.

'King Vladislav,' he says, 'is forty-eight years old, tall and handsome, and of very illustrious descent, both by his father's and mother's side. . . . He is never angry, nor does he ever speak ill of anyone; and on hearing anyone abused in his presence, he is accustomed to say, "*Res forsàn non est vera*." . . . When Duke Lawrence,* who was here at Venice with Queen Anna, rebelled against him, he deprived him of his possessions; and when the Duke was brought before him, he said, "Duke Lawrence, are you the man who wished me so much ill?" And when the Duke

* Ujlaky.

begged pardon, and everyone expected him to fare badly, the King restored his territories, only enjoining him to "be more loyal for the future."

The King is much given to prayer, hears daily three Masses, but in other respects resembles a statue, for his words are few, and although his ordinary conversation is good, it becomes incoherent when discussing state affairs; he gives audience to everyone, and never puts anybody to death: but his subjects pay him small obedience; he is a miser, and, in short, displays a limited capacity, being an upright individual, rather than a respected sovereign. The Cardinal* of Strigonia,† and Bishop of Waradino,‡ are much more feared than he. His Majesty has no money, and in order to raise the army, besides spending the one hundred and eighty thousand ducats received from the Signory, he pledged his revenues, so that he was penniless for two months. He has reduced his expenditure, and at the last carnival the Queen's court was only allowed eight fowls per diem; and he also diminished my board, and that of my colleagues.'

The ambassador goes on to say, that 'the King pays numerous pensions to the Palatine and others; also, that one thousand barons and nobles, whose individual incomes do not exceed forty ducats a year, live at the court, so that the daily expenses of the King's table amount to twenty ducats, exclusive of bread and wine. From Bohemia he derives five thousand ducats annually, from Moravia nothing, whereas Mátyás got eighty thousand ducats. There are three classes of men in Hungary—peasants, priests, and soldiers; there are no Hungarian artificers, the mechanics being all foreigners; the natives are a hardy race, inured to every sort of privation; and were there money for maintenance, Hungary could send twenty thousand cavalry into the field. The complement of every man-at-arms is six horses and a waggon. When they take the field for action, they confess to each other, and one of the soldiery preaches, after which they repeat the Name of "Jesus" twice, and rush upon their foes most impetuously.'

Giustiniani adds that the Queen was extremely popular, and much devoted to the Republic, choosing to style herself the daughter of the State. At the end of his three years residence, he took leave of Vladislav, who presented him with a robe of cloth of gold, made in the Hungarian fashion, a dagger to wear at his side, two silver-gilt goblets, and a horse valued at five hundred ducats, but, he says, not really worth thirty. Giustiniani was boarded by the King during his stay, and complains that he never had either salad or fruit—no doubt a great deprivation to a native of Italy; but still, he at least seems to have had no sufficient cause for accusing the King of miserliness.

Vladislav might have improved his position, if he would have spoken out to the Diet, and accused to their faces those who were ruining the country, at a time when it would have been possible to convict and

* Bakács.

† Gran.

‡ Várad.

punish them; but he resolutely refused to open his lips, and nothing was discussed but the contemplated truce with the Turks. Yet, if he had no thought for himself, he might at least have considered his wife, and the little daughter who had been born to him in June. Her birth had indeed been hailed by him with great delight, and he had announced it to all the magistrates in the kingdom; but still it had failed to rouse him into taking any active steps.

His want of funds becoming daily more pressing, he foolishly followed the advice of some of his councillors, and asked the counties, in their several assemblies or congregations, to vote him an extra tax, from which however, to ensure their support, the Magnates and chief nobility were to be exempted. Some of the counties agreed to do as he wished, and actually raised the money; but others refused, and these latter accused their less scrupulous neighbours of high treason against the commonwealth. The general indignation of the country was expressed, in unmistakeable terms, at the next Diet, (1504,) when a decree was passed forbidding the counties to raise any tax on their own authority, on pain of having their nobles held guilty of treason, and degraded. The voting of a tax was declared to be the exclusive prerogative of the national representatives; and all immunities, under whatever pretence, were henceforth to be done away. But though they would not allow the counties to grant any special supplies, the exasperated States also obstinately refused to grant an extra tax themselves, notwithstanding the dismal representations of the treasurer.

Towards the end of the year died Corvinus, in his thirty-fifth year, leaving a widow, and two children, a boy and girl. The girl was, shortly after, betrothed to Zápolya György; and as her brother soon died, and she became the heiress of her father's estates, it was arranged that the marriage should take place as soon as the little bride should have completed her twelfth year. Erzsébet's early death, however, disconcerted these arrangements; and when, in 1508, her mother married Vladislav's nephew, the Markgraf Georg von Brandenburg, the still considerable remains of the once large property of Corvinus were speedily dissipated.

As for János, Zápolya István's eldest son, his mother had far grander ideas for him; he was to marry the Princess Anna, and become King of Hungary.

(To be continued.)

ODDS AND ENDS OF WEATHER WISDOM AND FRAGMENTS OF FOLK LORE.

JANUARY.

It is as impossible to begin a sketch of the proverbs and prophecies, wise saws and modern instances, belonging to the months, without mentioning the year itself, as it would be to write the life of any celebrated man, and take no notice of his father, particularly if the father had happened to be still more celebrated in his day. This being the case, I shall not waste time by making any unnecessary apologies, but begin at once.

Poets, who probably do not care to venture far into the realms of prophecy, have usually contented themselves with bidding farewell to the Old Year, and leaving the New Year to take his chance; thereby taking counsel by the old advice, to praise the year when it is over. Everybody knows Tennyson's

‘I’ve half a mind to die with you;’

and everybody ought to know Mrs. Murray Gartshore's

‘Thou’st ended now thy mission,
Old Year; good-night, good-night!’

though perhaps the prettiest of all is Shelley's dirge—

‘Come, months, come away,
From November till May;
In your saddest array
Let your bright sisters play;
Ye follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make his grave green with tear on tear.’

While for prose, can anything compare with Elia's ‘Rejoicings on the New Year's Coming of Age’?

No one can deny that ‘a good year is always welcome,’ though certainly opinions may differ as to what constitutes a good year; for a Sussex farmer, when congratulated upon the success of the crops, and told that it was a good year, made answer, ‘Too good by half, Miss, for the farmers,’—which saying was a puzzle, till a friend explained that he would have preferred keeping the good fortune to himself, instead of sharing it with his neighbours.

The Spanish caution, to ‘Say no ill of the year till it is over,’ is only one among many to the same effect, which should be especially impressed upon grumblers. ‘Years know more than books’ is another testimony to the value of that experience, which being ‘Once bought is better than twice taught,’ and which reminds one of the dreadful saw—

'Young people *think* old people fools,
But old people *know* that young people are fools,'

which has served from generation to generation as a rebuke to all who shew any symptoms of wishing to teach their betters.

'The more thy years, the nearer thy grave,' is a self-evident proposition; though poor Asgill would not have agreed with this, any more than some of the writers of the present day.

Of sayings which can hardly be called proverbs, there is also no lack: for instance, there is a rhyme which is often to be heard in Kent, to the effect that

'A cherry year is a merry year,
But a plum year is a dumb year.'

In the 'Hand-book of Weather Wisdom, (where these two lines are given as separate sayings, and not together, as I have always known them,) the dumbness is supposed to refer to the silence of death; consequently, a great mortality is expected whenever plums are plentiful; but for my part, I am inclined to think that the dumbness of the plum is only put as a contrast to the merriment of the cherry season. For cherries being the fruit most commonly grown in Kent, if they were to fail, the deficiency would by no means be supplied by a good crop of anything else.

The Scotch 'A haw year is a snaw year,' agrees with the south-country belief, that there will be a hard winter whenever there are plenty of hips and haws to be seen in the autumn; while 'A snow year, a rich year,' has a consolatory sound, particularly when

'The men in the east
Are picking their geese,
And sending the feathers here away, here away;'

or when patches of white snow are to be seen lying on the north side of every hedge-row, 'looking for more.'

January, which is no longer the Wolf's month—in England, at any rate—is not that one of the twelve which is the best provided with proverbs. Those there are chiefly refer to the cold, which our hardy forefathers looked on as rather a good than an evil; for they evidently did not agree with Ray, that 'He who passes a winter's day escapes an enemy.' They thought of winter as 'frosty but kindly;' for according to Tusser—

'A kindly and good Janivier
Freezeth the pot by the fier.'

Sweet are the uses of adversity; and if one *could* but shake off the recollection of those who have nothing to fill their pot, and no fire to boil it, one might manage to

'Let the wind whistle as it will,
And keep our Christmas merry still;'

but as things are, one's only comfort is in remembering that He Who fed the five thousand on the sunny slopes of Galilee, can just as easily, if He please, multiply the handful of meal now as He did then: while we must be ready to do all we may to help—'do good and lend,' according to the teaching of Holy Writ, and not according to the cold-hearted Spanish proverb, 'Lend not to him who wears no breeches in January.'

How the fact is to be accounted for I do not know, but most of the European nations have some saying, to the effect that 'as the day lengthens the cold strengthens,' (and we are assured that the days *are* beginning to lengthen, because what was at New Year's Day a cock's stride is at Candlemas an hour wide.) And most express in some more or less picturesque form the belief that if January is out of the ordinary course mild and warm, the rest of the year will suffer for its aberrations. The most remarkable of these is from the district of the Jura—'Better see a wolf on the mixen, than a man in his shirt-sleeves;' while the English formula runs—

'In January if the sun appear,
March and April pay full dear;'

and the Scotch say concisely,

'A January spring
Is worth naething.'

Nevertheless, people are ill to please, for if it is a hard winter, then

'The blackest month in all the year
Is the month of Janiveer.'

However this may be, dry weather in January is a boon to be much prized, according to the Venetian '*Genaro in polvere, Fate 'l granaro de rovere,*' or,

'If January has never a drop,
The barn will need an oaken prop,'*

for a dry January will bring such a fertile season, that an additional support will be required for the granary.

The south-country habit of calling mud 'January butter' is hardly to be called a proverb, yet the idea that it is lucky to have it brought into the house is convenient enough in some respects, particularly if one has been indulging in the questionable advantage of a short cut in muddy weather; still one would fancy it was a superstition which a good house-mother would discourage to the best of her ability.

Now come the several days, of which, according to the Shepherd's Kalendar, there are, besides all the red-letter days, three lucky—namely, the 16th, 18th, and 26th; while Aubrey tells us of seven unlucky—

namely, the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 15th. One cannot help wondering on what principle the selection was made.

There are many pleasant associations that belong to the marked days of the year, though neither the Monthly Packet nor any other magazine; not even a portly Quarterly, could afford space for *all*: some sacred as belonging to our higher life, such as the Circumcision and the Epiphany; some semi-sacred, as belonging to the home affections of our every-day life; and these often unite on the same day, as, for example, is shewn by the Scotch title of Hogmaney for the first, and the English Twelfth Day, or more broadly 'plum-cake day,' for the second. In Lincolnshire there is always a dance for the younger members of the neighbourhood on Twelfth Day, called the cake ball, at which the old ceremony of choosing a king and queen by lot is still kept up, reminding one of the old nursery rhyme, always associated with Twelfth Night—

'Lavender's blue, Lavender's green;
When I am king you shall be queen.
Who told you so? who told you so?
'Twas my own heart that told me so.'

The name Twelfth Day probably dates from the time of King Alfred, who established the twelve days after Christmas as holidays, of which the Epiphany was the last; and thus it seems to have been kept as a sort of carnival, the customs varying in different places, yet all agreeing in the attempt to do honour in some way or other to the Magi, the three kings of Cologne—Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar. The twelve days themselves were dedicated to the Twelve Apostles, and it is still the custom in some parts of England for one large and twelve small fires to be lighted on the eve of Twelfth Night. These fires are intended to represent our Lord and the Apostles. The fire which stands for Judas Iscariot is only just lighted, and then put out and the ashes strewn about; but the other twelve are allowed to burn as long as possible, and auguries for the coming year are drawn from the way in which they burn, and the time at which they go out. As the twelve days are named after the twelve Apostles, and as each of the Apostles stands godfather to a month, the weather on his day shews what the weather is likely to be on the corresponding month throughout the year.* There is a similar superstition with regard to the wind; whichever way the wind blows on New Year's Eve, that will be the wind which will principally prevail for the rest of the year. The four winds are also named after the four Evangelists; and there is a curious story current in the south of England, to the effect that the devil particularly wished to have a wind of his own, but as he could not prevail upon any of the four saints to part with their own peculiar property, he stole a piece of the north and east winds, out

* In Scotland these days are called 'The hallow days of Yule;' while the peasants in North Germany believe that whatever one dreams on any of the twelve nights will come to pass within the ensuing year.—*Kelly's 'Indo-European Folk-lore.'*

of which he constructed the wild north-easter; therefore if St. Matthew and St. Luke are invoked at any time when this wind is blowing, it will immediately sink, as both parts recognize their own patron, though neither will do homage to one alone.

It is curious that while Christmas, New Year's Day, and Twelfth Night are all duly observed in England, neither the former nor the latter festivals attract any attention in Scotland; indeed, according to Jamieson, the latter may be said to be not only unrecognized but unknown. This is no doubt owing to the persevering efforts made by the Presbyterian clergy for a century after the Reformation to extinguish all observance of these great festivals—New Year's Day, which had been engrafted on one of the old heathen feasts, having been retained! Alban Butler, in the *Lives of the Saints*, tells us that the Fathers made a strong but ineffectual stand against these practices, some churches formerly keeping the 1st of January as a fast. Not only the Romans had their festival in honour of Janus and Strenia at that time; but it was then that the Druids went to seek the mistletoe on the oak, and their old cry of *Au guy l'an neuf* (To the mistletoe the New Year,) is still retained at Poitou and Perche, where the Etrennes are called *Auguislanneufs* and *Equilans*.

Apart from these old customs, the only rhyme which belongs to the first is—

‘Whether the weather be snow or rain,
We are sure to see the flower of St. Faine;
Rain comes but seldom, and often snow,
But yet this Viburnum is sure to blow.’

though I am afraid it cannot lay claim to any very great antiquity, as the name Viburnum fixes the date at a comparatively recent time.*

Of the remaining days in January, St. Antony's, January 17th, St. Agnes, and St. Paul, are the most remarkable. Still, on St. Antony's day, the cattle in the Campagna are driven to be sprinkled with holy-water by one of the Cardinals, who pronounces a blessing over them; and there is still lingering in our own southern counties, a suggestion of his memory, in the name *t' antony*, given to the youngest pig of the litter;† while the erysipelas is still called St. Antony's fire, this name having been originally given because St. Antony was invoked to heal this complaint. This saint has, so far as I can tell,

* ‘*Laurus-tinus*, or *Viburnum-tinus*. *Tinus* was the old classical name for the shrub, and was used as such by Pliny and Ovid. It was named *Laurus-tinus* by the old writers, because they thought that its leaves resembled those of the bay; but botanists called it the *Viburnum-tinus*.’—*Gardener's Chronicle*, Feb. 14th, 1874.

† ‘In art, St. Antony appears with a hog, which has a bell attached to his neck. He was regarded as the Patron of the Hospitallers; and when ordinances were passed, forbidding the poor from allowing their swine to run loose about the streets, as they were often in the way of the horses, an exception was made in favour of the pigs of the Hospitallers, on consideration of their wearing a bell round their necks.’—*Baring Gould, Lives of the Saints*, vol. i., p. 272. This name would therefore probably carry us back at least as far as the beginning of the fourteenth century.

no English proverb belonging to his day; but there are a good many foreign ones connected with him, or rather with the coldness of the weather: at Milan, if St. Antony finds ice, he breaks it; if he does not find it, he makes it; while at Bergamo, '*Sant Antone fa i punt e San Paul el ie romp.*' *

St. Agnes was invoked for all lovers, as none who care for English poetry can forget. Both Aubrey and Pepys give the charm, which was most commonly used to ensure the right dream by all those who do not believe that dreams go by contraries; and Ben Jonson alluded to the superstition in the Satyre—

‘And on sweet St. Agnes night,
Please you with the promised sight—
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers.’

though he changed the name from Agnes to Anna, out of compliment to Anne of Denmark, before whom the masque was performed at Althorpe, in 1603, when she was on her way from Edinburgh to London. It was also thought, that if the oldest woman in the house spoke the following rhyme up the chimney on St. Agnes Eve, that it would be a sure preservative against the ague—

‘Ague, Ague,
Tremble and go—
First day, shiver and burn;
Tremble and quake—
Second day, shiver and learn;
Tremble and die—
Third day, never return.’ †

The Christmas rose is the flower dedicated to St. Agnes, most likely because it is one of the few flowers in bloom at the time of her festival; but the exceeding purity of its white petals and their strong firm texture, make it an exquisitely beautiful emblem of the Virgin Martyr.

St. Paul's, the 25th January, is commemorated, both in the old Latin rhyme, '*Clara dies Pauli bona tempora denotat anni,*' and in its better known English version—

‘If the day of Paul be clear,
Then shall betide a happy year;
If it do chance to snow or rain,
Then shall be dear all sorts of grain;
If the winds be then aloft,
Warres shall vex this realm full oft;
And if the clouds make dark the sky,
Great stores of beasts and birds shall die.’

which is to be found in all parts of the country, though the prophecy is by no means confined to England and the English, for similar verses are to be met with in almost every European language. Moreover

* St. Antony makes bridges, St. Paul breaks them.—*Weather Folk Lore*, 81.

† Halliwell's Popular Rhymes.

there are several different translations all to the same effect, with the exception of Gay, who, after having given the lines at length, recommends his reader, in a postscript, to

‘Let no such vulgar tales debase the mind,
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.’

thereby agreeing with Bishop Hall, who also condemns the superstition, and remarks of one who believed therein, that ‘St. Paul and St. Swithin, with the Twelve, are his oracles, which he dare believe against the almanacke.’ It was as well for the bishop that he flourished before the days of Zadkiel and Moore, or his faith might have been shaken even in the almanack.

There are two other days, Rock or Distaffs day, the 7th January, and Plough Monday, the first Monday after the Epiphany. Both seem intended to confer a kind of honour on the employments most important to our forefathers; and both have in them much that resembles the old heathen sports. So has the custom of wassailing the apple trees in Devonshire, and apple howling in Kent and Sussex; and still more, the Herefordshire farm labourer’s custom of choosing the best ox, and placing a cake on his left horn. The chief man among them then sings:—

‘Fill your cups, my merry men all,
For here’s the best ox in all the stall;
Oh! he’s the best ox, there’s no mistake,
So let us crown him with the ‘Twelfth-cake.’ *

The men then drink to him from a silver tankard, and sprinkle him out of it, which naturally makes him throw up his head; and in so doing, he throws off the cake, which is a good omen or the contrary, according as it falls backward or forward.

(*To be continued.*)

B. C. C.

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEITHER LAND NOR WATER.

‘A light that never shone by sea or land.’

Nothing could be prettier than Rosamond’s happiness in welcoming her school-boy brothers, and her gratitude to Mrs. Poyntsett for inviting them, declaring that she liked boys. Her sons, however, dreaded the

* Notes and Queries, Second Series, viii., December, 1859.

inroad of two wild Irish lads, and held council what covers, and what horses, could most safely be victimized to them, disregarding all testimony in their favour from interested parties. When, therefore, Terence and Thomas De Lancey made their appearance, and were walked in for exhibition by their proud and happy sister, there was some surprise at the sight of two peculiarly refined quiet boys, with colourless complexions, soft, sleepy, long-lashed, liquid brown eyes, the lowest of full voices, and the gentlest of manners, as if nothing short of an explosion could rouse them.

And it was presently manifest that their sister had said rather too little than too much of Terry's abilities. Not only had he brought home a huge pile of prizes, but no sooner was the *séance* after dinner broken up, than he detained Julius, saying, in a very meek and modest tone, 'Rose says you know all the books in the library.'

'Rose undertakes a great deal for me. What is this the prelude to?'

'I wanted to ask if I might just look at any book about the physical geography of Italy, or the History of Venice, or the Phoenicians.'

'Why, Terry!'

'It is for the Prize Essay,' explained the boy; 'the subject is the effect of the physical configuration of a country upon the character of a nation.'

Julius drew a long breath, astounded at the march of intellect since his time. 'They don't expect such things of fellows like you!' he said.

'Only of the sixth, but the fifth may go in for it, and I want to get up to the Doctor himself; I thought, as I was coming to such a jolly library, I might try; and if I do pretty well, I shall be put up, if any more fellows leave. Do you think I may use the books? I'm librarian, so I know how to take care of them.'

'You can be trusted for that, you book-worm,' said Julius; 'here's the library, but I fear I don't know much about those modern histories. My mother is a great reader, and will direct us. Let us come to her.'

Quiet as Terry was, he was neither awkward nor shy; and when Julius had explained his wishes, and Mrs. Poyndsett had asked a few good-natured questions, she was charmed as well as surprised at the gentle yet eager modesty, with which the low-pitched tones detailed the ideas already garnered up, and inquired for authorities, in which to trace them out, without the least notion of the remarkable powers he was evincing. She was delighted with the boy; Julius guided his researches; and he went off to bed as happy as a king, with his hands full of little dark tarnished French duodecimos, and with a ravenous appetite for the pasture-ground he saw before him. Lower Canada had taught him French, and the stores he found were revelry to him.

Cecil's feelings may be better guessed than described when the return of Mudie's box was hastened that he might have Motley's Dutch Republic! She thought this studiousness mere affectation; but it was indisputable,

that Terry's soul was in books, and that he never was so happy as when turned loose into the library, dipping here and there, or with an elbow planted on either side of a folio.

Offers of gun or horse merely tormented him, and only his sister could drag him out by specious pleas of need, to help in those Christmas works, where she had much better assistance in Anne and the Curates—the one for clubs and coals, the other for decorations.

Mrs. Poyntsett was Terry's best friend. He used to come to her in the evening, and discuss what he had been reading, till she was almost as keen about his success as Frank's. He talked over his ambition, of getting a scholarship, becoming a fellow, and living for ever among the books, for which the scanty supply in his wandering boyhood had but whetted his fervour. He even confided to her what no one else knew but his sister Aileen, his epic in twenty-four books on Brian Boromhe and the Battle of Clontarf; and she was mother enough not to predict its inevitable fate, nor audibly to detect the unconscious plagiarisms, but to be a better listener than even Aileen, who never could be withheld from unfeeling laughter at the touching fate of the wounded warriors who were tied to stakes that they might die fighting.

Tom was a more ordinary youth, even more lazy and quiet in the house, though out of it he amazed Frank and Charlie by his dash, fire, and daring, and witched all the stable-world with noble horsemanship. Hunting was prevented, however, by a frost, which filled everyone with excitement as to the practicability of skating.

The most available water was a lake between Sirenwood and Compton; and here, like eagles to the slaughter, gathered, by a sort of instinct, the entire skating population of the neighbourhood, on the first day that the ice was hard enough. Rosamond was there, of course, with both her brothers, whom she averred, by a bold figure of speech, to have skated in Canada before they could walk. Anne was there, studying the new phenomena of ice and snow under good-natured Charlie's protection, learning the art with unexpected courage and dexterity. Cecil was there, but not shining so much, for her father had been always so nervous about his darling venturing on the ice, that she had no skill in the art; and as Raymond had been summoned to some political meeting, she had no special squire, as her young brothers-in-law eluded the being enlisted in her service; and she began to decide that skating was irrational and unwomanly. Although Lady Tyrrell had just arrived, and was having her skates put on; and Eleonora was only holding back because she was taking care of the two purple legged, purple faced, and purple haired little Duncombes, whom she kept sliding in a corner where they could hardly damage themselves or the ice.

Cecil had just thanked Colonel Ross for pushing her in a chair, and on his leaving her was deliberating whether to walk home with her dignity or watch for some other cavalier, when the drag drew up on the road close by, and from it came Captain and Mrs. Duncombe, with two

strangers, who were introduced to her as 'Mrs. Tallboys and the Professor, 'just fetched from the station.'

The former was exquisitely dressed in blue velvet and seal-skin, and had the transparent complexion and delicate features of an American, with brilliant eyes, and a look of much cleverness; her husband, small, sallow, and dark, and apparently out of health. 'Are you leaving off skating, Cecil?' asked Mrs. Duncombe; 'Goodness me, I could go on into next year! But if you are wasting your privileges, bestow them on Mrs. Tallboys, for pity's sake. We came in hopes some good creature had a spare pair of skates. Gussie Moy offered, but hers were yards too long.'

'I hope mine are not too small,' said Cecil, not quite crediting that an American foot could be as small as that of a Charnock; but she found herself mistaken, they were a perfect fit; and as they were tried, there came a loud laugh, and she saw a tall girl standing by her, whom, in her round felt hat, and thick rough coat with metal buttons, she had really taken for one of the Captain's male friends.

'I wouldn't have such small feet,' she said; 'I shouldn't feel secure of my understanding.'

'Mrs. Tallboys would not change with you, Gussie,' said Captain Duncombe. 'I'd back her any day—'

'What odds will you take, Captain—'

But Mrs. Duncombe broke in. 'Bless me, if there aren't those little dogs of mine! Lena Vivian does spoil them. Send them home, for pity's sake, Bob.'

'Poor little kids, they are doing no harm.'

'We shall have them tumbling in, and no end of a row! I can't stand a swarm of children after me, and they are making a perfect victim of Lena. Send them home, Bob, or I shall have to do it.'

The Captain obeyed somewhat ruefully. 'Come, my lads, Bessie says you must go home, and leave Miss Vivian in peace.'

'O Bob, please let us stay; Lena is taking care of us—'

'Indeed I like nothing so well,' protested Lenore; but the Captain murmured something about higher powers, and cheerfully saying he would give the boys a run, took each by an unwilling hand, and raced them into a state of frightened jollity by a short cut, by which he was able to dispose of them in the drag.

The Professor, meanwhile, devoted himself to Mrs. Charnock Poyntsett, took her chair for a whirl on the ice; described American sleighing parties; talked of his tour in Europe. He was really a clever observant man; and Cecil had not had anyone to talk Italy to her for a long time past, and responded with all her full precision. The Professor might speak a little through his nose; but she had seldom met anyone more polite and accomplished.

Meantime, a quadrille was being got up. Such a performance and such partners had never been seen in light that shone on water or on

land, being coupled by their dexterity in the art. They were led off by Mrs. Duncombe and the Reverend James Bindon. Mrs. Tallboys paired with Terry De Lancey, Lady Tyrrell with Herbert Bowater, Lady Rosamond with one of the officers. Tom was pounced on by the great 'Gussy Moy,' who declared, to his bitter wrath, that she preferred little boys, turning her back on Mr. Strangeways and two or three more officers, as she saw them first solicitous to engage Eleonora Vivian—who, however, was to skate with Charlie.

A few wistful glances were cast towards the Wilsbro' road, for Frank had been obliged by the cruel exigencies of the office to devote this magnificent frosty day to the last agonies of cram. This, however, had gone on better for the last fortnight—owing, perhaps, to some relaxation of Eleonora's stern guard over her countenance in their few meetings since Jenny's departure.

'And after all,' as Charlie said, with the cheeriness of one past his own ordeal, 'a man who had taken such a degree as Frank could not depend on a few weeks of mere cramming.'

Frank did come speedily up the road just as the quadrille was in full force; and perhaps the hindrance had stood him in good stead; for when the performance ceased in the twilight, and voices were eagerly talking of renewing it a *fackel tanz* in the later evening, and only yielding at the recollection of dinner engagements, it was not Charlie who was taking off Eleonora's skates; and when, after fixing grand plans for the morrow, Lady Tyrrell mounted her pony-carriage and looked for her sister, she heard that Miss Vivian was walking home.

Yes, Miss Vivian was walking home; and there was a companion by her side, feeling as if that dark hard gravelled road were the pebbly beach of Rockpier.

'When do you go to London?' she asked.

'To-morrow afternoon. Wish me well through, Lenore.'

'Indeed I do.'

'Say it again, Lenore! Give me the elixir, that will give me power to conquer everything.'

'Don't say such exaggerated things.'

'Do you think it is possible to me to exaggerate what a word from you is to me?' said Frank, in a low voice of intense feeling.

'O Frank! it is wiser not to say such things.'

'Wise! what is that to me? It is true, and you have known it—and why will you not allow that you do, as in those happy old days—'

'That's what makes me fear. It would be so much better for you if all this had never begun.'

'It has begun, then!' murmured Frank, with joy and triumph in the sound. 'As long as you allow that, it is enough for me.'

'I must! It is true; and truth must be somewhere!' was whispered in a strange, low, resolute whisper.

‘True! true that you can feel one particle of the intensity—Oh! what words can I find to make you understand the glow and tenderness the very thought of you has been!’

‘Hush, hush!—pray, Frank. Now, if I do own it—’

‘It—what? Let me hear! I’m very stupid, you know!’ said Frank, in a voice of exulting comprehension, belying his alleged stupidity.

‘What you have been to me—’

‘Have been—eh?’ said this cruel cross-examiner.

‘Do not let us waste time,’ said Eleonora, in a trembling voice; ‘you know very well.’

‘Do I?’

‘Now, Frank!’

‘If you only knew what it would be worth to me to hear you say it!’

‘I’m afraid it would be only worth pain and grief to you, and anger from every one,’ said she, in a low dejected voice, ‘far more than I am worth.’

‘You? Trust me to judge of that, Lenore. Would not you be worth all, and more than all, that flesh or spirit could feel! I could face it all for one look from you!’ said Frank, with fervour from his heart of hearts.

‘You make me more and more afraid. It is all too wretched to lead anyone into. Since I knew the whole truth, I have tried to spare you from it.’

‘That is why you have been so cold, and held so cruelly aloof all this time, so that if I had not caught one ray now and then, you would have broken my heart, Lenore; as it is, I’ve been wretched beyond description, hardly able to sleep by night or speak rationally by day. How had you the heart to serve me so, like a stony Greek statue?’

‘I thought it must be right. It seemed to break my own heart too.’

‘That’s the woman’s way of shewing a thing is right; but why I can’t see. If you did hate me, it might be all very well to throw me over; but if not, why torture two as well as one? Are you afraid of my people? I’ll manage them.’

‘You little know—’

‘Know what?’

‘All that made it cruel in Camilla to throw us together.’

‘Cruel! when it was the crowning joy of my past life, and is to be the crowning joy of the future?’

‘How can it? Frank, you must know the causes your mother has for abhorring any connection with our unhappy family.’

‘My mother has too much sense to think a little extravagance among the men of a family can affect the daughters. I know the outer world is afraid of her, but she is the tenderest and most indulgent of mothers to us. No fear of her!’

‘Ah! but that’s not all.’

‘You mean that she has not taken much to your sister. I know; and

I'm very sorry; but bring them together, and it would soon be got over. Besides, it is not your sister, but you. What do you mean?' rather disconcerted.

'Then you really did not know of the old engagement between Camilla and your eldest brother?'

'Oh, oh! So she consented once! Then she will do so again.'

'Listen! Camilla broke it off because your mother could not resign her position to her.'

He gave a whistle of dismay, then recovering himself with a laugh, said, 'Fourth sons don't have such expectations founded on them. Don't fear, dearest; that can't be all the story, though no doubt it was part of it. My mother would rather go into a hermitage than stand in the way of Raymond's happiness. Some one must have made mischief.'

'It was not all,' said the girl; 'it was Lord Tyrrell's coming in the way. Yes, my father told me so; he held it up to me as an example of what one ought to do for one's family.'

'Then she was coerced!'

'I don't know; but such a marriage for me, with some one who would redeem the property, is their scheme for me. Even if your mother and brother could tolerate the thought of one of us, my poor dear father will never dare to consent as long as she is with him.'

'Nay, Lenore; have I not often heard her say she prefers happiness to ambition? Whatever she may have done, she has come to think differently. She has well-nigh told me so.'

'Yes, at Rockpier,' sighed Eteonora. 'Hark!' The sound of the ponies' bells and hoofs was heard; Lenore put her hand on his arm, and drew him aside on the grass, behind a clump of trees, hushing him by a silent pressure as he tried to remonstrate. He clasped her hand, and felt her trembling till the tinkling and tramp were gone by.

'You frightened darling!' were his first words, when she let him speak. Who would have thought you would be so shy? But we'll have it out, and—'

'It is not that,' interrupted Lenore, 'not maidenly shyness. That's for girls who are happy and secure. No; but I don't want to have it all overthrown at once—the first sweetness—'

'It can't be overthrown!' he said, holding arm and hand in the intense grasp.

'Not really, never; but there is no use in attempting anything till I am of age—next autumn, the 7th of November.'

'Say nothing till then!' exclaimed Frank, in some consternation.

'We are only where we were before! We are sure of each other now. It will be only vexation and harass,' said she, with the instinct of a persecuted creature.

'I couldn't,' said Frank. 'I could not keep it in with Mother! It would not be right if I could, nor should I feel as if I were acting fairly by your father.'

'You are right, Frank. Forgive me! You don't know what it is to have to be always saving one's truth only by silence. Speak when you think right.'

'And I believe we shall find it far easier than you think. I'm not quite a beggar—except for you, my Lena. I should like to go home this minute, and tell Mother and Charlie and Rose, that I'm—I'm treading on air; but I should only be fallen upon for thinking of anything but my task-work. So I'll take a leaf out of your book, you cautious Lenore, and wait till I come down victorious, happy and glorious—and I shall now. I feel as if you had given me power to scale Olympus, now I know I may carry your heart with me. Do you remember this, Lena?' He guided her hand to the smooth pebble on his chain. She responded by putting her own into his.

'My talisman!' he said. 'It has been my talisman of success many a time. I have laid my hand on it, and thought I was working for you. Mine! mine! mine! Waters cannot quench love—never fear.'

'Hush!' as the light of the opening hall door was seen, and Lady Tyrrell's voice was heard, saying, 'I thought we passed her; I am sure she was near.'

Eleonora withdrew her arm, patted Frank back, waved him into silence, and went forward, saying, 'Here I am, Camilla; I walked home.'

Her voice was calm and self-contained as ever—the unassailable dignity just as usual. The hall was full of officers, standing about the fire and drinking tea, and Eleonora's well-worn armour was instantly on, as her sister asked where she had been, since others had walked home and had not overtaken her.

'I came by the lower road,' said she.

'Indeed! I never saw you.'

'I saw you pass—or rather heard you.'

'And did not let me pick you up! Did you hide yourself!'

'It was much warmer to walk.'

'So you seem to have found it, to judge by your cheeks,' said Lady Tyrrell.

And Mr. Strangeways and one or two others could not restrain a murmured exclamation on the exceeding loveliness of that deepened colour and brightened eye; but Lenore only knew that an equally bright and keen eye was watching her heedfully, and knew that she was suspected, if not read through and through.

She mingled in the discussion of the skating, with those outward society-senses that she learnt to put on, and escaped as soon as possible to her own room.

Again she almost fell on the ground in her own little oratory chamber; in a tumult of gladness that was almost agony, and fear that was almost joy.

She wanted to give thanks that Frank had become so wholly and avowedly hers, and for that deep intense affection that had gone on;

unfed, uncherished, for years; but the overflow of delight was checked with foreboding—there was the instinctive terror of a basilisk eye gazing into her paradise of joy—the thanksgiving ran into a half despairing deprecation.

And she knew that Frank was under Camilla's spell, and admired and trusted her still; nor had she been able to utter a word of caution to undeceive him. Should she have the power on the morrow? Camilla really loved skating, and surrounded as she was sure to be, there was hope of escaping her vigilant eye once more. To-morrow there would be another meeting with Frank! Perhaps another walk with him!

That anticipation was soothing enough to bring back the power of joyful gratitude, and therewith of hopeful prayer.

(To be continued.)

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER VIII.

WE left Cecil in the early cold moonlight of the winter morning, determined to go by herself to Colonel Wyndham's, and discover for herself how his wife really was. 'Whether she is dead or alive—whether she is dead or alive!' she cried out in the silence of her own room; with an unconscious exaggeration, founded on the dreadful dream by which she was haunted. It was a daring determination for a young lady to make, who had never in her life, at any hour or under any circumstances, walked by herself beyond the garden that surrounded the house she lived in. But Cecil felt equal to all things in her present excited state of mind, except to remaining quiet, and waiting. With a painful smile as she recalled the conversation, without which the possibility of what she was doing would perhaps never have occurred to her, she ran down the back-stairs, and taking the key from the place where it hung, went through the greenhouse passage, and let herself out by the greenhouse door, and so along the asphalt walk into the lane, where, on the night of the ball, Mrs. Wyndham had promised to wait for her in her carriage. The ivy gate, as the door in the wall was called, closed with a latch, so she was able to shut, though not to secure it; for of course she had withdrawn and could not fasten again the great bolts on the garden side. She had been obliged to wait till nearly half-past six before she started, as it was not more than half an hour's walk from Fernley to Colonel Wyndham's, and she thought there would be no use in arriving before seven, as probably no one would be up in the house, except perhaps in the sick-room; and to Cecil it seemed horrible and

incongruous to think of Juliet Wyndham as the sick person, in such a room, confined to her bed, with a nurse by her side. And then the pain even of that idea was surpassed by what she felt as her dream of the previous night returned vividly to her, and she could have fancied she saw her friend there, in the moonlight, before her, rushing wildly about, with the blood streaming from her face, and accusing her of having caused it to flow. While these dreadful thoughts distracted her mind, Cecil walked rapidly on, growing more and more nervous as she went, till she got into that state, in which one is afraid to look behind one, and would find infinite relief to one's feelings by the utterance of a loud scream.

She had the world to herself that winter morning, and it was a beautiful calm frosty world, lighted only by a moon.

‘How exquisite it would be, if I could think of it!’ she said suddenly; ‘what a wonderful position I am in, and what wonderful beauty surrounds me—and yet I can think of neither, because of the one thing I do not know, and which occupies every thought of my mind.’

Though Cecil did not understand it, what she felt now was but a foretaste of the life that must come to her as to every one of us. Ah! how exquisite would many things be—what perfect enjoyment would often fill the present, but for the one thing we do not know, towards which we are all pressing onward, only occupied by it, and careless for its sake of the beauties that are all about us!

At last, Cecil found herself on the gravel in front of The Grove, which was the name of the house Colonel Wyndham rented. It seemed a very long ‘at last’ to her, though in reality she had walked fast, like one fearful that her footsteps were pursued, and had reached her destination in less time than the half-hour she had expected the walk to occupy. And now that she *had* reached her destination, what was she to do? Her heart beat fast between excitement and doubt, and as she looked at the house, with its closed door and darkened windows, a chill sense of disappointment fell upon her, and for a moment she felt as if the wisest thing she could do was to turn round and walk home again.

It was but for one moment; in the next, as if to reproach her for cowardice, she saw a light in one of the windows up-stairs. The shutters of that window were partially opened, and through them she beheld a figure, that from its height and air she believed to be Colonel Wyndham, pass along with a light in his hand. This sudden and momentary apparition came to Cecil like an answer to her fear and impulse of flight; and taking it as such, she determined to act upon it at once. She did not dare try to attract Colonel Wyndham's attention, or ring at the front door, and so make a disturbance in the house; but she walked rapidly round to the other side, hoping to find a back entrance, and some servant, who would give her admittance.

She found the door into the offices without any difficulty, but it was

shut, like the front door; with cautious hand she tried the handle, but she could not open it—it was fastened, of course; what back door would not be fastened at seven o'clock on a January morning? All of a sudden she heard a noise on the other side of it—a footstep, and then a key turned in the lock. Hastily she stepped aside into the dark shadow formed by the angle of the house, and there concealed herself, just as much frightened at the idea of the door being opened, and any one seeing her, as if her one object had not been to *open* the door, and *find* some one to answer her questions.

The door moved, and a girl stepped out into the moonlight, and walked forward, leaving it ajar—a sleepy cold-looking girl, probably a dairy-maid going forth to milk the cows; and as she went on, Cecil emerged from the blackness that had hid her, and slipped breathlessly into the house. The open kitchen door shewed her that a lighted candle on the dresser was awaiting the servant's return. Of this she immediately took possession, and then made her way in the direction that she thought must lead to the front hall and stairs. She was fortunate in her researches, and in a couple of minutes found herself ascending the wide handsome staircase, a tallow candle lighted in her hand, and the moon pouring all its glory down upon her, and flooding the way before her with silver light, through a large window in the passage above. That was the window of which the shutters had been opened, and by which the figure she fancied might be that of the master of the house, had passed. She thought he was probably going to bed after a night spent in watching, and she greatly wished to avoid him, and only to come in contact with Mrs. Wyndham's maid, from whom she might learn how her mistress really was.

However, Cecil's plans were frustrated; for just as she reached the top of the stairs, a door immediately opposite to her opened, and Colonel Wyndham, a second unnecessary candle in *his* hand, (for the broad moonlight rendered both the candles unnecessary,) confronted her. He stood still, and stared at her like a man in a dream; and she remained rooted to the spot, as if she had been spell-bound. Then he rubbed his eyes with the hand not engaged in holding the candle, and after that stared at her again.

'This is some mistake,' said he at last, though I don't think there was much meaning in the words. 'Who are you? what do you want?' and then he added quickly, '*what* are you doing here?'

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' answered Cecil, beginning to feel exceedingly ashamed and uncomfortable.

'But *what are* you doing here?' repeated the bewildered Colonel; 'who is it? *what can* it mean?'

'I only just called to ask—to hear—how Mrs. Wyndham is?'

'You only just called?'

'We were so very sorry to hear of her accident.'

'I beg your pardon, I see I am speaking to a lady. I am really quite

bewildered, and hardly know what I have said; but perhaps you will kindly tell me *whom* I have the pleasure of speaking to?’

The Colonel was quite himself again, and all politeness; though Cecil, standing at the top of his stairs, in the moonlight, with the tallow candle in her hand, still burning up faint and shabby looking, was a sight that might fairly bewilder any one.

‘If you will only tell me how she is,’ said she beseechingly, ‘I will go away directly.’

‘She is better.’

‘But is she really better? is she not much hurt? is she in danger? will she die?’ for her fears at the moment all rushed back upon Cecil with new terror, and she hardly thought of the dreadful sound of her questions, till she saw Colonel Wyndham start perceptibly.

‘Pray don’t say such horrid things,’ he cried quickly; ‘of course she will not; she is in no danger—she is not much hurt. I have been up with her all night; the pain she felt is almost gone, and for the last two hours she has been fast asleep.’

‘Oh, I *am* glad!’ said Cecil, in a very low voice. ‘And now, if you please, I will go home again—they will want me.’

But the Colonel had been looking at her very steadily. ‘You are one of the Miss Vauxes?’ he said at last, in a tone of doubt and inquiry.

Cecil bent her head.

‘But, my dear young lady, how did you come? why did you come? is your maid with you? who sent you?’

‘Oh, I have been very foolish; please don’t say anything—don’t ask anything. I shall go home directly.’

She turned to go, but he detained her. ‘Your uncle?’

‘Oh, he knows nothing—he would be furious! I was so frightened—I thought perhaps she would die—I could not help coming, I am *fond* of her.’

The last words were spoken with the utmost simplicity—a simplicity that made them very pathetic; they went straight to the heart of a husband who loved his wife dearly.

‘Your anxiety—your exertions do you honour!’ he cried, with sudden warmth; ‘I shall never forget them, and Juliet will be charmed when she hears how kind you have been; but indeed, you must allow me to say you should not have done it—you have been too daring; it is a sort of thing no young lady should do. You should never go out alone, and least of all at such a time as this, which is just the same as if it was night. Ah, well, there is some welcome sunlight looking in on us at last; and with a little care, no one need ever know what you have done; but really you must excuse me for saying that you must not *think* of doing such a thing—anything of the sort—again ever.’

‘No, I don’t suppose I ever shall,’ replied Cecil, smiling and relieved; ‘but still all those conventionalities do seem to me so foolish. Why are we to be slaves? why should I never walk out alone? and what

harm, especially, could this early walk do me? and as it was the only way of my hearing anything for hours, why should I not come?

‘The rules of society,’ said the Colonel, looking slightly worried, ‘are all founded on reasons; there are plenty of reasons why young ladies should not go about by themselves; and rules must be strict, and strictly kept, or they will defeat their own purpose.’

Cecil shrugged her shoulders, and patted her little foot impatiently up and down on the floor, quite unconvinced by the Colonel’s words.

‘So much for the thing in general,’ continued he; ‘but in your case it is simply necessary to remember, that you came without your uncle’s knowledge, and that he would be angry if he heard of what you have done—for us all to feel that you are wrong.’

He spoke kindly, but gravely; and Cecil, if she did not feel that she was wrong, did feel extremely uncomfortable. However, she only said, ‘Oh, my uncle!’ in a voice that, though low, spoke volumes.

‘Yes—Oh, your uncle! to whom, as your uncle and guardian, you owe obedience.’

‘Obedience!’

‘Certainly, obedience. To obey is the one thing that everybody has to learn and to practise, and without which power no character is worth a straw. You owe your uncle obedience, as your uncle; but if you were only a guest in his house, your escapade this morning would be objectionable. I should be very angry with any young lady who left *my* house in such a manner.’

And the Colonel’s eyes shone a little as he spoke, and he looked as if he could be angry if occasion required, and as if his anger would not be a pleasant thing to excite, or to deserve.

‘Would you?’ said Cecil; she felt half subdued, half rebellious; ‘it seems to me hard; but you see, you are in the one position, and I am in the other, and I suppose that makes a *great* difference.’

‘I don’t think so,’ he replied; ‘nobody is fit to command who has not learned to obey.’

The clock on the stairs struck eight.

‘I must go home,’ she said; ‘we breakfast at nine. I am very much obliged to you, and I beg your pardon.’

Cecil hardly knew what she meant by those two last sentences; but she felt an immense respect and regard for the noble-looking, out-spoken, soldierly man, suddenly spring up in her mind, and a desire somehow to shew that she did so, and to say something to him that he would approve of.

‘I will go with you,’ he replied, smiling, ‘if you will wait till I have put on boots instead of slippers.’

‘Oh no, please don’t,’ she said earnestly, ‘it is *much* better I should slip back as I came—it would never do to take you out, and all would certainly be discovered.’

‘That would be a good reason for doing it,’ he answered; ‘conceal-

ments are always undesirable: take my advice, and tell them at home what you have been doing; but I believe you are right so far, that I can't go with you—the doctor will be here directly, and I must see him.'

'The doctor! Dr. Hughes! Oh, please don't tell him! it makes me so uncomfortable, the mere notion of it; I must get away without his seeing me. But I do think it is very hard that there should be all these rules, however much they may be founded on reasons, that make what I have done a thing I am ashamed of, that people would stare at, and scold me for, when it is really the simplest, most natural thing in the world, and even a *right* thing to do.'

'You are all wrong,' replied he, shaking his head at her, but smiling a little, 'all wrong. I will let you go now, that you may not be late for breakfast; but I will argue the matter out with you, when I have next the pleasure of seeing you.' He shook hands with her very kindly, and they parted, he himself letting her out at the front door.

'Now, if he was my uncle,' thought Cecil, as with rapid steps she retraced her way home, 'if he was my uncle, I think I could obey him without murmuring. There would be a pleasure in pleasing him, and making oneself like what he approved. I think he is a husband worthy of Juliet, and I don't wonder she is so delightful, with such a husband. I have heard Aunt Flora say there are very few well-matched pairs in the world; but certainly these two are well matched. Oh how hard it is that Uncle James won't call, so that we might really visit; fancy spending a day with such people as these, instead of with such people as the Lesters; and yet I believe he really unaffectedly considers the Lesters as superior to the Wyndhams! how *very* odd it is that Uncle James is *always* wrong in *every* thing!'

Just as Cecil reached this point in the thoughts that were rapidly chasing each other through her brain, the clouds that had gathered together, thickened and blackened, without her observing what they were doing, descended on her quite suddenly in a burst of rain; of course she had no umbrella with her, the prudence of recollecting to take one could hardly be expected from a young lady who left her house in so romantic a manner. I do not think that in the advertisements for missing people, in the agony column of *The Times*, you ever find an umbrella mentioned, however minute the descriptions given may be. At all events, Cecil was umbrellaless; and feeling that in another minute she should be wet through, and hoping that it was only a shower and not a settled rain, she ran hastily into a cottage that stood by the roadside. In this cottage she found four people, all apparently under the influence of considerable emotion. An old man and woman crouched by the fire, and their faces were agitated, though the agitation, she thought, was a happy one; a girl sat by the table, her arms resting on it, and her face concealed in them, while her frame was shaken by sobs, and a young lady stood by her, speaking to her in a low voice, with her

hand on her shoulder and tears on her cheeks; to Cecil's intense surprise she found that this young lady was Adela Lester.

'Miss Lester!' cried Cecil.

'Miss Vaux!' exclaimed Adela; and she was at least as much surprised at seeing Cecil as Cecil was at seeing her. 'I had no idea you were such an early riser,' she added, recovering herself the first of the two.

Meantime the girl had checked her sobs, raised herself from the table, over which she had been half lying, and dashing her tears away, shewed a happy agitated face. 'O Miss,' she said, 'I can never thank you enough—never!'

'Don't mind it now, Nancy,' replied Adela gently, 'I am very glad—and it is all right, you know.'

Cecil's surprised eyes went from one to the other—the rich girl and the poor—seeming somehow intimate, and as if in some sort of manner on an equality. 'I am afraid I am in the way,' she said; 'I only ran in because of the rain.'

She still addressed Adela, as she felt very awkward with poor people. She was quite unaccustomed to them, and did not know how to treat them.

Adela at once turned to the old couple by the fire. 'The young lady has taken shelter here from the rain,' she said pleasantly.

'And she's kindly welcome,' replied the woman, in a weak faltering voice.

'Any friend of yours, Ma'am, must always be welcome to us,' said the man, rising and giving Cecil a chair; 'pray sit down, Miss, and wait till the rain is over.'

Cecil said 'Thank you,' and sat down, not knowing what else to do.

'I'm afraid I must be going at once,' said Adela to the old woman, 'and I shall send you some of the "Liebig," which I believe will do you more good than anything else.'

The woman cast up her hands and eyes in a weak eager way; 'You've done me good,' she cried, 'you've saved me; God remember you always!' and then she stopped, her tears not letting her say more.

'But it's raining so hard, Miss,' said the man, 'you can't go yet.'

'I don't mind it,' said Adela; 'I have got waterproof and goloshes on, and I don't like to keep my mother waiting breakfast for me.'

Cecil went to the door with her. 'I can't go yet,' she said, looking at the rain, which still fell fast; 'but, Miss Lester, I want to ask you, don't tell any one, please, that you saw me here.'

'Not tell any one!'

'No, don't tell any one, please,' replied Cecil, as if it was the simplest thing in the world.

Adela reflected a moment, looking greatly astonished. 'Very well, I won't,' she replied, 'except my mother and sister.'

'No, don't tell them, please.'

'I can't promise you that; we have no secrets among us, and I couldn't make a secret of a little thing like this; but I will ask them not to mention it,' replied Adela, feeling very uncomfortable, and speaking as gently and lightly as she could.

Cecil elevated her eye-brows, and curled her lip with a marked expression of contempt. 'Oh, very well,' was all she said; and she swept back into the cottage, pretending not to see Adela's offered hand.

'Well, if ever there was an angel out of Heaven, that young lady is one; and may God bless her wherever she goes!' cried Nancy, tears still streaming down her face.

'God *will* bless her,' said her father solemnly.

'And if Jane has not told me over and over again, what hearts her young ladies had, and how Miss Adela was the very best young lady in the whole world! but little I ever thought how it would be proved to me.'

Cecil looked and listened, feeling at once surprised and contemptuous. 'I suppose it is easy enough, if you choose to treat poor people as if they were your equals,' thought she, 'to make them fond of you, and ready to praise you up to the skies; but I don't see why they should all cry about it; what a very unpleasant family they are! but I suppose Adela Lester likes the sort of thing.' She looked impatiently out, and saw with pleasure that the clouds were breaking and the rain abating, while little gleams of sunshine sparkled out of the skies like joy returning after sorrow.

'You'll excuse us, Miss,' the old man said at that moment, just as the thought born of the sunshine entered her mind, 'you'll excuse us; but we've been in mortal grief, and our hearts well-nigh broken within us, and now she's brought us happiness, and it comes sudden like, and has shook us.'

'I am very—' began Cecil awkwardly, and then she stopped abruptly, for she did not know whether she should say that she was very glad or very sorry, so she only said she was very, which she felt could not mean the wrong thing, because it meant nothing.

'You know her, Miss?' Nancy said, in a timid way; 'so you know how good she is, and how everybody loves her.'

'I know her very little,' Cecil said stiffly.

'And she brought us the money for the rent; and our landlord is a hard cruel man, and would have turned us out of our house, though I said Jack had sent it, and I had burnt it, and he would only have to have waited till Jack could have been noticed of it, but he wouldn't wait, not he—and he'd have turned us all out, and Mother would have died if he had—if it hadn't been for Jane's Miss Adela.'

'Nancy, lass, don't talk so; it was your fault, my girl; when all's said and done, it was your fault, so let the landlord alone.'

'Yes, Father, it was, and I'll never deny it; and I'll never forget the

words Miss Adela said to me about it; and it's the last lie that shall ever pass my lips, if I know what I'm saying; but it's no lie to say Mr. Vaux is a hard cruel man, for he is, and if I don't say it, my heart 'ill burst.'

Most of what she had heard was as incomprehensible as an unknown tongue to Cecil; but the last words were easy enough to understand.

'Mr. Vaux!' she said.

'Yes, Miss,' replied Nancy; 'he's our landlord, he is.'

'He is my uncle,' said Cecil haughtily.

'Bless us all!' said the old man, 'if it is not one of the young ladies!' Then they were all silent, and very awkward and uncomfortable. At last, the old man said, 'She didn't mean no harm; but she didn't ought to have said it—and I hope as how that your ladyship will excuse her.'

'It is not of any consequence,' replied Cecil stiffly; then she looked out at the door again, and seeing that the rain had really ceased, and the wintry sun was striving to make himself seen and felt, she added in the same manner, 'it has stopped raining, I must go home;' and with a little cold sweep of her head, including the three in the one movement, she left the cottage and walked rapidly back to Fernley.

As she approached the ivy gate, it seemed to her days since she had passed through it by moonlight, though, in fact, it was only a couple of hours. She was greatly surprised to see two people standing close to it, in deep and earnest conversation—so deep and earnest, that they did not hear her footsteps, nor discover that she was coming till she was close upon them. Then they started asunder, and she found, to her great surprise, that they were Mademoiselle de Lys and Captain Feversham. He instantly put the top of his stick into his mouth, sucked it, and stared at her; while Mademoiselle exclaimed wildly, 'Cecile! why you are at your practice!'

Cecil bowed to Captain Feversham. 'I thought you were breakfasting in bed, Mademoiselle,' she said, not attempting to conceal her astonishment; 'I thought you were ill.'

'Non, non,' replied the other, greatly embarrassed; not so bad—not so much; a breath of fresh air—' And here she broke down, perceiving perhaps the absurdity of her words, while the rain still dropped from the umbrella she held above her head, and the wintry sun struggled with the clouds that encompassed it.

Captain Feversham gave up at once, and made an ignominious retreat, leaving Mademoiselle to bear the brunt of everything—if there was anything to bear. He raised his hat politely half an inch from his head, with the hand that was not holding his cane in his mouth, then withdrew the cane, and saying, 'Good-morning, Mademoiselle—good-morning, Miss Vaux—pray remember me to Mr. Vaux,' sauntered easily down the lane.

'Where have you been, Cecile? what have you been doing?' asked Mademoiselle; 'this is quite wrong—really it is quite wrong.'

‘But, Mademoiselle,’ retorted Cecil, ‘what could you be doing here, when you were supposed to be ill in bed?’

‘I was looking for you, Mees,’ replied the governess; ‘and I dare promise you that you have given me my death of cold.’

‘Looking for me!’ cried Cecil, more and more surprised, ‘why, you said you thought I was practising.’

‘I did not—I never did say that; I said—you ought to be at your music—and so you ought; it is Helen does practise instead of you, but you *should* be there, and I said it.’

‘But what made you come out, Mademoiselle?’

‘I am cold—I do shiver,’ replied she; ‘I must find my bed, which I left to search for you—naughty girl! where have you been?’

‘What could bring Captain Feversham here at this hour in the morning?’

‘How can I say? what do I know? I looked for you—the Captain came—we spoke—just three little words of “How d’ye do?” If you tell you saw me and him, I tell how you saw us—that you were out, and that I did look for you.’

‘Why should I tell anything?’ replied Cecil contemptuously; ‘I have no wish to tell anything—if there is anything to tell.’

‘There is nothing to tell,’ replied Mademoiselle; ‘and we will neither of us say a word.’

The two ladies walked quickly into the house, just in time to escape another heavy shower. Mademoiselle sought her bed; and Cecil, taking off her wet clothes, and dressing herself over again with as little delay as possible, went down to breakfast. She could not help being unusually silent and thoughtful during that meal, as she reflected on how many people had become acquainted with the fact of her early walk. Colonel Wyndham, who would, of course, tell his wife—but that she did not mind; Adela Lester, who would tell her mother and sister—and that she did mind very much indeed; Mademoiselle, who would tell nobody; and Captain Feversham, who would probably tell everybody to whom it occurred to him to mention the incident. She wished she had asked him *not* to mention it, and then retracted the wish, blushing at the idea of voluntarily taking such a man as Captain Feversham into her confidence, and asking him to conceal anything she had done.

‘Has any one seen Mademoiselle this morning?’ inquired Mr. Vaux, with some anxiety.

‘No, Papa,’ said Helen; ‘I knocked at her door, but she did not answer me, so I supposed she was asleep, and did not like to disturb her.’

‘Have you seen her, Cecil?’ continued her uncle.

Cecil hesitated a moment, blushed violently, and then replied, ‘Yes.’

‘Why did you not say so sooner, then?’ said her uncle; ‘there is something disrespectful—yes, I have no hesitation in saying that there is something disreputable in allowing me to remain without an answer to my question, till I addressed it pointedly to yourself.’

Cecil was silent.

'And now, why do not you inform me how Mademoiselle is?' said he fretfully. 'You must be aware that my only reason for asking if she had been seen, was a desire to know if she is better.'

'She seemed quite well,' replied Cecil imprudently.

'Quite well!' ejaculated Mr. Vaux, 'quite well! I am sorry—yes, I am sorry, Cecil, to see you exhibit so little feeling, and to find you capable of undervaluing the sufferings of a lady like Mademoiselle. Quite well! when she is at this moment confined to her bed with illness, for which it was necessary last night that she should have medical advice.'

Cecil ate her breakfast in silence.

'I believe, Cecil,' said Mr. Vaux, 'that if we were all of us dying, you would say we were quite well.'

'I don't think Mademoiselle is dying, Uncle James.'

'Dying!' cried he, with a great jump; 'I really wonder how you dare say such things, Cecil. I do indeed—I often wonder at you; it seems impossible to make you like other people. I really do wish—yes, I have no hesitation in saying that I really do wish that you were different in all respects from what you are.'

And, after the utterance of this very comprehensive wish, Mr. Vaux finished his breakfast in displeased silence.

(To be continued.)

SPEEDWELL.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAWTHORNS.

As has been already stated, Esther's visit to London had been prolonged to allow of her joining her mother and sister, and going on with them to Reston. It had not been without difficulty that Mrs. Lockhart had decided what to do; she did not altogether like going, but the 'maiden aunts' were so pressing, that when she had ascertained that the house would be full of guests of all sorts, she felt there would be nothing marked in her being there with her daughters, and consented. Helen, indeed, was young for such things, but then she could go as avowedly a school-room girl, coming with an elder sister.

Helen's spirits had risen at once when the point was settled; and she so immediately returned to being the bright good-tempered girl she had always seemed until the last few weeks, that her mother did not quite know what to make of her, fearing that either there was a stronger admixture of the woman with the child than she had been

willing to believe, or else that she had set her heart upon this pleasuring, more than was at all right. Still, whatever might have caused her transitory gloom, it was impossible not to rejoice at its disappearance, and to feel it a comfort to hear her singing about the house as usual, finding fun and nonsense in everything; alternately eager about the children's contrivances, and the trimming of her own and her mother's dresses, for those three days at Reston, which she seemed to expect would prove so wonderful.

It was not without anxiety that Mrs. Lockhart scanned her eldest daughter's face, when she met her on that Tuesday morning; but whatever the letter she had that morning received from Osmond had led her to fear, Esther seemed quite herself—able to listen without weariness to Helen's lively chatter, and to attend to the small particulars of home news, in a way that did not make it appear that she had left her heart behind her in London.

It was a great relief to see her so quietly cheerful. Osmond had written most penitently, begging Mrs. Lockhart to forgive him, but evidently feeling it would be hardly possible for her so to do, if he had (as he could not help fearing) made any difference in Esther's happiness. He had not (as he rather needlessly assured her mother) been trifling with her. For years it had been the dearest wish of his heart to call her his; but without a maintenance or a present prospect of one to offer, he had not felt he had a right to try to let her see it, and he feared he ought not to have allowed himself to meet her, as he had done of late. Still he had had hopes, though dim in the distance, until last week, when something (he must be excused from explaining what) had happened, which had made him see that it was probable that his circumstances would never allow him to think of marriage. They had been so thrown together in London, he said, that he had felt he should not be acting honourably if he had not let her know that it was so, since he could do it without a private interview. He hoped Mrs. Lockhart, even if she did think he had judged wrongly, would believe he had at least *tried* to act for the best.

If Mrs. Lockhart did not entirely trust his judgement, at least she trusted his character, and felt certain that he had not wilfully led her daughter on, or raised hopes which he had no intention of fulfilling. She could not blame him, since she felt sure he had acted from a sense of duty, and with all tenderness and delicacy towards Esther; and she was very thankful that since he did find it out of the question, Esther should know it at once; not have to gather it, by his absenting himself from Alston, and a long protracted drawing back, far more trying than any one sharp single blow.

Helen was delighted to have her sister again, and chattered almost without stopping during the whole of their railway journey, becoming quieter, but not less eager, as they approached Reston.

Leonard met them at the station, looking very handsome in his radiant

delight at welcoming them ; and he and Helen kept up the chief part of the conversation in the short drive up to the house, Helen being very anxious to know who they were to meet, and whether all seven maiden aunts were of the party ?

‘ Oh no ! only three of them—and two of those are married,’ he said ; ‘ the rest could not come.’

‘ But how many are there ?’ Helen asked, laughing. ‘ I thought there were seven spinsters.’

‘ Well, so there are—at least, several of them are married, but they are such dear old coddles, that one forgets it. Not these three, though they are dear old creatures. You must mind and like Aunt Margaret. She is going to be the lady of the house, and tell me what to do.’

‘ May I know whether she is a married or a single maiden aunt ?’ Helen inquired, laughing ; but without waiting for an answer, she broke off short, with a cry of delight, as they turned in through the lodge gates. ‘ Oh, are we so near ? How beautiful ! Do look, Mamma !’

Reston did not stand in pretty country, for all was flat pasture-land around it ; but in the month of May, with every horse-chestnut, hawthorn, and laburnum, a mass of bloom, and the sun lighting up the bright young green of really fine timber trees, it did look very gladsome ; and the large well-built modern house, with its look of comfort and prosperity, stood well in the midst of the picture.

It startled Helen’s mother and sister, to discover how perfectly she was informed in all details of the place. She knew what fine pictures there were, how the rooms stood with regard to one another, and all about matters which it would never have entered Esther’s head to think of.

‘ How *do* you know, Helen ?’ she at length asked, in astonishment, when, as the sisters were going to their room to dress for dinner, Helen dashed off to a distant corner of the gallery, declaring she was sure the picture she saw must be the little Rubens.

‘ Oh, I have picked it up somehow,’ said Helen carelessly, as she looked at the picture. ‘ No ; I certainly agree with Leonard ; I don’t know enough about art to admire that. Come along, Esther ; I don’t wish to be late, for Leonard wants our opinion as to whether some flowers ought not to be arranged in the fire-places in the drawing-room, (where we are to dance, you know,) and if we are not down before the maiden aunts, we shall have no fun over it.’

Esther, however, did not greatly hurry. She had no desire for a private consultation with the master of the house, seeing the matter rather more from the maiden aunts’ point of view than Helen did. She was not sorry, therefore, that Johnson found Miss Helen’s hair rendered so refractory by travelling, that it could not be coaxed into anything like tidiness, until Mrs. Lockhart, who had joined her daughters, had been waiting some time.

It was great fun to see Leonard trying to be punctual, and on his good behaviour; rather proud, but very shy, of having to do the honours to his many guests; so meekly obedient to his aunt; so blundering as to etiquettes; and so full of apologies, as to set all at ease by making them laugh at and with him. He forgot that he was not a stray young man, but mine host himself; and consequently there was a long pause after dinner was announced, everyone wondered why the move was not made, and old Lady Greton was getting rather testy at his not coming to claim her, before his aunt ventured to remind him that it was his business to take the lead, when he came forward, begging earnestly to be forgiven, and led the old lady into the dining-room—only, to the extreme amusement of his friends, to place her and himself in the middle of one side of the table. The laugh that followed effectually broke the ice amongst the guests, and the evening proved a very merry one.

‘I am afraid nothing has been settled about the fire-places,’ Esther said to her sister, when they were in their own room at night.

‘Oh yes, it has,’ said Helen. ‘I saw just what they wanted, and told Leonard, and it is going to be done before breakfast to-morrow.’

‘Not by Leonard, then, I prophesy,’ said Esther, laughing; but as she did not think the matter of much consequence, it soon passed from her thoughts.

Helen, however, had set her heart on the fire-places being properly beautified, and as (in spite of his excellent intentions) she felt the firmest conviction that Leonard would not be up at six o’clock, or any time much before nine, she felt no scruples about peeping through one of the drawing-room windows, when she went out for a breath of air before breakfast. But the room was *not* empty; and as the shadow darkened the window, Leonard turned round amongst a brush-wood of hawthorn branches, and welcomed her eagerly. ‘Do help me,’ he said; ‘I cannot get it to go right, and yet it looked so easy when you suggested it yesterday.’

‘Men never can manage those things,’ Helen said, as she took his place amongst the flowers, thinking so much more of the hawthorns than of him, that it never occurred to her there was anything odd in the proceeding.

She understood it, however, an hour later, when Mrs. Lockhart, who had vainly sought her everywhere else, opened the door to find her sitting on the hearth-stone of the uncarpetted drawing-room, in front of the half decorated grate, her lap full of flowers, and her laughing almost tearful eyes fixed on another pair that were gazing down upon her with boundless admiration.

‘Helen!’ her mother said. Helen started up, scattering her flowers on the floor, and looking lovely in her confusion.

‘It is my fault,’ Leonard said, ‘it was very wrong of me. I know I ought to have waited. I meant to—I did try—but it came out before I knew what I was saying—and then I could not contradict it, you know.’

He was so sincerely, if boyishly, ashamed of his ill-timed eagerness, that Mrs. Lockhart could not feel very angry with him; she smiled, and he continued, 'It has nearly come out a great many times before—at Easter—but I thought I ought to wait till I was older. It is a bad beginning, I know; but if you will only trust me—indeed, I am to be trusted—I will take such care of her.'

It was impossible to look into those honest eyes, and doubt it. She did feel she might trust him—that he and Helen had loved one another for years, childish as they both were. 'Well,' she said, smiling, 'I will not scold either of you, though perhaps I ought to. Only nothing must come out to-day.'

If anyone had been outside the window at that moment, everything would have been out already, but no one saw the enthusiastic way in which Leonard vented his gratitude; and as Helen danced up-stairs to wash her blackened hands, meeting Aunt Margaret on the landing, that good lady only thought early walking was very good for the complexion and expression of a face, however detrimental it might be to the appearance of a muslin dress.

Helen found her sister still in her room, and flew to her with a breathless—'O Esther, you cannot think what!' But Esther could 'think what,' perfectly, and clung round the child, hearing and sympathizing in her transports, with a heartiness of appreciation Helen had hardly expected of her.

No one had ever supposed Esther could be kept in ignorance; but as far as the rest of the world was concerned, nothing could exactly be said to come out. If two young people do look so brilliantly happy as Leonard and Helen did that day, the elders cannot be expected not to have their suspicions; but Mrs. Lockhart felt that, in spite of their before breakfast indiscretion, both behaved admirably. Leonard was rather more at his ease than last night, and took the lead with less shyness, but without losing the boyish simplicity that made everyone willing to overlook any blunders he might make.

All went well: the day was fine, everyone in the humour to be pleased; and when the ladies came in to rest, between watching the tenants' out-of-door dance, and their own dinner, which was to be followed by a ball, Helen was by no means the only one who declared that everything had been delightful.

One thing, however, was a little weighing upon her mind, and she confided it to her sister when they were alone in their room. 'Esther,' she said, 'do you think me *very* silly? I can't help wishing I might wear something like other people to-night. I know this high dress is very nice and pretty, but it is a child's dress, and if everyone sees me like this to-night, I can't help feeling it would seem rather ridiculous when they come to know; and you see, perhaps, *he* would not quite like it; and O Esther, I hope it is not naughty and vain—but I do *so* want to look very nice to-night.'

Esther assured Helen that this was only natural, and went to consult her mother, quite agreeing that it would not do, under the circumstances, for Helen to be markedly dressed as the child of the party. Mrs. Lockhart, however, was not in her room; Aunt Margaret having wished for her opinion about something; and Esther was forced to decide the question herself, as time was short.

'Here, Helen,' she said, 'we must see if you can wear one of my dresses for to-night. I was obliged to have several in London, you see, and here is one that I have never worn, fortunately; if it will only fit, it will be the very thing.' And Esther unfolded the fresh white draperies in haste, and began trying them on, talking all the time, lest Helen should discover the fact that the dress had been made on purpose for Esther herself to wear it this evening. It fitted very nicely, for though Esther was decidedly the taller, the two sisters were much the same figure, and it was most becoming.

Helen surveyed herself in the long glass with innocent and undisguised delight, then suddenly exclaimed, 'But, Esther, what are *you* going to wear? I am sure you meant this for to-night, and you have nothing else half so pretty.'

'No, I have not,' owned Esther, smiling, perhaps a little sadly; 'but you know how much happier I always am in an old dress than a new one, and I am going to wear my blue.'

'That faded old thing!' said Helen contemptuously; 'why, it looks like a hare-bell that has been held in a hot hand! No, that would never do.'

'It looks all right by candle-light,' Esther said; 'it is not of the least use *your* proposing to wear it,' she added quickly, seeing that her sister was about to speak; 'I could not think of letting you—I am sure Leonard would not approve.'

The last argument, of course, proved unanswerable; Helen consented to appear in Esther's clouds of white net, looped up with pink and white May; and Esther felt amply repaid for what was to her but a small sacrifice, by Leonard's very evident pride in Helen's fairy-like beauty.

It mattered little to Esther, that she herself hardly looked young in the rather shabby blue dress which she had last worn the night the Lettridges dined with Amy—perhaps she hardly felt young that evening; but she was happy, very happy, in watching her sister and Leonard, and entering into their joy as she could never have done before she knew what it was to love and be loved herself, and sincerely thankful it was her own, not her sister's hopes, which had been clouded by that sudden mysterious blow.

'Charley, you are to go for a walk this afternoon, please,' Amy said the next Sunday morning, at breakfast; 'I want to have Osmond to myself.'

'I dare say you do,' said Captain Hay, quietly; 'but are you sure you can be trusted?'

'Oh, yes! with Osmond, indeed, I can; if I am naughty he can scold me as well as you can, you know.'

'Well, I suppose you may be trusted with him; I think he can keep you in order, if anyone can; but I declare I will never leave you again. I don't know what mischief you can have got into with Miss Lockhart, but—'

'I don't know either, Charley; it is something very bad, and I am going to ask Osmond what it is, to-day.'

'H'm!' ejaculated Captain Hay; but he left his wife and her brother alone after luncheon.

Osmond did not shrink from the interview; he felt it was to come, and the sooner it was over, the better. It was *she* who, when the time came, shrank from all intimate subjects, prolonging the discussion of the news from Reston, and all that could be found to say about imprudence and probabilities. In the soreness of her heart, Amy was inclined to criticise Helen sharply, and Osmond had some trouble in keeping her in order; but at length the subject seemed exhausted, and he waited to see what would come next. Often as she grieved him, there was great rest, both in her intense love, and in the caressing expression of it; and he submitted to be told he had a head-ache, and to let her doctor it, with a sort of amused speculation as to how long it would be before she found courage to plunge into the subject uppermost in her mind.

'Well, Osmond,' she said at length, when 'Charley' might be expected to return any minute; '*do* tell me what is the matter? What made you speak as you did last Sunday? Why have you vowed celibacy in such serious earnest?'

'I have not vowed anything, Amy,' he said, with the quiet manner which seldom failed to steady her. 'I have displeased my father in such a way, that only one thing could set it right—only that one thing which nothing shall induce me to do.'

'Osmond, I must know more than this; you *must* explain just what has happened.'

'No, Amy, I must not and I will not. My father has acted as he thinks right, and I as I think right—this is the result. I do not blame him. I ought to be very thankful it has never happened before.' And yet he spoke almost with a groan.

'Nonsense, Osmond, it must not be. I will go to him—entreat him—'

'No, dear Amy, that is impossible; it could not be without my shrinking back from the cause that I have chosen steadfastly to live or die for. I hope it will not always be so; without the hope that a day of reconciliation may yet come, life would be intolerable. But I have one comfort, Amy,' he added, in a very low voice; 'terrible as this is, I do feel, I hope not presumptuously, that I need not fear that the curse of the undutiful son is on my head.'

‘I should think not, indeed, my own darling!’ Amy burst forth passionately. ‘Why should this come to *you*—you who have not deserved sorrow? but it can’t—it shall not last always. Some time you will conquer, you will have all you wish, and look back at this miserable time, and triumph to see how good and noble you have been. *Your* turn will come.’

‘It *may* come, Amy—God grant it!’ her brother answered, sadly; ‘but I must not live on hopes such as these. I have perhaps been called upon to give up more than some, and I must embrace the call, not murmur at it. Life can be borne, and I will bear it and make the best of it, with God’s help.’

Amy did not like him to talk so gravely and self-devotedly. She had seldom been called to self-devotion herself, and his angered and frightened her. Whilst she talked of conquest as if she deemed the battle won, she had not counted the cost.

‘Don’t talk so, Osmond,’ she said, pettishly; ‘I am always afraid I shall wake up some morning and find you have grown too saintly to speak to me.’

He knew she was not in earnest, but her manner and words both jarred almost unbearably. ‘Whatever you do, don’t talk like that, Amy,’ he said, with a worried fierceness in his tone. ‘As yet, I can think of nothing that could part us; but in this world one can count on nothing.’

‘On nothing but my love; always for ever on that!’ Amy said, earnestly throwing her arm round his neck, and pressing her cheek against his. ‘Osmond, I could never do without you, in Heaven or hell—much less on earth. You should not talk as if such a thing were possible.’

‘Everything is possible, Amy;’ but he added, smiling fondly, as he answered her shower of kisses with one long grave embrace, ‘everything is *possible*; but if you are all that is left to me, that *all* is not a little. I do not fear that anything but death *will* ever come between us, Amy.’

What Osmond would not tell his sister for fear of rousing her into rage that would lead to coldness between herself and his father, may be briefly stated to readers who have no family ties that can be severed by the explanation. The story lay in three letters. The first was a business-like one from Mr. Lettridge, written the day after his return from London. There was no unkindness in it; indeed, its purport was to offer his son a liberal yearly allowance, on condition that he would but consent to re-consider (it did not say alter) his views. That it was meant for the best, Osmond did not doubt, and yet there was something very galling in it. It was not the free letter of a father to his son; it was distinctly and evidently the consequence of a family council. Osmond could trace in it the hands of all—perhaps Bernard Lettridge could claim little part in it, except the actual penmanship; but there

shewed in its wording the brave cruelty of the tender-hearted Lady Mary, the sincere stern bigotry of the Chaplain, and the keen personal hatred and spite of that clever rogue, O'Brien. They had seen their opportunity, and studied how to make use of it. It was clear they knew how peculiarly tempting the offer would be to Osmond at this particular time.

Re-consider? To re-consider under such circumstances for his own interest, would be to act like Balaam. He knew his duty, and wrote his irrevocable answer at once, lest his courage should fail. He had tried hard not to be irritating; the answer was full of gratitude and deference, though it did contain the statement, that he could not think it right to accept anything on such conditions.

And then had come the fierce reply that severed all connection with Ashmoor, and left Osmond alone in the world, but for his sister—doomed, as far as he could see, to spend his whole life a unit in London; just contriving to live on a salary that was never likely substantially to increase. It was a dreary prospect, and one that must needs banish all hopes of Esther.

Helen Lockhart was to be married in autumn, when the hawthorn blossoms that saw her betrothal had matured into crimson fruit; and at Alston all hearts were full of her, all hands busy with preparations, during the long summer days. No heart was fuller, and no hands were busier, than Esther's; she had thrown herself into her sister's happiness, and her own sad romance seemed like a dream—a dream that faded during the fully occupied hours of the day, but recurred in the stillness of every night, at every moment of leisure or of prayer.

A few—but *very* few—words had passed between Esther and her mother on the subject. Esther evidently did not wish to talk about it, and her mother felt it was well. Her own early life had been less carefully shielded than might have been for her happiness. She had seen much of this sort of sorrow, and knew how much harder it is in some cases for girls to rally, when they are conscious that other, even the most loving, eyes are watching for their recovery.

And she was satisfied that Esther was not pining; she went about her home duties too calmly and earnestly, had too much warm and healthy sympathy with Helen's joy for that; and the mother felt that though she would, if she might, have kept her daughter from what had fallen upon her, it was being blest to her, not blighting or embittering her life.

The one occasion on which the subject was touched on, was (as most things were that summer) in connection with the wedding. Helen had left the room after mentioning that Leonard was writing to ask Osmond to be his best man.

'Do you think he will come, Mamma?' Esther asked, with heightened colour, as the door closed behind her sister.

‘No, dearest. Do you think so?’

‘No; I am sure he will not—unless it is to please Leonard, that is. Mamma, darling, you won’t let him be teased to come; will you?’ she added, imploringly.

‘No, my child, I will do what I can,’ Mrs. Lockhart said, kissing her tenderly.

There was a silence; and then Esther said, with her head still resting on her mother’s shoulder, where she had laid it to hide a few tears that would start in spite of herself, ‘You know all about it, Mamma; I knew you did. I like you to, only I do not want to talk about it. You are not angry with him, Mother dear?’

‘No, indeed, my darling; I cannot doubt that he has good reasons for acting as he has done.’

‘That is right; now I am quite happy!’ And Esther raised her head, and smiling through her tears, returned to her work.

Osmond did not come. Leonard was disappointed, but having his suspicions, forbore to press him; and he and Helen consoled themselves with building castles, as to the number of Sundays he might be induced to spend at a place within such easy reach of London as Reston was; and then other arrangements and other castles drove the subject from their thoughts for the time.

The wedding-day came and went. Helen left her home, not without a few bright tears, but with a joy stronger than her sorrow, and turned (child as she was) to enter upon the duties of a matron.

She found them very happy duties, sobering without damping her enjoyment of life; and Reston was a happier home in reality than it had seemed in cloudland. Young as both she and her husband were, their hearts were turned aright, their eyes steadily fixed on what was good and true; and there was given to them the blessedness of being ripened in the warm sunshine of all but unclouded happiness, instead of being moulded by the fires of God’s Great Furnace of sorrow. He who orders all things well, knows that the sunshine will do as good a work as the fire; and those to whom He gives joy need not fear to stretch out their hand to take it.

And Helen and Leonard did not fear. For health, and hope, and riches, they gave and lived hearty thanks, and tried to use those talents for His glory and the welfare of their fellow-creatures.

Together they made mistakes, together learnt to correct them; neither elated by success nor discouraged by failure, but growing up together until they reached a happy and useful maturity; neither secure nor unsafe, though they certainly were amongst those few mortals of whom it may be said that

‘Life smiles on them, and they find
All to their mind.’

(To be continued.)

A YORK AND A LANCASTER ROSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JANET'S HOME.'

CHAPTER II.

A LUMP OF COAL.

ROSE looked anxiously up into Sister Helen's face as she was tying the apron round her waist. Was it all pretence, and out of good-nature, to please her? or did the Sister really think she could help?

Sister Helen understood the look, and answered it by an encouraging smile, and a kiss on Rose's forehead. 'Of course it will be all strange to you, my dear,' she said; 'but if you only carry a pail of soup across the road, or hold a baby for five minutes to set Sister Teresa's hands free for other work, it will be something; and when you are not wanted, you must just stand aside, and not hinder. It's a great comfort when young helpers know how to do that comfortably. Look, there is Sister Teresa at the gate already; you might run and take that broom from her—she has more than she can well carry—and give a hand at the same time to Teddy Marshall down the steps; he is nearly sure to tumble and cut his nose or his lip if no one looks after him; and Rosie and Clara, you see, have pails of soup in their hands.'

It was not such an easy task as might be supposed to get the broom and Teddy safely down the steps; and little Rose Ingram felt just a minute of nervous fear, and had a half thought of running back when she got into the dark street—for Sister Teresa, though she had Polly Marshall in her arms, and heaps of other things, was already some distance away down the street; and Rosie and Clara had run on before her; and Teddy, as soon as he was on level ground, began to shew symptoms of wanting to stand on his head; and there was a man with a donkey-cart full of herrings, making a dreadful noise (at least, Rose Ingram thought it a dreadful noise) in the middle of the road. However, it was only for one minute that her heart failed her; the next, the happy thought came to her of offering to give Teddy a bright penny she had in her purse if he would keep hold of her hand, and walk upright; and the bribe was so effectual, that he began to drag her on instead of holding her back; so that they were only a very few steps behind Sister Teresa, when, having crossed the road, she stopped at a flight of steep stone steps before a tall brick building, very full of little windows, most of which, having no curtains or blinds, shewed bright gas-lights shining in the rooms, and a great many figures of men and women passing and re-passing before them.

Clara, with her soup-pail in her hand, turned back and joined Rose at the foot of the steps, and they dragged Teddy up between them.

'That's our window,' Clara said, 'the dark one at the very top; the tidiest people lives at the top always—that's why Mother would; but she said these steps took all the breath out of her, and wore her to pieces.'

'I wonder Teddy does not tumble down them every day,' Rose said.

'He do tumble down them whenever he can,' Clara answered, in an aggrieved tone; 'there's not a boy in the Models as has tumbled down the steps as often as our Teddy. Rosie and I we tell him every day: that he'll kill hisself before he has done with his tumblings.'

The little room was quite dark and empty when they reached it at last, but Sister Teresa struck a match, and turned the gas on; and then, having despatched Rosie and Clara to carry their soup-pails to other rooms in the same block, she and little Rose Ingram set to work. There was plenty to do; and Rose Ingram, as she looked round her, wondered what the rooms at the bottom of the building could be like, if the tidy people lived at the top. What would Nurse Lewis have said if she could be transported from the nursery at home to such a scene as this—she, who was so very indignant if a few marbles or doll's clothes were left throwing about on a Saturday night? She would have thrown most of the things in this room out of the window, as unfit for any further use; and she would have ordered the floor to be scoured a dozen times at least, before she would have considered it fit for anyone to walk, much less to sleep, upon. Sister Teresa took it all much more quietly, as if she were at home in such places, and used to making them as much better as was possible to be done in a short time. She moved briskly about, shaking and folding rags of bed-clothes, putting dirty cups and plates together to be washed, raking out the cinders from the brown cold fire-place, and making Rose Ingram bring her half a bundle of kindling from the cupboard by the door, and a shovelful of coals from the black box in the corner, that served the family for a coal-cellar, and Teddy for his principal in-door play-place and only toy-cupboard. It was wonderful how much she did in a short time, and perhaps more wonderful (to those who know what it is to have to deal with inexperienced zealous helpers) how she contrived to keep Rose Ingram employed in really useful ways, giving her work that her discretion was equal to, and never allowing her either to be or feel herself in the way.

In a little while, Rose Marshall and Clara came back, having accomplished their errand; and then Sister Teresa despatched Clara and Rose Ingram to beg a kettle of warm water from an old woman at the very bottom of the house, who always had a kettle of warm water ready for Sister Teresa when she wanted it; and when they came back, carrying the kettle between them, they found that the White Rose was getting a little scolding for having left her room in such an untidy state. Sister Teresa did not look angry, but there was something in her face likely to make one so much more sorry than anger ever could, that Rose

could hardly bear it. This time she thought she must put in a word for her friend.

When she and Clara had deposited the heavy kettle on the hearth-stone, she gave Sister Teresa's dress a little pull to attract her attention, and said, panting, 'Oh, her arm! Sister Teresa, how could she lift things, and tidy, and wash, and sweep, with such a sore arm?'

Sister Teresa looked round at Rose Ingram with a brightened face. 'I am glad you reminded me: there is the making of a good little Associate in you, I see; for you observe and remember.—Yes, Rose Marshall, that is some excuse for you, certainly; but you shall judge for yourself how much; I am afraid several days neglect must have gone to putting the room into the state in which I found it; and I think, too, you could have done something to make it better even to-day, if you had remembered.'

'Yes, Sister, I have been leaving things about all the week, and to-day I meant to put them straight; and it was not my arm hindered me. I was thinking all the afternoon about taking that orange to Mother, and I forgot!'

'Ah, that is your great fault—dreaming, Rose; and since you have been neglecting your work at home, all the perfect lessons you have brought to school this week, and the long sums you have done out of lesson hours, won't win you praise from Mother. She had a great deal rather hear that you had minded your duty here.'

'It was not the sums, Sister, or the lessons, took up my time; it was the story-book—that one with the green cover—that made me forget everything.'

'One that Sister Helen lent you out of the library?'

'No, Sister; the pretty one, bound in green and gold, with one cover torn off, that Mother found among the rubbish in the empty house with the doll. Please, it's about a prince as was shut up in a valley, and got out.'

'Rasselas!' exclaimed Rose Ingram, too much astonished to be able to hold her tongue. 'Why, I tried to read that, but I could not; I thought it the dullest story-book I had ever had. Does it really make you forget things?'

A little colour mounted into the White Rose's cheeks, and she looked across at Rose Ingram with a grieved expression, as if something she loved very much had been maligned. 'It is a pretty book, though. I read a bit out loud to Father one night, and he liked it; he said he could listen ever so long, the words seemed to come out so fine.'

'But if it makes you forget to sweep up the fire-place, and wash the plates, and tidy the bed, I think you had better give it to Sister Helen to put away for you till you are wiser, Rosie. Now pour out the warm water into the tub, and get Teddy ready for me to wash him.'

When the children were all washed, and put into the one bed, and covered up as well as they could be covered with the old blanket and

the ragged patched quilt, Sister Teresa said she must go to a room down-stairs, to give an old bed-ridden man his supper, and tidy his room up for Sunday. She took Clara with her to help, and told Rose Marshall she had better stay up-stairs till Teddy was asleep, for fear he should take it into his head to get out of bed again, and tumble up and down stairs in his night-gown—a new one, which Sister Teresa had brought with her, and which Rose Ingram heard, with envy, had come originally out of ‘the other young lady’s bag,’ and of which Teddy was so proud, that it could hardly be expected he would not make some efforts to shew it to his neighbours. Rose Ingram asked if she might stay and watch, too; and Sister Teresa said, with a kind smile, that she thought it would be a good plan.

At last, here was an opportunity of getting to know each other, and making real friends; yet, strange to say, when the two little girls were left alone together, and had settled themselves—not in the room, which Sister Teresa had left nearly dark, with only the tiniest bead of light over the gas-burner, but on the upper step of the common staircase, where far far below they could just see the open front-door and the lights in the street—Rose Ingram felt a little shy, shyer than she had ever felt when she had set to work to make friends with a new acquaintance in a flounced muslin frock, and pink or blue sash, at a party.

It was much harder to know how to begin to talk to a little girl almost in rags, who did sums out of lesson-hours for pleasure, and had *Rasselas* for her favourite story-book. The wonder of that unsealed Rose Ingram’s tongue at last. ‘Do you really mean you like that book so very much?’ she began, gently touching Rose Marshall’s shoulder to make her look round; for she had turned her face towards the bannisters, and was gazing out at the lamps in the street, and the crowd of women gathered round the herring-seller’s cart, with the same curious dreamy look in her eyes that Rose had noticed before. ‘Do you care for that story? Papa gave it to me, and wanted me to read it; but I did not call it a real story-book at all.’

‘Isn’t it a true story? I thought it was. I thought there was such a happy valley somewhere; and I like to think of some of the princes and princesses being left there still, among all them flowers and nice things.’

‘But they weren’t happy there, you know, they wanted to get away; and it was so very stupid of them, I can’t bear to read about it. When people get into nice fairy sort of places, they ought to be happy and stay there.’

‘Yes, but they don’t; Father did not, you know—he got tired, and came here; that was why I thought it was a true story, and liked it so much.’

‘But your father never was in Abyssinia, in *Rasselas*’s valley, was he?’ cried Rose Ingram, with astonished wide-open eyes.

‘No; but it was a place like it, with trees and hills all round, and

flowers, and a river. The others don't remember it—they was too young when we came away—but I do. Mother was always well, and Father was always kind; and we had a cottage all to ourselves, with a rose tree growing by the door—that was why Mother called me Rose! Oh! and the way we went to school there! there were stiles, and Harry and I used to help Clara and Susie over them; and between the stiles it was bean-fields and corn-fields; and all summer long we brought posies in our hands to school to give to our teacher, or to Mr. and Mrs. Crawford when they come in.'

'Who were Mr. and Mrs. Crawford?'

'Our parson and his wife, to be sure; everybody knew them. They lived a little way beyond the school-house. There was the pond, where the ducks swam about, and a bit of the lane that sloped up where the trees met overhead, and then you saw the parson's green garden-gate, and the big mulberry tree on the grass-plot inside; and if one looked in through the gate, most days one saw Miss Sophia—that was the parson's daughter—lying in her wheel-chair under the tree. She was sick, and could not walk about; but she would call us to come into the garden sometimes, and talk to us: and every Sunday, after afternoon church, in summer, we sat round under the mulberry tree—all the school-children did, and she read a story to us; and when she had done, we each had a apple give to us, or a pear, or a bit of bread and jam, to take away with us, and eat in the fields going home.'

'Yes, that must have been very nice; I can see all that just as if I had been there. How could your father get tired of such a place, and come here?' Rose Ingram looked all round her as she spoke. Up, through the open door into the close dirty little room behind, where all the children lay in one ragged bed; down, across the many ill-lighted flights of stone stairs to the wet crowded noisy street, from which at the moment a rough-looking man was turning into the house, staggering a good deal as he walked, and shouting out a verse of a song in a voice that made Rose shudder, and edge a little nearer to her namesake on the stair. 'Is that him—your father?' she asked in a frightened whisper.

'Oh no, Father won't be home for ever so long yet. That's Bully George, Widow Jones's son. Never mind him; he's quarrelsome sometimes, but he'll be quiet soon as he knows Sister Teresa's in the house.'

'Is your father a bad man like that?'

'He aint a bit like George Jones, aint Father. The neighbours call him a bad man; but I don't think he's that bad, like some of the others. When Harry died, and Mother was taken away to the hospital, he cried ever so; and once last week, when he came in the worse for drink, and Teddy would mimic him walking up-stairs, and Father threw a boot at him, and it hit me and cut my head, he was that sorry and that kind to me afterwards. He brought home a bag full of sweeties next day, and stayed in all the evening, and rode the children on his foot till

their bed-time, and listened to me reading *Rasselas* afterwards—for he is a great scholar, is Father; and he has a good heart too, he has. One Sunday morning, last summer, when Mother began to be ill, he took us all out for a walk a long way, and carried Polly and Teddy by turns out to a place where we saw fields again, and gathered daisies. Poor Mother was pleased when he brought us all back; and we put the daisies in water, and he stayed quiet, and had tea. She said it did her heart good—just as if we had got back to Brooklyn again!

‘Brooklyn! that was where you lived before—the happy valley? Oh! it was a pity, certainly, you ever left it. I wonder why you did?’

‘Father is a very clever workman, and folks told him he’d get good wage up in London.’

‘I believe that we lived in the country once, and that we had to come up to live in London because my Papa is such a clever man; he was wanted to do something here. He is called Professor Ingram.’

‘He’s like Father, then.’

‘Oh no! oh dear me, no!’ cried the Red Rose, hastily and indignantly, ‘he’s not the least bit like; if you were to see my father, you would know. None of us children could think of mimicking him, there is nothing in him to mimic; and if we did, he would not throw a boot at us—he could never possibly think of such a thing.’

There was a little pause in the conversation; the White Rose turned her head away, and looked again for some minutes down the dim staircase to the lights in the street. When she spoke again, there was a wistful yearning look in her eyes. ‘Your father is always good to you, then—every day? The little uns at your house aint a bit afraid of him, I suppose? You must love him a deal, to be sure?’

‘Ye—es,’ answered Rose Ingram, stammering a little. ‘Of course, we all love Papa very dearly, and are not afraid of him exactly. He comes up into the school-room just before he dresses for dinner, and asks what tickets we have got at our classes; and if I have a *précédence* card, he pats my head; but then that’s all I ever see of him. When we go down into the drawing-room after dinner, he is almost always talking to the visitors; and I don’t care to come near and listen, because it’s generally about astronomy or some such rubbishing thing they talk; and besides, since the Fraulein came we are expected to speak German all the evening; and, do you know, I think sometimes that having to speak French and German prevents one getting very fond of one’s father and mother. One can’t say what one likes to them when one is thinking of genders and terminations all the time, you know. Can one?’

Rose Marshall’s experience did not furnish her with an answer to this question, and the conversation flagged till Sister Teresa’s voice was heard from the story below, calling the little girls to come down-stairs. She had finished her business in the house, and Clara was now despatched to the little upper-room, to put herself to bed, and keep guard over Teddy; while Rose Marshall was instructed to carry the soup-pails and

the broom back to the Home, and wait there till Mother Ursula was at liberty to give her a bottle of medicine, which she was to take to the sick man Sister Teresa had just left.

The Home was even a yet busier place at eight o'clock on a winter's evening than it had been at four. The gates stood wide open, and there was a constant succession of people passing in and out. Most of them were coming in now, however, and were congregating round the fire-place with the air of people who had brought a long day's work to a satisfactory conclusion. Rose Ingram, from a seat on the stone ledge which she hastened to take on her entrance into the reception-room, looked at them all with great interest. There were girls, very poorly clad the most of them, but clean and tidy, wearing Associates' aprons over their dresses, such as Sister Helen had given Rose, who came in bringing empty soup-tins, or materials for house-cleaning, as if they were returning from tasks that had been given them to do. These, as they settled themselves in little groups round the fire, to warm rough chapped hands, or dry the worn shoes that had not kept the rain from their feet, nodded and smiled at Rose, as much as to say, So you have got an apron too, you are one of us. How Rose wished she was really! There were a good many rough-looking young men and ragged boys in the room too, who formed a sort of outer circle, getting the warmth of the fire, but not coming very near; some of them had little medals fastened to their button-holes; and Rose, as she looked attentively round the circle, thought that these had something different in their faces from the others. It was not that they were much cleaner, or at all better dressed, but they did not look so wild and sad and sullen as the others did. They seemed more as if they belonged to someone, and had been let in, instead of being always left outside; and Rose thought again about her fancy, that the gate of the Home was like Christian's wicket-gate at the head of the way. Had it been like that, she wondered, to the rough boys, and the pale aproned girls, and to little Rose Marshall? She could not help thinking that it had.

Sister Helen was busy putting away the flannel petticoats that had not been sold; but Mother Ursula had come to the fire-place, and was sitting on one side of it, in the little straw chair where Rose had sat before tea. Two or three of the girls had placed themselves on the floor at her feet, and she made a little sign to Rose Marshall to come and join them; and without saying a word, she lifted the sore arm, and laid it tenderly across her knee, and drew Rose's head to rest against the knee too. They were all talking together, and the coming in of the two Roses only interrupted them for a minute. Rose was rather surprised to find that Mother Ursula was telling the boys and girls about things, explaining them; and at first she thought it was the same kind of talk that her father and his friends had together, and she made up her mind not to listen to it; but by-and-by a sentence in Mother's pleasant voice caught her ear, and she found it so interesting, that she

could not bear to lose a word afterwards. It had evidently begun in their all talking about the fire—how pleasant and inviting it had looked from the street; and how it had seemed to draw them all in to sit together and get warm, and see the light play on each other's faces, and bring out pleasant colours there: and when Rose began to listen really, Mother Ursula had just taken up a piece of coal from the fire-box, and was saying how ugly and dark it was, how very unlike the glowing red walls of the caves in the fire-place, or the bright white flames that danced up the chimney; and yet, she said, the heat, and the light, and the beautiful colours, and the dancing motion, were all in the bit of coal, or they never could be made to come out of it. This dark cold thing was really full of light and warmth and beauty. It was nothing else than stored-up sunbeams. Sunbeams that had left the sun thousands and thousands and thousands of years ago, and had been safely stored up, packed away in this solid dark form for our use, till we should set them free, to rise and shine again, and make sunshine in the night and in the winter. Then Mother Ursula dropped the lump of coal into a red cave in the fire-place, and told them all to watch how soon it would begin to glow.

'Don't I wish,' she said, when, after a minute or two, a jet of lovely flame burst out; 'don't I wish I could do the same to some of you? don't I wish I could turn you into sunbeams? for that is what you are all meant to be. Flames springing up to God, rays of red heat, flowing out and warming each other. Ah! I don't care how black and hard and cold and separate you are now; the coals are all that, till we get them together, and put a light to them. I know that the sunbeams are in you; for are not you all God's children? and has not our Lord Jesus Christ died for you all? Now, don't you think it's a pity that some of you won't be drawn in—that you will remain by yourselves, dark, useless, defiling, instead of coming to the light of God's Love and the Fellowship of His Church, that can set you free to be what you were made to be? Don't you see that the coals must touch each other, and be drawn together close, or they can't glow? That is what Love and Fellowship in holy things does for us—it makes us glow; and while we remain separate, hating and hateful, how dark and cold and ugly and miserable we are! I wish you could see this, some of you. George, and Jim—and you, Big Ben—you have been dropping in here for a good many Saturday nights; but oh! I wish we could draw you in a little closer.'

Mother Ursula had fixed her eyes on one of the tallest and roughest looking of the lads as she said this; and Rose, who was watching closely, saw that a little fellow, very pale and timid-looking, and worse dressed than any of the rest, edged up to this tall one, and slipped his hand within his, while Mother spoke, and looked up—oh so wistfully and longingly!—in his face. He had a medal on. Was he the big rough boy's little brother, or little comrade in trade, perhaps? (they both had

trays of match-boxes strapped round their necks;) and did he wish very much that the big boy would join him in trying to be good? Oh, how Rose hoped he would get his wish! In watching this little incident, she lost something that Mother Ursula was saying about there being some coals that did not glow, but only wasted away in smoke, that dulled the flames, and went far to spoil the beauty of the fire.

A minute or two after this the clock struck nine, and a little bell sounded in a distant part of the building, and Mother Ursula got up from her chair, and the boys and girls, taking it as a signal of dismissal, began to move to the door. Aunt Rachel came in before the crowd was quite dispersed, and said that the carriage had returned, and was waiting to take them home; and Rose Ingram got into a small agony because the White Rose had disappeared with Sister Teresa, and she was dreadfully afraid she should not see her again, to wish her good-bye, and give her the bright penny for Teddy. She dived down into the bottom of her pocket, and drew out a dainty little purse, that her Godmother, Lady Dunallan, had given her on her last birth-day. Yes, the bright new penny was there all right, and by its side a fat five-shilling piece that Rose had kept by her a long time, and designed to spend in the purchase of a new piano for the doll's house, on the first occasion when she could persuade her mother to take her to a certain shop in the Burlington Arcade, where report said doll's pianos, on which veritable tunes might be played, were to be purchased.

Aunt Rachel was now taking leave of Mother Ursula and the Sisters; and as she turned to leave the fire-place, she raised her hand, and dropped something into a money-box fastened into the wall by the chimney corner. 'For Rose's share of the fire to-night,' she said, smiling.

'Ah!' Mother Ursula answered, 'I am much obliged to you for remembering; the fire-place would often have to be cold—and a sad sight it is when it is cold, I can tell you!—if those who can afford to help did not bear it in mind. And those who can't well afford it, too!' she added; for just then the little match-boy Rose had noticed shuffled shrinkingly up to the wall, and dropped something into the box. Was it a halfpenny or a farthing? Rose could not see distinctly which. Her own heart began to beat very quickly, and she looked again at her dear five-shilling piece. There would be just time to drop it in, and no one but the little ragged boy would see her; for Aunt Rachel was half-way down the room, and Mother and the Sisters were following her to the gate. In a great hurry she climbed on to the stone ledge to reach the money-box, and let the heavy piece of money fall in. It made a loud click as it fell, and with the sound Rose realized that it had gone quite past recall, and that she had put it out of her power to buy that little piano, if ever such a good opportunity came. A little pang shot through her mind at the thought, and she remembered what Nurse Lewis often said to her, that she always did things in a great hurry, and repented

afterwards. Perhaps it would have been better to wait, and think more about this, and ask the others at home. They would think it very odd, and not like what she had done at all. As she turned away half sorrowful, her eye fell on some words written on the side of the box—‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.’ *Really*—had she really? Was it really the same as if He came in there on wet cold Saturday nights, and warmed His feet by the fire? and had He let her help to keep the fire up? How ridiculous it seemed to think of the little piano, or of what anyone would say, if that was true; and Rose knew in her heart that it was.

She slipped down from the ledge, and across the room to join her aunt, feeling very happy indeed. No one had seen what she had done but the little match-boy, who had dropped in his gift just before hers; and perhaps Someone else—Someone Who once sat on a seat, and counted the shillings and farthings and mites as they fell into another money-box. Rose made up her mind that she would not tell anyone what she had done with her five shillings, unless Mamma chanced to ask, which was not likely.

There was still the bright penny to be given away, and then the purse would be empty; and fortunately, as they were going down the steps, Rose Marshall came out from the door at the end of the passage, with a phial of medicine in her hand. While Aunt Rachel was looking out for the carriage, Rose had time to slip the penny between her fingers, and whisper, ‘There, that’s for Teddy; and tell him that if he will leave off trying to stand on his head, I will give him another penny, or perhaps, if I have it, a fourpenny piece, when I come here again. Do you think that will help you to get him along the street to school, so that you won’t have to hurt your arm again?’

‘Oh yes, that it will. How kind you are! Oh! please, I don’t know whatever makes you so good to me!’

‘I like you,’ Rose whispered shyly; ‘I like you for being so brave and so white; and we are namesakes, you know; and I have always wished that I had a nice white face, like yours. Good-night, Rose!’ And then, neither of them knew which made the first movement; but somehow the white and the pink face came close together, and the two Roses kissed each other.

Aunt Rachel was just turning round on the carriage-step to call her niece, and saw the salutation with some surprise. ‘My dear,’ she said, as they were driving off, ‘what made you kiss that rather dirty little girl on the steps of the Home? I can understand your feeling very kindly to everybody you meet there, and I quite approve of that; but kissing is another thing. You are apt, I know, to be a little sudden and vehement in your likings; and you had better remember that it is not advisable to kiss everybody the first time you meet.’

‘Everybody! Oh no! But, Auntie, that little girl is called Rose—Rose Marshall; and has not she a nice white face?’

‘Well, I thought it rather dirty.’

‘*Per-haps*; but under the dirt it was as white as snow. Lady Dunallan never could call her a Lancaster Rose, could she? But what I like best about her, Aunt Rachel, is that she is so brave! She dragged her little brother this morning from under the wheels of an omnibus, and hurt her arm dreadfully, and thought nothing of it; and, Aunt Rachel, she reads *Rasselas Prince of Abyssinia*, to herself for fun—that dull book that Papa calls a classic—and she does sums by herself out of school-hours. Oh, I do like her! I hope you will bring me here to see her again soon.’

‘I have heard you give worse reasons for taking to a fresh favourite, I acknowledge, Rose; but what will Lucy Fanshaw say to your setting up a new friend so suddenly? I am afraid your attachments are not of a very durable kind.’

‘This one will be, you shall see, Aunt Rachel. I shall think a great deal about Rose Marshall till I see her again; and I am sure I know more about her now than I did about Lucy Fanshaw when we had talked together a dozen times; for after all, Lucy never talks about anything but lessons and dolls and new frocks; and now that I know the names of all her dolls, and how she does her lessons, and what her last governess was like, we have not much to say to each other.’

‘I should have thought you would have had less to say to the little girl you kissed just now.’

‘But there is more to think about in her. There is a great difference, I assure you, Aunt Rachel, though I can’t explain it. Auntie, did it ever strike you that the gate of the Home is like anything in particular?’

‘You must express yourself a little more clearly before I can answer you, my dear.’

‘I mean the picture in our *Pilgrim’s Progress*, of the Gate at the head of the way. Don’t you remember? I told you last Sunday that I often wished there was a real gate, and that I could come to it and knock, and be let in. It is so puzzling when one is told that it all means every-day things; but now, when I try to imagine the wicket-gate, and Christian knocking, and the Shining One letting him in, I shall always just see that iron gate, and the poor children looking in, and Sister Helen stepping down with the key.

‘So long as you don’t lose the real meaning of the allegory in your fanciful picture, my dear, there is no objection to your thinking of it as you please.’

(*To be continued.*)

A WINTER STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ROSE GARDEN.'

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold.
Shakespeare.

II.

RONALD slept away a great part of his sorrow; and when he awoke the next morning there was a soft light shining through the white blind, and he put his nose outside the bed-clothes, and surveyed his room with interest. It was very small, and had a sloping roof, and a small square window set high and deep in the wall, which took his fancy at once, as affording capabilities for a window-seat. He concluded further that a few nails about the walls, from which his sea-weed and other treasures might be suspended, would make the place more like home, and at the same time keep them out of the hands of Rachel. Ronald distinguished her voice now, outside the house, immediately below his window; while he remained lazily content in bed, thinking upon his new life with greater philosophy than he had been able to muster on the preceding evening, and dreamily noticing the absence of familiar street sounds, and the new country noises to which he listened in their stead—the soothing rustle of the wind among the trees, the twittering of birds, the cackling of the poultry, Watch's deep bark, and the soft lowing of cows going out from their milking.

He wondered what the time might be, why he heard no clocks striking, and what he should see if he drew back the window-blind—until curiosity overcame laziness, and he jumped up, and began to dress himself with all speed. There was but one chair in the room, and that he dragged to the window, climbed up, and sat with great delight in the deep hollow, which told something of the thickness of the old walls. Then he held back the blind, and looked out; but he did not want Rachel to see him, so that it was a cautious reconnaissance.

To his left, the house jutted out a little, or else it was a massive buttress which ran down—grey solid stone, made golden here and there with patches of spreading lichen. Not far below him a wall joined this projection, and going off at right angles, inclosed a corner of the farm-yard: Ronald could make out the thick wet straw over which he had stumbled the night before, a cart drawn under a shed, half a dozen long-legged cocks and hens, and a horse standing idly by the gate leading from the yard into a field. But all this lay to his left. In front of the window he saw a broad strip of garden, neither very neatly kept, nor thickly set with flowers; a little row of currant bushes bordering a

stiff path, overgrown pinks, wall-flowers, and clumps of double daisies, with two or three rose-bushes, on which straggling roses still lingered; and to the right, between the window and the sky, the branches of a splendid cherry tree, the greater part of its leaves fallen, and those that remained bright with the gorgeous colouring of autumn. The buttress just hid the sun itself from sight; but the most delicately tender lines stretched across the sky, one tint passing so subtly into another, that it was impossible to say which predominated; while the clouds were pearl-coloured, unlike the murky masses to which the boy had been hitherto accustomed. Directly before him lay a tract of open country, not wooded near the house, but with heavy belts of fir trees at a little distance; and beyond these again a long sweep of low blue hills, one and all touched with the soft sun-light, which transfigured everything, and made even Ronald wonder how sky and world had become so lovely.

He sat there, unconscious for how long, delighting in sights that were full of novelty, when a voice under the window startled him. It was Rachel, of course, and she was standing in that little angle of the yard which commanded his position, making signs to him to open the casement. A funny figure she looked, he thought; just as fresh and trim as the night before, but with a short dress, heavy boots, and a sort of sun-bonnet on her head.

‘Come,’ she said sharply, ‘it’s time ye were dressed, if ye want any breakfas’ to-day. We don’t kep such hours as you towns-folk do. An’ don’t ye be leavin’ yer room in a litter.’

Ronald shut the window, and scrambled down in hot haste. As quickly he bundled on the rest of his clothes; but he took care not to go down, until he had restored to his box all the treasures Rachel had so unceremoniously turned out, and with the key in his pocket he believed himself able to defy her. He ran along the crooked passages, making many false turns, but reaching at last the foot of the stairs—where stood Watch, a little reserved yet as to the position he intended Ronald to fill, but at least aware that he need not be treated as an enemy. The boy went timidly into the kitchen, where was all that had impressed him the night before, except that a little of the gloom was banished by the light of a sunny morning; the dark rafters hung as low and as heavily as he had fancied them, but the blackest shadows were gone, and the carved face was indistinct. It seemed, indeed, as Ronald found afterwards, that it went to sleep by day, and awoke to its grotesque life when evening and fire-light came.

In spite of Rachel’s warning, no one was in the room; but the long table was spread, and the four plates laid with the same dismal vacancies as the night before; and Rachel soon arrived, beginning at once to cut slices from a side of bacon, and to lay them in the frying-pan. Presently there was a step in the passage; Mr. Oldfield appeared, and then Ben, and they sat down to breakfast with as few words as when they supped.

The meal finished, Ben went out of the kitchen, and Ronald heard his voice in the yard with two others; Rachel bustled about, setting aside the things, until, turning round, and seeing Mr. Oldfield lingering by the window, she caught up the kettle, and hurried away abruptly. Ronald did not know whether he ought to go or stay; but it did not seem that he could be in his uncle's way, since he was only standing at the window, looking mechanically through the little long panes. Streaks of cold autumnal sunshine struck sharply across the path, and flickered on the dark panelling of the room. Brown leaves slowly floated down from an unseen tree. There was a chill mournfulness about the room, and the figure of Mr. Oldfield himself, which the boy recognized without understanding. He stood and stared at his uncle, until the fixity of his gaze must have made itself felt, for Mr. Oldfield turned round, and said, in a nervous and constrained voice, 'Tell me about your mother.' Then, as he saw tears gathering at this abrupt recall—'Did you love her so much? I beg your pardon.'

After this, he listened in silence, standing with his slight and drooping figure a little turned away from the boy, his head bent, and his hands restlessly locking each other. Evidently the account was full of pain to him, and a bystander would have said that he shrank visibly before it; but he put no questions, and made no comments of either sorrow or sympathy. It must have been, indeed, that some predominant emotion in his mind, some fixed direction of his thoughts, swallowed up all others, and left him without the power of sympathy; for there was no harshness in his face, which was on the contrary gentle and tremulous in its expression, to account otherwise for its absence. Ronald, when his little story was told, was quivering with excitement, and longing for some comforting words. But Mr. Oldfield only said, with what sounded like a sigh of relief, 'You may go now, Ronald. Run about where you please, for the present; afterwards I will arrange some plan for your work.'

The boy went up-stairs, and sat dismally upon his little box, wishing he had never been sent to the Pollard Farm, until, looking out at the cherry tree, it struck him that he would like to explore it from below; and, remembering his short term of liberty, he ran down the stairs, into a passage which opened into the garden in front.

In front—for he could now make out the position of the farm. On the north, or road side, lay the yard, with its low stone wall and out-buildings; the other, with its sloping grass-plot, was the southern frontage. The house was built of dark-grey stone, having three gables facing the yard, and a tiled roof yellow with lichens. Here and there ran a deep recess, the cherry tree with its spreading branches marked his own room, and he could see the little white blind fluttering in the window. The tree already possessed something of the character of an old friend; Ronald had a longing to climb it, and to prove if it were possible to clamber in at the window; but he thought of Rachel, and

whether she might not be waiting to pounce out from behind the white blind; and instead of making the venture, he went away.

Evidently but little care was bestowed upon the garden. There were some flowers in it, but they were such as might have long held tenure there; large bushy plants, rarely disturbed from year to year, yet boasting a certain luxuriance in the vigour of their unchecked growth. On the other side of the house, fields ran directly by the garden, and thick boggy tracks marked the road along which the cattle tramped to the milking. Ben was standing here with another man, and a cart, into which they presently began to shovel great bundles of wet straw.

‘Hullo, young Master,’ said Ben, ‘will ye come an’ help?’

Ronald, who had not got over his first feeling of dislike, answered shortly, and plunged into the yard. He had made the circuit of the house; and the gates stood temptingly open, under one of the deep and picturesque gate-ways to be met with in that part of the country, with thatched roof, and crossed arched rafters beneath. Mr. Oldfield had said he might go where he liked; and once outside, a delightful sense of freedom filled him. He looked on either side. To his left the lane became narrower, and ran steeply down; and Ronald fancied he caught the gleam of rushing water through the bushes. This attracted him greatly; but he nevertheless chose the path to the right, because the road there made a sharp turn, and he not only wanted to know what lay behind, but had a fancy it was the way by which he had arrived the night before. But he had not gone many yards from the farm, when he heard a voice calling loudly. It was Rachel; and he stopped reluctantly.

‘Where are ye goin’?’ she cried.

‘I don’t know.’

‘Come back this moment, ye naughty boy!’

Ronald put himself upon the defensive. ‘Uncle Philip said I might go where I liked.’

She stood still for a minute or two, twisting her apron round her arms, then she came towards him. ‘Did he say anythin’ else?’

‘By-and-by I’m to do lessons.’

‘Who with? Is he going to teach you hisself?’ asked Rachel eagerly.

Ronald had been wondering over the same problem, so it was impossible for him to satisfy her.

‘Well,’ she said, after a moment’s silence, ‘do try to be a good boy. Wheniver Master tells ye to do anythin’, mind an’ do it; an’ when yer not sure about anythin’, come an’ ask me.’

As she turned away, Ronald heard her say, ‘Poor Master!’ under her breath. She looked so much kinder and softer than he had yet seen her, that he took courage to run after her, and say, ‘Mrs. Rachel!’

‘Call me Rachel, plain.’

‘You won’t burn any of my things?’

‘Yes, I shall, if ye leave ’em about,’ she said quickly, with a return of

all her old sharpness. 'A pretty job, indeed, for ye to think I'm goin' to have the farm a littered up with such rubbish! Ye'll have to mind what yer about, I can tell ye. An' ye'd better see where yer goin' now; for if ye get lost on the common, I should like to know who's to go looking after ye.'

It was evident that Mrs. Cæsar considered her new charge a reprobate; and poor Ronald began to feel as if such must indeed be his character, since no one at the farm appeared to give him much welcome. His life, hitherto, if somewhat dull and spiritless, had been so carefully sheltered from harshness, that the change came strangely upon him; nor could he yet distinguish between real severity, and the sharp words which Rachel heaped indiscriminately. He walked sadly between the hedges, by one or two dreary looking cottages, through a field sown with wheat, along which a little pathway ran, past a few ill-grown dismal trees, and then out on a vast wild expanse, the view of which explained Rachel's warning to take care lest he got lost on the common.

Although Ronald grew familiar enough with it in after days, he never forgot the first strangeness of the great undulating common, rich with every shade of brown, from the golden russet of the dying bracken, to the deep dun sombreness of the heather; and far away, here and there, the same soft intensely blue hills which he had already noticed from his little window. To the boy, accustomed only to the cramped circumference of a town, this wild and beautiful expanse was like the first sight of the sea; the keen fresh air, just touched by a smell of burning peat, met him full in the face with a delicious exhilaration; he ran, leapt, almost shouted with delight. Clouds driven across the sky cast swift shadows on the earth; every here and there a rabbit rustled through the fern, a bird flew out from its cover: the breeziness, the freshness, the liberty, fascinated Ronald; he ran on and on, forgetting Rachel and her warnings; the great common stretched all about him, except where, behind, it changed into wooded land, and he could just see the smoke from the farm curling upwards against it; before him, on either side, lay this undulating flat. One road crossed it, gleaming as yellow as the little bits of golden gravel between the gorse; and there was no other landmark except an old finger-post, which threw despairing arms across the sky, and here and there scattered heaps of ling—piled up, as he afterwards learnt, by the broom-makers. It was this common that had seemed to him so cold and dreary, in his journey with Ben the night before; but the night before might have been years ago, for all it affected him now. The beauty of summer, the wealth of colouring of early autumn, were past; but here were still rich russets and olives, and the crisp freshness of the October air. Yet, when he had rambled for more than an hour, there came, once or twice, an awful sense of loneliness. Was the place a beautiful desert? He began to shiver a little, to think of the farm, to turn towards the road, with a longing for companionship. And then he saw two figures—so far off, that at first

he doubted whether he were overtaking or going towards them. Presently they became more clear; and by-and-by he made out that a lady and a little girl were coming along the road.

Ronald looked principally at the little girl—a light-haired creature of about six years old, with large grey eyes, which she opened very widely in passing him, giving him, at the same time, a little friendly nod and smile, as if to assure him that she would make acquaintance if she could. The lady who led her had grey eyes also, but so steady and grave that they were almost sad; nor was there much colouring in her face, except what lay in the eyes, and in the warm brown hair, which waved pleasantly on her forehead. After they had passed, Ronald turned, and watched them walking briskly on; and the little girl looked back too, and gave him another of her friendly nods. He wondered where they could be going, whether it might by any possibility be to the farm; and determining that his walk had been long enough, loitered slowly back, so as to keep them just in view. But at the bend of the road, before reaching the pollarded elms, he lost them; and hurrying into the farm, with just a hope that they might be there before him, he only encountered Rachel's inevitable injunctions to rub his shoes, and not make a litter, and was obliged to retire disconsolately to his room, which already, however, began to look a little less bare and unlike home.

(To be continued.)

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

(EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER'S DAUGHTER.)

CHAPTER IV.

'On the 8th of September we removed to San Joao de Foz, where we spent a quiet but rather dismal winter. It was in this eventful year that Napoleon's retreat from Moscow took place, and that Europe first began to breathe, and to make her first successful attempt at shaking off the nightmare which had so long oppressed her. The arrival of every mail from England was full of interest; and it was impossible for us, children as we were, not to share the excitement which my father, in common with every other military man, felt on the subject of the fate of Europe, which seemed to depend so much upon that of *La grande armée*.

'The cold of that winter was felt even in Portugal; but it is worth remarking, that in the month of January, and within ten yards of the ocean, our garden was filled with roses, myrtles, orange trees, and geraniums, in full bloom.

'In January we witnessed a most dreadful scene, which we never

forgot. After a stormy night, we were all seated at breakfast, rejoicing in the bright sunbeams, which promised a return of fine weather, when we saw a vessel approaching the bar, which at this time presented an extensive sheet of foam. No pilot could reach her; the breakers already washed over her deck; every sail was furled, and every signal of distress was made in vain. The moment she struck upon the fatal rock all hope was lost, and we turned away from the telescope with sickening hearts. My father offered any money to the various pilots if they would put out some boats; but the love of life was stronger than either avarice or humanity: they all refused. As a last resource, my father stationed a number of soldiers with lighted torches on the beach when the night closed in, to point out a safe landing-place in case they determined to abandon the ship. We sat up until late, and caught a last glimpse of the light which the poor sailors had contrived to fasten on the masts about eleven o'clock. It was with a heavy heart that I went to bed, but nevertheless I fell asleep, and did not wake until two o'clock, when the sound of strange voices, and a great confusion in the house, made me jump out of my bed. I found that my father's precaution of stationing lights along the shore, had, under God's blessing, proved the means of guiding the Captain and seven sailors to the landing-place in a small boat. The mate and carpenter had thrown themselves overboard in a fit of despair, and were immediately swallowed up by the waves. Five minutes after the remainder of the crew had quitted the ship, she split and sank. After giving the poor fellows a plentiful supper and some money, my father dismissed them with a letter to the consul, whose office it was to provide for them.

'The next event which I remember was the arrival of despatches, which contained nothing less than an account of the Allies having entered Paris, the restoration of the Bourbons, and Napoleon's exile to the island of Elba. This was followed by illuminations, fire-works, dinners, and fêtes; it was the fashion for everyone to look pleased, and the Oporto ladies were indefatigable in making white cockades, and in learning to say *Vive le roi*, because they understood that all the ladies in Europe were similarly engaged, though as to the why or the wherefore they would have been puzzled to say. I remember one pretty little specimen of Portuguese naiveté, Donna Emilia Roussel, who, from a fancied relationship to the Bedford family, was very proud of her Russelish name. My father, amused at her genealogical pride, asked her if she was aware of the relationship between her family and the hero of the day, the Emperor Alexander of Russia. "Of course I am, Senhor General; he is my uncle in direct line." When Lord John Russell was at Oporto he humoured this illustrious little personage, who was the wife of a militia captain, by calling her his fair cousin.

'May 19.—On this day we set out for the Convent of Pendurada, where we had been invited to remain some days, while my father reviewed the neighbouring regiments of militia. Our first visit was to the Quinta of

Colonel Menezes, where we arrived late, having lost our way, and travelled in the dark by torch-light. We were introduced by our good-natured host to his young wife, Donna Archangela, whose ugly face and forbidding manner did not harmonize with her angelic name. She rose to receive us, and then resumed her comfortable recumbent posture on the sofa, wrapped in a large cloth capote, with a tooth-pick in her mouth, which afforded her a good excuse for remaining silent. Our bed-rooms had been lately white-washed, and were still damp; the sheets were wet, but they were trimmed with deep lace; the bolsters were stuffed with straw, but they were tied with bows of pink ribbon!

'In spite, however, of damp sheets, hard beds, mosquitoes, rats, and mice, we slept until six o'clock, when the fair Archangela knocked at our door to inquire whether we were comfortable and disposed to breakfast. When this meal was over, it became a point of difficulty how the company should spend, or rather misspend, the time until dinner. A *partie de chasse* was agreed upon, and the ladies were invited to witness it; but if I had foreseen the horrible scene of slaughter which was to ensue, I should have begged hard to learn my lessons instead of enjoying *such* a holiday. A large party of gentlemen were assembled in a large field, where a servant was standing with a sack filled with poor little half-tamed rabbits. These were thrown out one by one, to make the best of their way through the field, followed by a pack of hounds, and were of course instantly devoured.

'We were invited to breakfast with the monks at the Convent of Postella, and in our character of heretics were warmly welcomed, where Donna Archangela, as a good Catholic, could not gain admittance. On our road we were caught in a violent thunder-storm, and were obliged to dry ourselves by the kitchen fire, surrounded by all the monks, who very politely expressed their regret that they could not afford us any assistance from the convent wardrobe. The Prior did the honours of the breakfast-table, while fifteen or twenty handsome and impudent-looking young friars stood behind our chairs, laughing very heartily at the unusual sight of petticoats in the Prior's own apartments. There was a profusion of sweetmeats, and of every luxury which could verify the truth of Baileau's assertion—

"De tous mets sucrés, secs, en pâté, ou liquides,
Les estomacs des moines furent toujours avides."

'May 22.—We bid adieu to our angelic friend, and proceeded to Penafiel, where my father reviewed some regiments of militia. In the evening we continued our journey to Paço de Suza, where my father had promised to spend a couple of days with Colonel Leste, at his beautifully situated Quinta. Colonel Leste had been married only ten days; and his pretty little bride, Donna Emilia Delphina, having just attained her sixteenth year, was playing at *Dame du Château* for the first time. She received us on the steps of the house, surrounded by a crowd of servants and

peasants, who were all dressed in their holiday clothes. Several of our Oporto acquaintance and a number of officers joined the party at dinner, when there was a magnificent display of plate, with band playing, fireworks crackling, and compliment making, to perfection.

‘Our party at dinner was increased by the arrival of a deputation of very ugly old monks, who had been sent by the Prior of the convent to compliment my father. They dined at a separate table, but were called upon to join in giving three cheers after every toast which was proposed. I shall never forget the grimaces and awkward gestures of the poor friars when obliged to stand up glass in hand; notwithstanding, they agreed with much good-humour to follow the example of their military neighbours, and appeared nothing loth to swallow a few bumpers of Colonel Leste’s old port and sparkling champagne.

‘The next day we went to the Convent of Paço, celebrated as having been the retreat of Egos Moniz, a Regulus-like Portuguese hero of the twelfth century, who, while equally gallant and loyal with his prototype, underwent a happier fate at the hands of his enemies. The monks requested us to try the organ, and entered with great zest into the really profane and ill-timed mirth of the Portuguese gentlemen of our party. One of them, a man of seventy, amused himself in imitating the nasal twang of some of the choristers, and the priests seemed to enter *con amore* into this very bad joke; but the most disgusting part of this mockery took place after we left the convent. Donna Emilia and Donna Isabel were brought before the Superior by a party of laughing monks, that they might perform penance for having entered the convent. Both the young ladies knelt down while the Abbot touched them lightly on the shoulders with a switch; he then muttered a few Latin prayers, and told them they were fully and completely absolved. So much for conventual discipline in 1814!

‘Colonel Leste and some officers escorted us as far as Ambos os Rios, a small town situated on the banks of the Douro, where we were received as usual with sky-rockets, and covered with roses and orange flowers. A boat had been prepared for us, which was decorated with finery from all the neighbouring churches. It was covered with a crimson damask canopy, lined with yellow satin, and trimmed with gold lace!

‘We were now passing along that part of the Douro which is called the vine country; on either side the vineyards grew close to the water’s edge, and we of course looked at them with respect, as it is from these grapes that port wine is made. In about an hour’s time we caught a glimpse of the white spires of Pendurada through the thick woods which enclose it; and on turning a point of the mountain, the whole building was presented to our view. Its various chapels and hanging gardens form a very picturesque feature in the landscape. A deputation of monks welcomed us upon the shore, and led us to the convent gates, where the Abbot and the ex-General were waiting to receive us. Almost at the same moment, Colonel Serpa, his wife, and Donna Emilia Roussel,

landed from their boat and joined our party; and now came the usual difficulty—how were the ladies to be admitted? It could not be said that we were unbidden guests, for we had received a formal invitation; still it was contrary to conventual theory that a petticoat should gain free admission. It was therefore settled between the Abbot and his community that if the ladies positively forced the gates there was nothing to be done but to submit to the invasion. The Abbot then informed us that he could not allow any of the monks to open the door, but that they would all get out of our way, leaving us to effect an entrance if we could. This was not difficult, as the door was unlocked, and there was no barrier to impede our progress to the refectory, where a magnificent dinner of seven courses had been prepared for us. We passed a pleasant evening, with the assistance of a magnificent organ, and were conducted at night by a party of monks to a small building beautifully decorated, (at the expense of the church-hangings,) which had been fitted up for us to occupy during the night. The next morning we received an early visit from the Abbot, who came to escort us to the convent, where the ex-General was waiting to receive us. He was a venerable and respectable monk, about eighty-six years of age, much beloved by the community, who treated him with the most obsequious attentions. He was well-informed in history, entertaining in his conversation, and had devoted a great part of his time to botany. He made some slight objection to our entering his room, but we soon saw that his scruples were intended to be overcome by our perseverance: and when once we had crossed the threshold of his door, his kind and benevolent smile told us that we were not unwelcome intruders. His two small apartments, for cells they could not be called, were neatly furnished, and well stored with huge and ponderous folio volumes. These rooms opened upon a terrace, at one end of which the old gentleman had constructed a greenhouse, where he had arranged a beautiful collection of exotics.

‘Early next morning we paid a farewell visit to our hospitable friars, breakfasted in the refectory, and then proceeded, with Colonel Serpa, his daughter, and Donna Emilia, to Vimeiro, where we had promised to spend a couple of days. Donna Emilia had been shut up in a convent until she was sixteen, when she was married to a young officer little older and little wiser than herself, for whom she evinced a degree of indifference approaching to contempt. We did not effect our landing at the Quinta Roussel without difficulty. The ground was very soft, and Donna Emilia’s morning costume was not adapted for a water party. She was dressed in a pink satin gown, white satin shoes, a diamond neck-lace, and a lace scarf. We waded through the mud as well as we could, and were received on the banks of the river by the husband and the aunts of our fair friend. The house, to which they conducted us with a profusion of bows, curtesies, and civil speeches, was in a most dilapidated condition; and I well remember the comforting speech of one of the maiden aunts, who, seeing us hesitate when we found that one half of the building had

positively fallen down, said, "Don't be afraid; it will not fall yet." In the only habitable room we found a breakfast prepared, at which poor little Antoninho, the husband, officiated alternately as master of the house and slave to his pretty but very silly little wife. We then went on to Vimeiro, and thence embarked on the river, returning home to San Joao de Foz the same day, having thoroughly enjoyed our little expedition.

'May 29.—My father left us for Grejo, where he was going to review the militia regiments. We followed him to Ovar, which is rather a pretty town. The dress of the women is remarkably neat; they flocked to their doors, with their spindle in one hand and a distaff in the other, to look at the strangers; the men, as usual, wasted their time and fuel in making bon-fires, and frightened the horses and mules by letting off fire-works. We embarked on the canal in the midst of a motley crowd of soldiers, beggars, magistrates, and pick-pockets, and were glad to find ourselves comfortably seated in the government boat, beyond the reach of compliments and church bells.

'We were tired and uncomfortable when we reached Aveiro, and therefore the less prepared to meet with the cold and uncomfortable reception which awaited us. The inhabitants did not shew any anxiety to welcome us, although I have already mentioned that fire-works and civil speeches *ne content rien* in Portugal, and my father having twice saved their town from the ravages of the French, they certainly owed him at least a little civility. The old general, Agostinho Laiz, his son, and two or three officers, welcomed us on the shore, and conducted us to our Quinta. This was a caricature of Portuguese Quintas in general; it consisted of six or eight rooms, the floors of which were decayed, and had in many places actually fallen in through age and neglect; a few deal chairs, a couple of three-legged dirty tables, straw beds, and damp sheets, constituted the furniture, and a provision of one table-cloth, three napkins, and four tallow-candles, had been made for our daily use.

'A succession of visitors from the town itself and from the neighbouring Quintas appeared the next day. They all seemed to be at variance with one another, and were altogether a very disagreeable set of people. Aveiro is a gloomy and ill-built town, situated in the midst of marshes which make the air unhealthy. The harbour is so small, that only yachts and fishing vessels can enter it; one of our greatest amusements was to observe the uncouth appearance and dress of the poor fishermen, who came from many miles distance to sell their little cargo in the market. These "Pescadores" are, in fact, little better than savages in appearance; they suffer their beards and hair to grow to an extreme length, which gives them a most ferocious countenance, yet nothing can exceed the gentleness and natural politeness of their manners. They never pass a stranger without taking off their hats and saying, "God keep Vosca Senhoria many years;" and are altogether infinitely more polished than their rude and disagreeable neighbours at Aveiro.

‘Before we left Aveiro, the old General Agostinho Laiz conducted us to a convent of lady Jesuits, who received us with a double quantity of sweet speeches and sweet cakes. The floor of the parlour was covered with a handsome Turkey carpet, and there was an appearance of wealth and even luxury, which is seldom *seen* in convents, although I cannot pretend to say that they do not exist. Here, as at Sta. Clara, very loud and laughing objections were made to the admittance of the English heretics, but they ended as usual in our being conducted over the convent, and as usual I was almost smothered by the affectionate embraces of the Sisterhood.

‘The following evening we drank tea at another convent, where we heard a young lady sing and accompany herself on the guitar, with a degree of impudence which did not inspire much respect for convent education.

‘June 7.—We rode to Ithavaó, a town which is out of the beaten track, and consequently little frequented by strangers. Our arrival created a great sensation; and when we took shelter from the crowd in a small inn on the market-place, it was quite ridiculous to watch the groups of peasants who were besieging the doors and windows of the room we occupied. I believe we were the first strangers of the feminine gender whom they had ever seen. They gazed at our riding-dress and hats in silent amazement, and one old woman cried out as I passed that I was a “*minto bonito rapazinho!*”

‘On Corpus Christi Day we accepted the Marquez de Ponte de Lima’s invitation to view the grand procession, which always takes place on that day, from his windows. It was a most painful sight to witness such a burlesque scene, miscalled a *religious* ceremony; but I fear the only feelings it excited in my young mind were those of curiosity and amusement. The procession did not commence until one o’clock, when a crowd of ragged men, women, and children running by the house, gave warning of its approach. It passed in the following order: some very fine horses led one by one—these belonged to private individuals, and were only lent to St. George (throughout Portugal supposed to be the patron of horses) on this occasion; next followed the effigy of the saint in paste-board, armed *cap à pie*, and mounted on a beautiful white charger, supported on either side by an attendant; the gigantic St. Christopher followed his friend St. George, and excited much laughter from his colossal height and tottering walk. This image was ten feet high, dressed in a crimson robe trimmed with gold, and was with difficulty supported by two pair of human legs, which were concealed in the folds of its drapery. A regiment of priests belonging to the various convents now moved slowly along; then came an image of the Virgin Mary, dressed in blue and silver; and the whole of this painful mockery was closed by priests bearing a canopy, under which was carried the consecrated wafers!

‘My father having promised that we should accompany him to Oys de

Bairro, where he was going to inspect the Coimbra regiment, we left Aveiro on the 11th June. This being one of the few roads which are practicable for a carriage, we flattered ourselves that we should have reached Palhaço *sains et sauves*; but before we had travelled three miles the carriage became fixed between two steep banks, the wheel broke, the horses fell, and we were too happy to exchange our uncomfortable seats for our side-saddles. We had a delicious ride from Palhaço to Oys de Bairro, partly by moonlight, the country thickly wooded, the trees in many parts forming a natural alcove over our heads as we passed along, and the fire-flies more brilliant than ever. We did not reach Oys de Bairro until eleven o'clock, and found the court-yard crowded with officers and servants with torches; they all began to speak at once, and to express the most *tender* anxiety for our safety, having, as they said, been alarmed at our long delay. My father explained the story of the carriage, and we underwent a regular course of condolence and congratulation before we were all allowed to go to bed. From our bedroom window we saw the hill of Barrosa, the scene of one of the Wellington victories.

'On the 17th we returned to Aveiro, took leave of the pretty exile, the young Marquez de P—— L——, and had a long fatiguing ride through a sandy and most uninteresting country to Oporto.'

Six weeks later, Sir Nicholas had a fall from his horse in the streets of Oporto, in which he received injuries so serious, that a severe illness followed. 'He was so dangerously ill at one time, in consequence of not having been bled, that a report was circulated of his death; and if we might judge from the interest and anxiety which the whole population of Oporto seemed to feel in his recovery, he was indeed beloved as he deserved to be, especially by the lower classes, whom he had always defended, at the expense of his own personal interests, against the oppression and injustice of the Fidalgos. My father was convinced that he never could recover while he retained the situation of governor; and his mind grew fatigued and his body exhausted by the harassing duties of public life, which are, I believe, more irritating and vexatious in Portugal than elsewhere. He therefore sent in his resignation to Government, and after various leave-takings, demonstrative and quiet, we left Oporto for Lisbon.'

(To be continued.)

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XIV.—REFINEMENT AND FINERY.

WHAT is refinement? Is it a thing to be cultivated or not? The last generation would have answered the question with far less hesitation than the present, except when the word is taken in the false sense of luxuriousness.

By refinement, then, I mean the Christian's adoption of 'whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report;' and his shrinking from all that is coarse, gross, sensual, or connected with any form of vice or meanness. Finery is the exaggeration of this quality, becoming weak, helpless, sentimental, fastidious, affected, censorious, and ridiculous. As soon as self comes in, refinement becomes finery.

Refinement is just as much a Christian grace in a man as in a woman; but he is not such a hateful unsexed creature without it as a woman is. No one can truly keep that Baptismal vow to renounce the sinful lusts of the flesh, without becoming refined; and thus we see that genuine refinement belongs to no station. It is simple delicacy both towards others and oneself, though the estimate of what such delicacy requires varies with breeding.

The connection with luxury is perhaps this. The rougher and ruder the life, the fewer the protections from want of niceness. A pocket-handkerchief is a refinement; but perhaps a parasol is only a comfort. Again, hard toil and scanty accommodation, with brief time or space for attending to the person, lead to an obtuseness to the requirements of decorum, which cultivation and more favourable circumstances again renew; and thus a competence is almost needful for the fostering of perfect refinement, though it can and does exist in very arduous circumstances.

It is, in fact, the outcome of purity of heart, shewing itself in all our words and deeds, in appropriate actions or refrainings, and becoming a law to itself as to what the innate spirit of delicacy can accept or reject.

Our bodies are the earthen vessels containing the treasure of our souls, and of yet more—the Holy Spirit. We have to respect them as such, 'and possess our vessel in sanctification and honour.' This is the underlying principle; and refinement draws the line between this reverence to our sanctified bodies, and the making idols of the flesh. Self-indulgence and coarseness are alike ruinous to it.

To give an instance or two. An unrefined woman, deprived of servants, will live in a horrible state of slovenliness, because she will not exert herself; a refined woman will never rest till all around is clean and tidy. An unrefined woman is only just withheld from open indecorum

by Mrs. Grundy, and indulges in whispers, and private discussions of transgressions or infirmities, on which the refined one is perfectly silent, or speaks with straight-forward modesty when forced to enter on the matter. Both may be equally ready to help in trying or disgusting sicknesses, and it does not always prove that the refined one has the most shrinking to overcome; indeed, as she is sure to be the least self-indulgent and best disciplined, it is more likely that her nerves will be less in rebellion, and her mind more occupied with the sufferer than with herself; but this is too much a matter of physical temperament to be decided thus. However, the most refined woman I know, is also the most perfect nurse and assistant in all the little accidents of life. It was the tender and delicate woman, who would not adventure to set her foot on the ground for tenderness and delicacy, whose heart was hardened in the straitness of the siege towards her own children—because her delicacy was selfishness; but it was the king's sister, the saintly Elisabeth, who cut up her own dresses for her little companion in captivity, and smiled when she was obliged to bite off her thread for want of scissors when mending her brother's coat.

There is a grand refinement of hardihood and exertion, and this is that to which the modern world is most averse. That which saves it trouble, or is mere ornament, it is willing enough to call refinement; but it has no sympathy with the sensitive reticence that will take any trouble rather than endure a soil—that will abstain from a book or a newspaper rather than learn details of impurity, and will bear fatigue rather than lounge publicly in a self-indulgent way. Oh no! this is prudery, absurdity, old-maidism! Refinement is just what makes life most comfortable, in most people's notions. To my mind, on the contrary, it is that which makes it most noble, most spiritual, farthest removed from the animal. There was far more refinement in the never letting the back touch the hard wooden chair, than in lying back with raised knees and crossed legs on a spring-cushioned embroidered seat, in a room full of gentlemen. Was the grandmother or the grand-daughter likely to be the most disciplined, self-controlled being? Refinement was much cultivated in the earlier years of the century, and had a tendency to degenerate into finery. Miss Lily Black, in *The Inheritance*, is a grand example; but there was much to be said for it. Look at those delicate miniatures of gentle-faced ladies, with little curls over their pensive brows; people like sweet Fanny Price, in *Mansfield Park*, whose innate modesty was guarded on all sides. They shrank from all exposure; never went by a public conveyance, or were carefully escorted if they did; never walked unattended in London, nor with an unmarried companion of the other sex anywhere else, dropped correspondence with male cousins as soon as childhood ended, and in fact, lived in what the present generation would view as an intolerable bondage to proprieties.

These were the ordinary *bienséances* of young-ladyhood, and what sort of woman did they make? Where the original substance was good,

earnest, and energetic, they made such women as we have learnt to know in Maria Hare, or as most of us still remember as living models of gentleness, purity, and delicacy of thought, word, and deed, reigning over the affections of all around them by a tender grace which age cannot take away. Their manuscript books of extracts, chiefly of their favourite poetry, in a delicate peaked Italian hand, their long crossed letters, their dainty pencilled drawings full of endless labour, represent them almost perfectly; but they were very steady and industrious, reading solid books, often abstaining from all ordinary novels, keeping up their accomplishments as a duty in requital of the money spent on them, and fully and completely acting up to the mission of the household spirit, brightening, soothing, influencing, making home sweet and refreshing to weary manhood.

The disadvantage lay in the temptation to weaker natures to become helpless and sentimental, if not affected. Charity was certainly crippled by the resolution to see nothing that ought not to be seen; and the persuasion that it would be absolutely wrong to go where vice or rudeness would be encountered—a sort of offence against their own modest dignity, and the guardianship of father or husband. Much in the way of kindness, and something in the way of teaching, was done; but great efforts, such as those of Miss Nightingale or Miss Rye, never could have been thought of; and for a lady to penetrate the back-slums of London, or even to keep a night-school for lads, or to train the church choir, would have been thought unfeminine.

The doors have been opened. Girls live a much freer, bolder life, far less hampered by scruples. Waltzing has become so universal, after long protest and resistance, that most of my younger readers will stare at the bare notion of any objection thereto; hunting has ceased to be confined to 'the Lady Di Spankers' of society; skating is as unimpeachable a feminine pastime as walking; travelling alone is hardly doubted about; and except in very early girlhood, there is really no place into which charity is not a passport for a lady. Nor do I say for a moment, that such things are censurable. There are many in which custom is really the rule; but the point to be considered is, where it may safely be trusted.

In the first place, all sports which the custom of the time appropriates to men, are to be avoided by women. Riding to the meet, and skating, can now be done by the quietest girls; and other like amusements, where numbers protect one another, and no remark is excited, are harmless, because there is no usurpation of manhood. For my own part, I confess to a great dislike to any woman taking part in sports connected with the destruction of animal life. Toleration of riding to the meet sounds like an inconsistency here; but it so seldom brings a quiet woman into close quarters with the actual destruction of the fox, that it is little more than an object for a ride; but the walking out with shooting gentlemen, using a gun, or fishing, must involve so much actual

sight of pain, terror, and death, that I cannot imagine how any gentle-hearted woman can endure it. I do not think any amount of custom can reconcile shooting game with true womanhood; though as to shooting at a target, there is no more harm in doing so with a pistol than in doing so with a bow and arrow; and there may be moments when the knowledge how to use a weapon may be needful in self-defence. But as to the fashion of women looking on at pigeon-shooting matches, it is absolutely hateful. It is a base cowardly sport for men themselves, devoid of all the exercise and spirit of the chase, which partridge shooting has, and pheasant shooting used to have before *battues* set in; and ladies ought to use all their influence against it, rather than encourage it by looking coolly on at the fluttering agonies of dying birds. It is the first stage towards a bull fight.

Going about alone in London, walking and corresponding with young men, &c.—all the many daring things that young ladies attempt out of what they want to consider innocence, but which is really a spirit of defiance and desire of liberty, excitement, and even notoriety—all these things are, when not exactly perilous, destructive to the gentleness and modesty, which—tell us what modernism will—are the chief grace of womanhood. ‘The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price;’ and woe be to the nation if we women throw it away, on the plea that we can guard ourselves.

Guard ourselves! Take care of ourselves! The very idea implies danger. Where there has been need of defence, there comes a hardening; and that delicate bloom of perfect modesty must needs be rubbed off. And it is a far greater and truer grace than any achievement which is at best only a feeble imitation of man.

This is not saying that the woman should be prudish, or helpless, or inactive; though on the whole, Mrs. Barbauld’s mother was right, and prudishness is the better extreme in a girl than fastness.

Real refinement has the full play of all its faculties; and its very modesty hinders it from dependence and feebleness. It is so instinctive, that to lay down rules for it is almost injurious to it. All that can be said is, that it is the delicate aroma of Christianity. It shrinks from no task, however painful or disagreeable, that ought to be done; but simply goes through with it. It makes no parade of sensitiveness or of decorum, but it silently stands aside from whatever jars on its sense of the fitting. It loves the shelter of home, the protection of parent, brother, or husband; yet it will pass over ordinary bounds when the call comes, not of pleasure, but duty. All that is tainted with evil, and bears the trail of the Serpent, is hateful to it. No undesirable newspaper report, no novel founded on crime and full of questionable situations, are studied by it. It does not ‘take pleasure’ in the story of the evils it is restrained from committing. Nay, its very words are pure from all those slang terms of doubtful origin, the charm of which is a certain audacity and naughtiness in using them, and the cheap wit of misapplying them.

Very poor fun indeed it is, to borrow from a school-boy what he has borrowed from the fashionable *repertoire* of his school, some expression, ludicrously inappropriate, and to apply it *usque ad nauseam*, with the more zest, because it is known to vex the ears of elder people. And where did these terms come from? School-boys are generally their most respectable origin. Many are borrowed from the lowest of the low, and are connected with the cant terms of vice. Alas for the pure grace of a lady's tongue, when her speech and ideas are moulded by slang!

In those days, when finery, i. e. over-refinement, was the danger, there used to be crusades against the use of the term *vulgar*, when it was misapplied to what was merely homely and simple. Now vulgarity, in its true sense of the basely common, is one great danger of our whole society. Bluntness to real delicacy of thought, action, and word, is cultivated, under a supposed notion of liberty; and our women and girls are doing their utmost to throw away all the restraints that authority, hereditary delicacy, and conventionality, still impose on them; and therewith all true respect. For a man will never respect an inferior copy of himself, in boldness, skill, and loudness. He may laugh with her, and call her capital fun, but he cannot honour her, nor feel tender fostering affection for her, nor will she ever assist him by purifying and refining society. She will be no restraint on his bad habits, no curb on the coarseness of his nature. All she will be, is an unsexed creature, lowering the whole standard of womanhood, and therewith of human nature. Where woman is not refined, man will not be chivalrous.

Oh! then, that our ladies would beware of throwing away the jewel that will never recover its lustre if they let it once be dimmed!

(To be continued.)

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

VIII.—PRIMARY ORGANIZATION.

THE next step, after forming the new household into a community of prayer, is to weld it into a community of society; for, as has been pointed out more than once already, it is by no means easy to unite women unconnected by early ties into a family. If they do not learn to stand to one another in some more intimate relation than that of joint lodgers in a boarding-house, there will be little use in prosecuting the scheme.

The social ideal to be aimed at, is precisely that which is indicated by the application of the terms Mother and Sisters to the inmates of a

Religious House; bearing in mind, however, that the Mother's relation is one to grown-up daughters, and not to children absolutely dependent on, and subjected to her. Much, therefore, depends on the tact, kindness, good temper, and practical ability, of the first Superior. Generally speaking, the first head of a new Society has been found in one of two ways: by some woman actually beginning the work herself, in a quiet manner, and proving her fitness by success, as was the case with Angela Merici, foundress of the educational Order of Ursulines, and Jane Frances de Chantal, foundress of the Visitation; or by the choice made by the person who originally planned the new organization, as in the case of St. Vincent de Paul's selection of Mademoiselle Legras to begin the Sisters of Charity. And of course, where a woman of unquestionable piety, zeal, and capacity, can be found ready to undertake such a task, whether of her own mere motion, or at the suggestion of another, a great initial problem is at once solved. But it must be borne in mind that such women are not always discoverable on the first search, and that a mistake, very likely to be made, can, and probably will, produce most hurtful results. A woman may have great piety, and may have large private means at her disposal, which she desires to consecrate to the foundation of a community; and it would seem that such a case, by no means uncommon, provides the necessary head with no further difficulty. But it does not by any means follow that she will possess an organizing mind, or the instinctive tact in dealing gently yet firmly with domestic jealousies and troubles, which is essential. Moreover, such a case as that here put does not quite meet the aim of these papers, because a woman so situated would have no difficulty in betaking herself to an old established convent, to get training there; and I am contemplating only cases where this is impracticable. Nor will it do to trust implicitly to the choice made by some clergyman, however wise and devout he may be; for this very sufficient reason: that, for the most part, the stamp of woman that suits men does not suit the other sex—nay, cannot get on pleasantly with most women. But we have to find a woman whose life is to be spent all but exclusively in female society, and who is to exercise a preponderating influence in that society. It might seem at first that a lady who would make a thoroughly good school-mistress, or governess in a large family, is the desirable person; but this is not so, for the very adequate cause that she will have to rule over her equals, perhaps her superiors, in age, capacity, and attainments—to be the constitutional president of a commonwealth, not the absolute monarch of a kingdom; and thus the antecedents of one whose dealings have been chiefly with very young and ignorant girls, do not give the needful training. The school-mistress type has a very important function to discharge in all Sisterhoods, as will be noted later, but not the highest one.

The wisest plan, therefore, when a few ladies have been got to live together as the nucleus of a Sisterhood, is to persuade them to take the

housekeeping and headship week about for some time, say six weeks or two months; and then choose amongst themselves by ballot one of their number to be Superior of the community for a short period, say three or six months, as having proved the most efficient and acceptable mistress of the household during her term of office. Anyone who gets the accounts into confusion, and cannot hand over a clear statement to her successor, is at once disqualified for being elected. Of course, this is a merely tentative arrangement, and it is quite possible to make a bad choice even so. But it does provide *some* test of fitness better than mere personal liking. For the rule laid down by St. Teresa as a guide in choosing a spiritual adviser, is quite as applicable to the selection of a head for a Sisterhood. St. Teresa's maxim was that if one have the option between a very devout but not very clever or learned clergyman, and one by no means so devout, but with shrewd good sense, and knowledge of the world, it is much the best plan to choose the latter, because he will make far fewer mistakes in advising on practical matters. So completely was this view present to the mind of a far earlier Saint, Robert d'Arbrissél, that in founding the famous Order of Fontevraud at the beginning of the twelfth century, (whose singular rule it was that the Abbess was Superior over the monks of the Society as well as over the nuns,) he provided that no nun should ever be elected Abbess, but that some experienced and devout widow, or other lady who had lived in the world, should be offered the headship on each vacancy, and co-opted into the Order.

It is not, therefore, the woman of the most fervent piety, and the gentlest and most loving disposition, who will probably make the best Superior, because such a woman will usually prefer to cling and follow, rather than support and lead. A capable, practical, good-tempered, decisive woman, even if far surpassed in devoutness by some of her fellows, is the one to choose. The worst possible head of a Religious House—setting aside distinctly evil types of women—is a plaintive, nervous, vacillating character. The next worst is a flighty or sentimental religionist; and then a masterful and arbitrary spirit. But women are so very clear-sighted towards one another, that no person having the faults named is likely to be chosen by their free election to rule over them; whereas it is quite possible that a man's choice might fall on the second or third, if not on the first.

But although I have suggested alternate housekeeping, as supplying some criterion of practical capacity, it must not be supposed for a moment that the functions of a Superior are limited to the discharge of household duties. They are, in truth, far wider and more complex, as will be shewn in due time. Here it is enough to say that three offices are essential in the very smallest Community, even if it be so small that one person has to fill two of these offices. They are—Superior, House-keeper, and Sacristan.

No matter how large the Society may afterwards become, nor how

various the works it may undertake, involving the establishment of many departments under responsible heads, all the higher official posts will prove, on examination, to be merely subdivisions of these three primary trusts. The Assistant Superior and the Mistress of the Novices are simply delegates of the Superior; the Guest-mistress, the Infirmarian, the Mistress of the Wardrobe, are deputies of the House-keeper—Cellarer was the ancient title; the Precentrix, the Organist, the Choir-mistress, discharge certain functions of the Sacristan.

These three, in short, represent the Community, in its threefold aspect; as an organized Society for definite work, as a well-ordered Household, and as a Guild of prayer. And it will be found, after a very brief experience, that each of these posts involves so much constant work and responsibility, that it is very unwise to accumulate them, or any two of them, into one hand, unless there really are not three members of the Community fit to be entrusted with responsible duties.

I had better meet here an objection, likely to be made by inexperienced persons. We can see, they will say, why it is necessary to have a general head, to organize and distribute all the work. We can also see that a housekeeper is essential, to keep the domestics up to the mark of efficiency, and to take care that meals and similar necessities are duly provided. But what need can there be of a special Sacristan, and what can she possibly find to do? The answer to these questions is involved in what has been already said, that the primary character of a Religious House is to be a shrine of *prayer*. If this ideal be not kept at all times prominently before the minds of the inmates, they will never attain the chief aim of the institution. Accordingly, it is not merely essential that there should be stated and frequent times of daily assembling for devotional purposes, but that as much beauty and attractiveness should be gathered round the Chapel and its services as the means of the community permit. The enforced simplicity of dress, customs, and surroundings, in all that makes up the temporal life of the Society, allows little or no outlet for those instincts of taste, grace, and beauty, which most women possess; and yet, if we stunt or crush these instincts, we jar the harmony and balance of character which God has ordained. Therefore all the costliness and adornment which are banished from other parts of the dwelling, should find a home in the Chapel, making it the brightest, pleasantest, most attractive spot in the house, and thus keep, by perpetual symbol, before the minds of the Community the superior loveliness of the service of God over all other occupations. But to attain this end, daily and careful pains are necessary. No matter how poor in adornments the chapel may be, one requisite, that of scrupulous and delicate cleanliness, is indispensable; and everyone knows how much time that exacts to maintain, especially in smoky towns. Where the Sacristan, besides the care of the chapel linen, furniture, books, candles, and clerical vestments, is also organist and choir-mistress, her hands will be completely filled; and even where she does not discharge these

additional functions, the care of the chapel will occupy too many hours for her to hold any other very active post at the same time, though she may, of course, take a fair allotment of the common tasks of the Community.

To assign these three great offices is, then, the second duty of the new Society, after it has arranged its forms and seasons of common prayer. It is usual, when a Religious House has been fully organized, to elect the Superior alone, and to place in her hands the right of nomination to all other offices—subject, in some Houses, to the veto or approval of the Chapter. But at first starting, unless there be, as may happen, an exceptionally wise and capable head, it is better that the whole Community should vote by ballot for the distribution of offices, on the express understanding that this primary choice is to be for only a brief specified time, and that, even so, any officer so chosen—except the Superior—may be at once removed by a two-thirds vote, to prevent the danger of collapse at the very outset, through the mistakes of a beginner. A housekeeper may, for instance, be very extravagant, and drain the resources of the House by injudicious marketing; so that it is necessary to be able to check such an error at once. The reason of voting by ballot is to avoid jealousies, and the difficulty in which it would place a woman to be forced to choose between two candidates, one of whom was, let us say, more her personal friend, and the other obviously the better fitted for the post. The balloting papers should have the names of all the possible candidates for each office written or printed on them, so that a simple mark opposite the chosen one will suffice as an indication. And it would be well, before proceeding to vote at all, to draw up a brief paper, describing clearly what duties the Superior, the Housekeeper, and the Sacristan, have severally to fulfil: because it is only by realizing these duties plainly, that the relative fitness of candidates can be estimated; and most people, when called on suddenly to vote, would not have the whole needs of each case definitely before their minds at the first. Of course, when a community has been in existence a year or so, every member of it knows well enough what each official has got to do, and in what way inefficiency in any department will affect the household; but at starting it is not possible to reckon on this experience, so that a programme of the work to be done by the elected ought to be in the hands of the electors, even if the whole body be no more than three, for then they can talk the matter over informally, and settle amongst themselves their several willingness and competence to discharge the appointed tasks, before they proceed to register their opinion by a formal vote.

(To be continued.)

R. F. L.

THE CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

PART I. (*continued.*)

CHRONICLE OF TURPIN.

HAVING thus acquainted ourselves with the principal actors on the Christian side, and with their appearance, as variously modified in subsequent works, we will go on to notice certain of the occurrences of the war, taking cognizance as we do so of the Saracen leaders, most of whom appear again upon the stage.

One of the first things to be mentioned is a notable miracle, which took place before the first battle in which the French engaged the enemy. Having encamped on the banks of the river Ceia, the Christians, on the evening before the conflict, stuck their weapons in the earth; but when they went to resume them in the morning, great was their astonishment to find that the lances of those who were to die in the battle had thrown out leaves and flowers, whilst that of Milo, the leader of the host, bore the palm of martyrdom! Moreover, these warlike implements became a great forest of ashes, which 'remains to this day,' says the chronicler. The walls of Pampeluna fell of themselves also, in answer to the prayers of Charlemagne; and victory always determined itself on the side of the Christians. After one of his repeated reverses, Aygoland, the Saracen king, sent to demand a truce, that he might confer with Charlemagne; and the Emperor not only received and entertained him with great hospitality and magnificence, but also made such good use of his opportunities of conversation with the pagan, that he well-nigh persuaded him to become a Christian. However, during a banquet, at which he was present, Aygoland observed that all the guests are richly clad and served, except certain persons whom he points out. 'And who may these be?' asks the inquisitive Saracen. Charlemagne, seeing that his guest is pointing out a number of beggars, who, according to the custom of the times, were allowed to come into the hall and pick up what they could of the leavings of the more formally entertained guests, replies, using a figure of speech still common in some parts of France, 'Those are the messengers of God.' Whereupon Aygoland quickly rejoins, 'Then that religion must be false, where the messengers of God are so badly clothed and served!' and he accordingly rejected the faith to which he had so nearly become a convert.

During the war with Aygoland, Omont, known as Almonte by the Italians, one of the greatest princes of Saracendom, comes to that king's assistance; he sends to demand tribute of Charlemagne, who defies the arrogant pagan to single combat between the two mountains of Aspramont and Calabre. Omont being worsted, flies; and Charlemagne pursues and overtakes him at a fountain, where the combat is renewed.

Here Charlemagne is unhorsed, and would have been killed but for the timely arrival of his nephew Roland, who, horrified at the danger of his uncle, aims such a blow at Omont, that he cleaves his head down to the shoulders.

The daylight having been lengthened, in answer to his prayers, during this combat with Omont, Charlemagne founds the abbey of Clairac in commemoration of the miracle. Sixty churches in all are, as has been mentioned, founded by him during these wars, generally in gratitude for some miraculous interference in behalf of his arms. Upon one occasion, indeed, Charlemagne appears to have endeavoured to make an unfair use of the favour which was shewed him from celestial sources; for, before a battle in which (after the death of Aygoland) he was about to engage with a new enemy, Fosre (or Furre) of Navarre, he desired that a sign might be vouchsafed as to who were to fall in battle; and a red cross immediately appeared upon the shoulders of all those who were destined that day to receive the honours of martyrdom. But Charlemagne, evidently thinking to out-wit the decrees of Providence, instead of allowing them to enter the conflict, shut up all the knights thus distinguished in a church. 'However,' says the chronicler, 'they died all the same!'

But the principal episode in this war is the single combat of Roland with Ferracutus (or Ferragus or Ferraù) at Avager. (Najeran.) Ferragus is a giant of the race of Goliath, who comes from Syria with twenty thousand men, sent by the King of Babylon, Admiraldus.* The Latin text describes this giant as possessing the strength of forty men, but the French translation reduces the number to four. Ogier the Dacian, (or Dane,) is first sent out to encounter this redoubtable champion, who, instead of pursuing the usual custom in a conflict of the kind, coolly seizes his adversary with his right hand, and carries him, arms and all, into his tent. Arnald, Constantine, and several others, quickly share the same fate. It then becomes the turn of Roland, who advances to meet him. Ferragus seizes him in the same manner as he had done his companions, and places him behind him on the crupper. Roland, though somewhat disconcerted at this proceeding, soon regains his presence of mind, and, uttering a prayer, seizes Ferragus by the chin from behind, and pulls him backward, so that they both roll off the horse together. They both recover themselves and re-mount, when Roland kills the horse of Ferragus, and belabours him with his sword; but, despite the virtues of the good sword Durandal, the pagan remains unhurt, for he is enchanted so that no weapon can pierce his skin. Roland is in his turn unhorsed by Ferragus; and then the two champions fight with stones and fists until the time of Vespers, when Ferragus demands a truce. The next morning they resume the contest with the dawn, and fight until mid-day; when, neither having gained any

* A name we often find given to the Eastern kings in the Romances, and which is equivalent to Emir, lord or prince.

advantage, and it being very hot, Ferragus again demands a truce, and, selecting a stone for a pillow, lies down to sleep. On awaking, he is surprised to find Roland seated quietly by his side, waiting the termination of his repose. Struck with this conduct in an enemy, he is led to wonder whether religion can have anything to do with producing such high notions of honour; and he begins to question Roland, who, like his uncle Charlemagne, having received a liberal education, understands Arabic,* and is in no way inconvenienced by the discussion being carried on in that language. He expounds the various doctrines of the Christian Faith to his curious auditor, illustrating that of the Trinity by the figure of the harmony produced by a harp skilfully touched; the sound being *one*, though requiring three agents—the harp-strings, the hand, and the skill—to elicit it. It is noticeable that in this discussion the Mahometan doctrines are supported by Ferragus with considerable accuracy, whereas, in most of the writers who touch upon the subject, we find an entire ignorance of them; the Saracens are generally represented as perpetrators of the grossest idolatry, as carrying about the images of their ‘Macon’ (i. e. Mahomet) and ‘Trivigante’† on their banners, and also as mixing up the gods of the classic mythology with their own, and appealing to ‘Apollino’ as often as to Mahomet. Turpin is not free from the error of considering the Mahometans as image-makers, though whether for the purpose of worship does not appear; but in one place the Christian progress is very much hindered by the fact that an image, made by Mahomet himself, and enclosing a legion of devils, has its location there; and it cannot be taken and destroyed, because every Christian who attempts to approach it is instantly struck dead.

Despite the arguments and the eloquence of Roland, Ferragus remains unconvinced, and rudely throwing up the discussion, he re-commences the battle; after another hard contest, notwithstanding the advantage of his invulnerability, the good sword Durandal and the valour of its master prevail, and Ferragus is slain.

There is a final battle with the Kings of Corcles and Sybille, during which Charlemagne has the horses’ eyes covered and their ears stopped, to prevent their being terrified by the enemies’ soldiers, who, being dressed like devils, rush about amongst the warriors, ringing bells, and shouting, for that purpose. Finally, the army arrives at Compostella, where Charlemagne portions out Spain amongst his knights, whilst Turpin consecrates the newly-founded and to-be-famous Church of St. James.

And now we come to the treachery of Ganelon, and to the fatal catastrophe of Roncesvalles. The Admiraldus of Babylon, having sent

* Charlemagne, says the chronicler, learnt Arabic at Toledo, where he was educated.

† Called ‘Termagaunt’ in English romance. This is possibly a corruption of the word ‘Trismegistos,’—thrice great—the surname of the Egyptian Hermes, the father of alchemy and magic.

Marsirius and Belligand his brother, from Persia to treat with Charlemagne in Spain, the latter, on his side, deposes Ganelon to confer with them, and to propose to them to become Christians. The ambassadors, according to Eastern custom, produce magnificent presents for Charlemagne; but they also tempt the honour of Ganelon by the proffer of twenty horses laden with gold and silver, and divers richly embroidered garments, if he will consent to betray Charlemagne and the twelve peers of France into their hands. Ganelon's weak points of avarice and malice are thus skilfully played upon, and he agrees to the bargain. He then consults with the Saracen leaders, that they shall divide their army into two parts, and lie in ambush at each side of the pass of Roncesvalles, whilst he on his side shall decoy the victims into the snare. He then returns to Charlemagne, laden with the presents and fair promises of the Saracens.

Charlemagne, considering the peace as thus established, prepares for the return to France, but still marches in warlike array, leaving Roland, Oliver, and the rest of the peers, and a small body of men, to form his rear-guard. The Saracens suffer the first detachments of the army to pass; but when the unsuspecting Roland arrives with his troops, they allow them fairly to enter the pass, and then fall upon them front and rear, and a general slaughter commences. All the peers are killed, except Roland, Baldwin, and Thédric, (and, of course, Ganelon, and the Chronicler, who was with Charlemagne.) Baldwin and Thédric make their escape into the forest, and Roland is left alone. He soon falls in with a Saracen straggler, whom he seizes, and binds to a tree; riding on, he observes a large body of the enemy in the distance. He winds his ivory horn, and by this means gathers a few of his scattered men around him. Returning to his prisoner, he looses and compels the Saracen to go with him, in order that he may point out the person of King Marsirius. Then, with his handful of followers, Roland rides boldly into the midst of the Saracen army, hoping to destroy its leader, or at least to find a soldier's death in the attempt. Observing one Saracen of gigantic stature, however, he checks his desperate career, and attacks him; and with one blow of Durandal, his mighty sword, he severs both horse and man into two halves, so that one part falls to the right, and the other to the left! Carried on by the strength of despair, he makes his way amidst the lances, swords, and stones, which are aimed at him on all sides, reaches the presence of Marsirius, engages and kills him in the heart of his army. His followers being now slain to a man, himself desperately wounded by four lance-thrusts, besides being cut and bruised by the stones with which he has been assailed, he takes advantage of the confusion into which the death of their chief has thrown the Saracen army, to withdraw into the recesses of the forest. Here, knowing himself wounded unto death, and in 'grief and anguish of heart' at the loss of so many Christians, the wounded warrior nevertheless struggles on, that he may reach the boundaries of his own country.

before the fast approaching moment of his end shall arrive. He succeeds in passing the 'Ciserean Gates;' and then, 'wearied with the travail of the great battle, and having sore grief at heart,' he feels that neither his own strength nor that of his cherished steed will suffice to carry him farther. He therefore alights in an open space of green turf which overlooks Roncesvalles, and lays himself down at the foot of a great rock to die.

But death is slow in coming to the strong frame of the mighty warrior; and as he lies, though at peace with his Maker, and glad to die in His service, one thought yet troubles him—the fate of his good sword, Durandal, and the shame and damage it will prove to Christendom, should this wonderful weapon fall into the hands of the Infidel. He draws it from its scabbard, 'shining marvellously bright and resplendent,' and gazes upon it 'with great pity and compassion.' It is called Durandal, because it strikes so hard and lasts so long; it is hilted with polished ivory, embellished with beryl-stones, and 'engraved with the great Name of God, the Alpha and Omega;' its cross is made of gold, and its blade inlaid and enriched with gilding. It is endowed with such singular virtues, that its possessor, be he who he may, can never be vanquished in battle, cannot know the sensation of fear, and can never become the sport of illusions or fantasies.

Having addressed Durandal in the most pathetic terms, Roland resolves to break it, rather than leave it to fall into the hands of the enemies of the Faith. For this purpose he once more raises himself, and strikes it against the rock: three times he strikes, and the last time with such force, that the great rock is split from summit to base, but the sword remains undinted. Perceiving that the attempt is useless, Roland relinquishes it, and blows a great blast upon his horn, hoping thus to summon to his side some Christian to whom he may entrust his sword and horse. But after waiting in vain for this friendly hand, his life meanwhile ebbing fast, the dying warrior summons the whole of his remaining strength, and blows so loud and terrible a blast, that his heart breaks with the effort.

Summoned from his devious wandering in the forest by the dreadful sound, Baldwin arrives in time to receive his dying brother's charge, and hastens to obey it by conveying the sword and the horse to Charlemagne. Immediately after his departure, Thédric, likewise attracted by the well-known tones, comes to Roland's side before, with eyes turned towards Heaven, he breathes his last sigh.

In the mean, Charlemagne, all unconscious of the fearful blow which has fallen upon himself and his country, has arrived at the 'valley of Charles,' (St. Jean Pied de Port,) on the way towards Gascony. But though the place of his encampment is a long league distant from that where the unfortunate Roland is lying, the sound of the horn, 'borne by some celestial angel,' reaches his ears. He immediately becomes apprehensive that his nephew stands in need of succour; but Ganelon,

the ready traitor, who, after witnessing the success of his plot, has rejoined the Emperor, persuades him that Roland is in the habit of winding his horn for trifling causes, and that he is, doubtless, only engaged in the chase of some wild animal. Charlemagne, as usual, relying on the words of his perfidious counsellor, pays no heed to the summons. 'But,' says the chronicler, 'whilst I, Turpin, was engaged in celebrating Mass that day, the 16 Kalends of July, in the presence of Charles, being rapt in ecstasy, I heard strains from the heights of Heaven, though I knew not it was the blessed celestials who passed chanting. Also, I beheld a great company of black knights, who passed behind me, as if returning from pillage, and bearing the spoil. "What do you carry?" said I; and they replied, "We are bearing Marsirius to the depths of hell. But St. Michael, yonder, is carrying this trumpeter and horn-blower of yours to Heaven." As soon as Mass was ended, I told Charles that Roland was dead, though by what death I knew not. And whilst I was yet speaking, Baldwin came up on Roland's horse, and gave the sword to Charlemagne.'

Then Charlemagne got to horse in haste, hoping yet to behold his beloved kinsman in life; but when he arrived Roland was lying stiff and stark, with his hands crossed upon his heart, as Thédric had left him, when he hastened in his turn to bear the sad tidings to the King.

Charlemagne's grief is represented as almost amounting to despair; he tears his hair and beard, but remains speechless; at last, he breaks out into a passionate lament: 'O right hand of my body, honour of Gaul, sword of chivalry—noble Roland, noble Roland, why leave me sad and desolate!'

But, like the generality of the writers of that time and long after, Turpin draws out the speeches of his characters to such a length of high-sounding words, that one ceases to sympathize with the loquacious grief even of Charlemagne.

The only consolation he can find, is in embalming the body of, and bestowing a splendid funeral and tomb upon, his noble kinsman. The sorrowing Christians, meanwhile, examine the scene of the conflict, and discover the piled-up bodies of their dead and dying comrades. Oliver has evidently died a dreadful death, for his body is found tied to four stakes, and thickly pierced with darts.

The corpses of all the missing peers having at length been recognized, mournful processions are formed to bear the heroes to their final earthly resting-places. Roland is carried to his own Lordship of Blave, and buried in a church which he had himself founded in honour of St. Romanus, at Blene or Belinum. The other knights are entombed in the respective places of sepulture belonging to their families.

Having celebrated their obsequies with all possible funereal pomp and solemnity, Charlemagne now betakes himself to the painful task of an inquiry into the conduct of Ganelon, whom he is at last, but all too

late, compelled to suspect. The trial is settled to take place by the single combat of two knights; one chosen by the accuser, and one by the accused. Charlemagne selects Thédric, and Ganelon Pinabello, as their respective champions. Pinabello is of course defeated, and Thédric's victory decides the guilt of Ganelon. The traitor is therefore condemned by his once indulgent master and too credulous friend, to have his limbs torn asunder by four horses.

The remainder of the Chronicle of Turpin is chiefly taken up with an account of the vision by which he was apprised of the death of Charlemagne; it includes also an account of the Chronicler's own death and burial, at Vienne, which may presumably have been added by another hand.

The vision is similar to that by which Turpin receives intimation of the death of Roland, and is sufficiently quaint. Turpin being at Mass in the Church at Vienne, as he begins the Psalm, '*Deus in adiutorium meum intende,*' beholds an innumerable black company passing by, one of whom is obliging enough to inform him that they are on their road to Aquisgrana (Aix) to fetch Charlemagne. Turpin orders them to return, and inform him of the result.

This they do very quickly, and the same courteous 'Ethiop' who had replied to him before, informs him that 'Galician has brought such a quantity of stones and wood from the churches which Charlemagne has built in his honour, that they outweigh his sins, and he has taken his soul in spite of us.' Hearing of the death of Charlemagne shortly after—'I understood,' says Turpin, 'that St. James, whom the devil called "Galician," because his principal Church is in Galicia,' had prevailed against the powers of darkness in securing the safety of the soul of Charlemagne.

Besides the above-mentioned 'Chronique de Turpin, Archevesque et duc de Rheims et premier pair de France, faisant mention du conquête de Trebizonde par le très preux Rénaud de Montauban,' a variety of other French romances were founded upon the exploits of the paladins, almost each champion finding a chronicler of his own. The earliest of these were by Adenez, the king-at-arms of Philip the Bold: they were called 'Bertha au Grand pied,' (the mother of Charlemagne,) 'Ogier the Dane,' and 'Cleomadis.' Huon de Villeneuve wrote 'Rénaud de Montauban.' These were soon followed by 'Huon de Bordeaux,' 'Doolin de Mayence,' 'Morgante the Giant,' 'The Four Sons of Aymon,' 'Gerard de Vienne,' and 'L'histoire de Maugis d'Aygrement,' with many others. Then the Italians, who delighted in Turpin in the time of Dante, took up the subject; and besides the famous 'Orlando Innamorato,' and 'Orlando Furioso,' of Boiardo and Ariosto, produced the 'Morgante Maggiore' of Pulci, 'I Reali di Francia' of Cristofano Altissimo, 'Aspramonte,' 'Innamoramenti di Rinaldo,' 'Il Buovo d'Antona,' 'Il Mambriano,' and later the burlesque 'Ricciardetto.'

Some authors have supposed that the legend of King Arthur and the

Knights of the Round Table was merely a transplanting of Charlemagne and his peers into English soil. But, though the author of the romance in which Arthur first appears, may, in all probability, have made use of the same materials as the writer of Turpin—the legends which were current in the ‘cantilenes’ of the day, and common to some parts both of France and England—and though the date is somewhat later,* there is little doubt that Arthur is altogether independent of Turpin. The later romance writers, indeed, draw as freely from the legends of the Knights of the Round Table, as from Turpin himself.

(To be continued.)

A LEGEND OF ‘THE ANGEL CHOIR.’

It was the early part of the year of our Lord 1280. The saintly Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, slept beneath the shadow of the glorious Cathedral which he had rebuilt. Eighty years had passed by since his remains were brought from London, to rest in the place which he had beautified with his own hands. Two Kings, John of England and William of Scotland, met in ‘the strong and fair city,’ and assisted to carry the good Bishop’s bier into the Cathedral. At the funeral were present three Archbishops and nine Bishops; and splendid as well as solemn must have been the rites with which Saint Hugh of Lincoln was buried.

Eighty years had passed; but no special shrine had been erected in memory of the famous Bishop, although his magnificent Cathedral was his most fitting monument—standing on its ‘sovereign hill,’ and spreading his fame far and wide, wherever its grey towers could be seen.

The building of the great church went on; the most skilful artisans worked lovingly day by day within its walls, and the superb ‘Angel Choir’ wanted two years of completion. It was whispered among the monks and friars, that the bones of Saint Hugh were to be translated, and deposited within a shrine in the ‘Angel Choir.’ Hearing this, the masons redoubled their efforts, and worked as though inspired; for they all revered the memory of the saintly Bishop, and rightly deemed that they would best honour him in death, by carrying out that which had been his chief glory and delight in life. They had often marvelled at the wondrous beauty of his work, and had stood entranced before the lovely ‘Rose’ window in the northern transept, whose delicate tracery had grown beneath his own magic hand. They remembered the symbolical teaching of the more magnificent ‘Rose’ window in the southern transept, and knew that it was typical of the good Bishop, who ‘looked toward the South, the quarter of the Holy Spirit, as though inviting His influence;’ and standing under its light in the setting rays of the April sun,

* The Romance of ‘Brutus,’ by Gasse, bears the date 1155 in the text.

they were wont to bow their heads with reverent awe, saying breathlessly one to the other, that the Holy Spirit still hovered over the window.

Amongst the masons, was one young man of specially noble aspect—broad-shouldered, high-statured, fair-haired, blue-eyed—a Saxon of the Saxons—ruddy-cheeked, of open fearless brow, and manly speech. No monk, buried in cloistered cell, ever pored more lovingly over his Missal, or lingered more carefully over his illuminations, than did this young mason over his carved and decorated work. No broad 'black letter' or glowing full-page 'initial,' was bolder than the noble outlines of his arches and pillars; no touch of delicate brush was more light and airy than the fine strokes of his chisel. His soul was in his work; and having a true pure soul, his work bore its impress, and stood conspicuous for beauty and refinement. Many of the Cathedral monks wrought dexterously with mallet and chisel; and having excellent skill as draughtsmen, they furnished several of the designs carried out by the masons: and when the rumour of Saint Hugh's re-interment spread abroad, the monks and the masons were busily engaged in sculpturing the angels upon the spandrils of the triforium arches in the Presbytery. These angels were carved in the Cathedral work-shops, and then placed in their positions in the Choir.

When the rumour was confirmed, and a solemn edict was issued by Oliver Sutton, then Bishop of Lincoln, fixing the day of Saint Hugh's re-interment for the Octave of Saint Michael, 1280, the zeal of the monks and the masons was greatly increased. Each resolved to vie with the other in the production of the loveliest piece of sculpture, the best befitting the honour of God's House, and the memory of Saint Hugh. Joyously the work went on: the busy chisels flew along the yellow Lincoln stone—here rounding a chin, there pencilling an eyebrow; here touching the folds of a garment, there imitating the downy plumage of a wing; and ever and anon the monks chanted *Te Deum*, and the masons sang 'Amen.'

During the years that had elapsed between the death of Saint Hugh and the erection of the 'Angel Choir,' fifteen angels had been designed, completed, and placed in their spandrils. Beginning on the south side of the Choir, were—

1. The Angel of the Day-spring.
2. The Angel of the Patriarch David.
3. An Angel with a scroll, alluding to the prophecies in the Psalms.

These filled the first bay. In the second bay were—

4. An Angel with a trumpet, sounding the fame of David.
5. The Angel of Solomon.
6. An Angel with a scroll, 'possibly alluding to the prophecy of Ahijah.'

In the third bay were—

7. An Angel with a double trumpet; (the prophecy verified, and the kingdom divided.)

8. An Angel with pipe and tabret, representing the fallen state of Israel.
'The pipe and tabret are in their feasts.'
9. The Angel of Daniel, with sealed book.

In the fourth bay were—

10. The Angel of Isaiah, an abortion under his feet. 'The children are come to the birth.'
11. The Angel of Ezekiel, with hawk.
12. The Angel of Jeremiah.

In the fifth bay were—

13. The Angel of the Twelve Minor Prophets.
14. An Angel holding a small figure (the human soul) towards
15. The Virgin, who supports the Holy Child; an Angel censuring them.

There now remained fifteen figures to complete the adornment of the spandrils on the north side of the choir; and upon these figures seven monks and eight masons had been for some time engaged. The monks, by virtue of their sacred office, were permitted to design and execute their own ideas, without reference to higher authority; but as a rule, the masons were obliged to submit their designs to the criticism of the monks. Sometimes a young man whose love of the sublime was overpowered by his sense of humour, would exhibit a grotesque figure upon his tracing-board, and half jestingly would shew it to the monks. But the cowed faces grew stern, and the keen eyes shot reproachful glances; 'for,' said they, 'such faces and such forms were fit for gurgoyles, but not for Angels in the Presbytery.' Thus it happens, that none of the strange uncouth figures, found in many other parts of the great Cathedral, are to be seen in the 'Angel Choir.'

The fame of the work spread throughout the city, and Bishop Oliver Sutton went to inspect its progress. He was so charmed with the taste and zeal displayed alike by the monks and the masons, that he offered a prize of a golden olive-wreath to the one who should execute the noblest and most angelic figure. The verdict was to be given by a jury of two master-masons—non-competitors—and two skilled draughtsmen of the monks—also non-competitors; and the prize was to be awarded on the day of Saint Hugh's solemn re-interment.

It was a pleasing thing to note, and it was one which augured well for the success of the scheme, that this incentive produced no mean or jealous feeling amongst the rival craftsmen; its only effect was to redouble their ardour and diligence. The monks repeated more frequent 'Aves' and 'Paternosters' over their work; whilst the masons with secular tastes trolled joyous tunes as they wielded their hammers, and deftly handled their tools.

For weeks all went well, and the angelic figures grew beneath the skilful hands which shaped them into being. Each monk and mason wrought in an enclosed space, so that his work could not be seen or

copied by his rivals, and the utmost vigilance was shewn in keeping the privacy of these enclosures.

It wanted three weeks to the 6th of October, 1280, the day fixed for the translation of the saintly Hugh's remains; and many were the rumours of the exceeding beauty of the holy figures secreted in the Cathedral work-shops.

Up to this time Edmund Woodstock had worked in his enclosure with unflagging energy and devotion. The young man's face glowed with rapture when he entered it in the morning, and when he quitted it at dusk. There was a light in his blue eyes—a gleam of inspiration which had never been seen in them before; and a peaceful restful smile upon his lips, which had in it a calm more of Heaven than of earth.

The common people—the rude knaves and varlets who prowled about the glorious Cathedral to spy out what they could, and to gossip about the approaching ceremony, were wont to nudge one another when they met Edmund going to or returning from his labour, and to whisper that 'an angel must be helping him at his work, for his face itself was like an angel's.' They joked in their rough way, and called him 'Cherub Woodstock,'—all of which came to the ears of the solemn monks, and they lectured the irreverent knaves, taking them to task for making mock at sacred things.

Soon after this, Edmund Woodstock fell ill, and was obliged to leave his work entirely. Loud were the lamentations amongst the monks and the masons, for they all liked Edmund, whose manly qualities made him a great favourite with them. It had been noised abroad (for in spite of guarded enclosures tongues would wag) that Edmund's work was very lovely, and likely to bear away the palm. Thus his illness, at so important a crisis, gave rise to much talk, and to some suspicion of foul play. But the monks and masons, jealous for their honour, came forward and appealed to the Bishop for a searching investigation into the circumstances of the young man's illness; and it was fully established that it proceeded wholly from nervous anxiety and overstrained energy, consequent upon his devotion to his work.

The days went on, but still Edmund lay upon his sick-bed, and prayers for his recovery ascended every Matins and Evensong in Saint Hugh's grand choir. The monks and masons applied for leave to work over-time; and in the shortening autumn evenings the Cathedral work-shops were lit with many candles in quaint old sconces, and the Close re-echoed with the busy sound of chisels and hammers in the dark October nights. Only poor Edmund's studio was in shadow amidst the general illumination; and many were the sympathizing words spoken by his good-natured fellow-workers, as they glanced at his gloomy enclosure.

At last the week arrived in which the verdict of the jury was to be given; and, with the exception of Edmund Woodstock's, all the sculptures were finished, and lay in their respective workshops awaiting inspection,

before being removed to their permanent resting-places. The jury were to agree upon their verdict at the end of the week, but the result was not to be made public until the day of Saint Hugh's re-interment. Then, the solemn rites being over, the Bishop was to award the golden olive-wreath to the successful competitor, in the sight of the assembled congregation. On the night before the visit of the jury, Edmund Woodstock died; and at the hour of his departure, his studio was illuminated with a vivid and unearthly light—a light so intensely pure and brilliant, that everything under its immediate rays was clear and white as marble, and the contrasting shadows sable as the night. Within the studio, in a radiant stream of glory, stood an angel—more radiant than the light—whose face was as the dawn of an eastern summer's day. He bent lovingly over Edmund's unfinished work, smoothing each rough and imperfect part. He brooded over the sculpture, laying a caressing hand upon the incomplete features; and when the angelic touch was withdrawn, the mason's work was accomplished, and stood perfect, breathing forth an almost divine beauty. Then the mysterious splendid light faded; on the midnight air was heard a rush as of wings, and the apparition vanished.

That same night the Bishop 'had a dream, and a vision of his head upon his bed.' Before him stood an Angel—radiant, glorious—whose face wore the earthly likeness of Saint Hugh, purified and beautified by the heavenly light which shone around and upon it. The Angel beckoned to the Bishop, leading him on to Edmund Woodstock's studio. At the door the Angel paused. 'There,' said he, 'thou shalt find the perfect work. The craftsman rests; his cunning hand is still; see thou that his work lose not its earthly reward.' Then the dawn flushed rosy red into the Bishop's chamber, and he awoke; but still the words of the angelic visitor rang in his ear.

News of Edmund Woodstock's death was soon brought to the Bishop, who was much affected thereby; and taking into consideration the excellent character of the young man, and the nature of the work upon which he had been engaged up to his last illness, he gave orders that Edmund should be buried beneath the 'Angel Choir,' on the day of Saint Hugh's re-interment. That same morning, after Matins, the jury of monks and master-masons went the round of the Cathedral workshops, where they lingered long and patiently, weighing carefully the merits of the various figures set up for their inspection. They visited Edmund's studio last; and there they lingered longest, as if unable to retrace their steps. On coming out, their faces wore a solemn reverent look, as of those who had stood upon the threshold of 'the Holy of Holies.'

The 6th of October, 1280, dawned upon the good city of Lincoln, and never did the autumn sun shine on a more splendid assemblage than that gathered together in the great Cathedral. Royalty was there, in the warlike and handsome person of England's first Edward, and in the tender form of his Queen Eleanor, who had followed her gallant husband

to the Holy Land, and had there saved his life at the risk of her own. There too were Edmund, the King's brother, and his wife, the Queen of Navarre. Nor was the Church less worthily represented, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Archbishop of Edessa, 'whose see had been for many years in Infidel hands.' Around these potentates were grouped many bishops and inferior clergy, with nobles, and two hundred and thirty knights, all wearing the full habiliments of their different orders.

It was a magnificent sight, in a magnificent place; and the ceremony reached the height of its splendour, when amidst the soft tones of the organ, and the melodious chanting of the monks, the remains of Saint Hugh were deposited within their shrine in the Presbytery. After this, the simple coffin of Edmund Woodstock was lifted from its bier, and placed by the side of the quiet grave dug for its reception. Sweet and peaceful resting-place, beneath the solemn arches and the soaring pillars which he had helped to rear! Before the coffin was lowered, the Bishop, Oliver Sutton, advanced to the foot of the grave, and announced that the award of the jury would now be made known.

In feeling tones the Bishop said: 'The work of our departed brother, who now awaits burial, is *facile princeps*; so far superior to the other figures, that we are constrained to think that Edmund Woodstock wrought with supernatural assistance. We rejoice in the skill and genius which this peaceful strife has called forth; and humanly speaking, we must deplore the untimely death of him who was so great a master of his craft. The subject of his sculpture is an angel holding crowns—"the crown of glory which fadeth not away"—mysterious foreshadowing of the reward awaiting his work on earth! May we not trust that this figure is also an emblem of that Eternal Reward which awaits his soul in Heaven? Brethren, we cannot crown his brow with this golden olive-wreath, but we may place it upon his coffin, there to rest with him until the Resurrection morning.'

Then, amidst the solemn hush which succeeded these words, the Bishop uplifted the glittering prize in the presence of the people, and was about to place it upon the coffin, when through the stillness was heard a sound of wings beating lightly against the air. The Presbytery was flooded with rays of glory, and an angel was seen hovering near the Bishop. At this sight, King, Queen, Archbishops, knights, and all that grand assembly fell upon their knees, crying, 'Tis the Angel of Saint Hugh!

The heavenly being took the golden crown, dropped it lovingly and tenderly upon the coffin-lid, then soaring upward, vanished; and from the distance came 'a still small voice,' which said, 'He rests from his labours; and his works do follow him.'

C. F. J. M.*

* Indebted for historical and architectural facts to King's 'Hand-book to the Cathedrals of England.'

OUR BEREAVEMENTS

We hear but the sad gasping breath,
See but the sinking eye,
And feel but the approach of Death—
Then watch our darlings die.

Rapt from ourselves as we stand by,
We see him closer come;
They smile—he grasps so tenderly,
To bear them to their home.

Maybe we did not see them die,
Nor knew they needed rest,
But heard that they were suddenly
Caught to their Father's breast.

But in Death's arms they are gone forth—
Our spirit follows too;
We pass with them beyond the earth
Their life the one thing true.

Then back again the feeble heart
Sinks from its first sure flight;
Hail feeling that it is apart,
Its love is lost to sight.

O feeble heart, thy Strength is near
Who makes the blind to see;
And now those fast-closed eyes so dear
Look truly down on thee.

Oh, see thy darlings by the light
Of that true eye of His,
By which they smile into the night
Which veils thee from their bliss

Have we not felt their triumph swell
Within our aching breast,
Rejoiced to know no tongue can tell
The fullness of their rest?

Have we not walked in sacred pride
That *they* are safe at last,
That they for ever to God's side
Are bound so close and fast?

O safe, so safe! we struggle on,
The way is rough and long;
We thank Thee that their walk is done:
O God! it makes us strong.

We slip and fall, yet through our tears
There comes a joy e'en then;
'My love,' we say, 'is past all fears,
Can never sin again!'

Our brain is weak, our hands are slow,
We do not work the less;
But they, we gladly smile to know,
Have left all weariness.

Towards them in their happy peace
We look and long and yearn;
Our joy for theirs must still increase—
Is this what means 'to mourn'?

To mourn. O ye who mourn indeed,
Poor souls! if you could tell
Why you should mourn that they who need
Should sleep and rest so well!

Taken beyond all risks and harms,
Does it not seem most sweet,
That they should lie in Jesus' arms,
You clinging to His feet?

Whilst they were here, their joy was yours,
And now is't so the less?
'Tis strange if love past death endures
To turn to selfishness.

E'en for thyself, unthinking heart,
Is greater now the gain;
How much which once kept you apart
Is now made clear and plain!

The cords of love now closely drawn
Thine inmost soul within,
Bind thee so fast to those who are gone,
That nought unbinds but sin.

And yet—oh, yet! our tears with thine
Fall for thy grief and pain,
Thy longing for love's earthly sign,
The touch that made it plain.

Have we not stretched our hands, like thee,
Towards the fancied grasp,
And wearied all the day to see
The arms put out to clasp?

The voice whose sound could always cheer,
The ever-ready eye
In every wish and doubt and fear
To give its sympathy,

The tender lips, the loving kiss,
The smile that always shone,—
We knew not how to bear to miss,
Or own that they were gone.

Yet look, dim eyes, the fullest meed
Of comfort glows above;
Our dead are they who live indeed,
And life is only love.

Our spirit to their spirit moves
More truly than before,
For, held within His arms who loves,
Must they not love the more?

Do they not love, and love like Him?
Those tears are false and wrong,
Through which such love looks faint and dim
With which trust grows less strong

O look and follow—thou shalt feel
Their fellowship still grow,
And round thy weariness shall steal
Their life's reflected glow.

O work and love them—for their smile
Shall make thy heart to bound
More truly than when they erewhile
Shared thy work's daily round.

They rest, but yet they work with thee,
 If thou wilt work for Christ,
 And hold the palm for thee to see—
 The pearl of peace unpriced.

Live on—the tide still rolls for thee,
 And, once its waters passed,
 The angels shall come round to see
 You joined again at last.

Shall we not all, by Jesus' grace,
 Meet in an awe of bliss,
 And see, before His glorious face,
 Our darling's like to His?

So, in the light in which He gives
 That death no more should sever,
 Live in His love, Who died and live
 For ever and for ever?

HINTS ON READING.

To give the briefest hints on the multitude of new books round us, would nearly take up our whole number. We can only name a few of our chief favourites.

The Life and Times of Bossuet (Rivington) is delightful reading, and is admirably executed. Among useful lessons we would place high *Burghclere Sunday School Exercises*, (Rivington,) as the work of long experience. *Short Discourses*, by the Rev. W. F. Elgie, are excellent thoughts for Communion times, being sermonettes preached on the days of late Celebration.

Miss Wordsworth's *Short Words for Long Evenings* (Hatchard) are brightly grave, and sunnily deep; and we think *Aunt Charlotte's Scripture Readings* (Marcus Ward) may be useful as a book for teachers of infant classes to read from, shewing the pictures, and trying to connect them with the Lesson heard in church.

Messrs. Longman's series of short historical books is well imagined; but Mr. Cox fails in his *Crusaders*, from want of sympathy. Mr. Gairdner's *York and Lancaster Wars* read like task-work; *The Period of the Reformation* is disproportionate—there is too much about Luther, and not enough about anyone else; and the *Thirty Years War* is certainly the best.

Alice King's *Cluster of Lives* (King) is a very poor and slight performance, and looks as if she had consulted no authorities; Vittoria Colonna, Madame de Sevigné, and Joan of Arc, are specially ill-studied performances. We should not think the book had cost a tenth part of the labour that has gone to Miss Holt's *White Rose of Langley*, the story of Constance of York. Not, however, that we agree with the

author in thinking everybody who was good for anything was a Lollard, or in making a hero of that plotter, Richard Earl of Cambridge.

The Carved Cartoon (S. P. C. K.) is absurdly named, as a cartoon cannot be carved; but the story is a charming one of the youth of Grinling Gibbons, bringing in sketches of the Plague and Fire of London, in a very interesting manner. *Gaudentius*, by the Rev. C. Davies, (S.P.C.K.,) is a wonderfully interesting story of the supposed architect and martyr of the Colosseum. *Epiphanius*, by the Rev. T. Mossman, has more learning, and is probably more like the real life of an early Christian; but it is less pleasant reading, and would much puzzle the half educated.

Among full-grown novels, we would specify as excellent, *The Story of Three Sisters*, (King,) sad, but sweet; *The King's Duss*, (Macmillan,) a story of Sark, and full of adventure and interest, as well as very true and tender feeling; *Mr. Smith*, a picture of a wild girl tamed by a true and unassuming gentleman; *The Cartridges*, one of Warne's five shilling series, and one of the best; and *Country Maidens*, (Marcus Ward,) a very pretty well-told story, with a deep current of thought in it.

Children's books, as usual, swarm. At the top of the list, as prime favourites, we place Mrs. O'Reilly's *Cecily's Choice*, a very clever story; *Trot's Letters to her Doll*, (Nelson); *Boys and Girls*, (S.P.C.K.); and Miss Montgomery's *Town Crier*, (Bentley); to which may be added, *Turnaside Cottage*, and *The Fairy Spinner*. (Marcus Ward.) All these are, we think, perfect in their own way. There are many pretty ones besides, such as *Little Ada's Jewels*, *Chronicles of Cosy Nook*, both by Marcus Ward; also, *The Ship of Ice*, (Ward); *Robin the Bold*, (S. P. C. K.); but none that quite equal what we have before mentioned.

Mr. Ward's illustrations are charming; but *Ellie's Locket*, *The Cruise of the Acorn*, *Roses with and without Thorns*, and *Pollic and Jack*, seem as if they were written to fit the pictures, and are less interesting. *Cousin Snowdrop* (Nelson) is rather a foolish story; and *Lennie's Bible* we wonder to see on the S. P. C. K. list.

Of tiny books for the school lending library, the gems are, *My Little Patient* (Masters,) and *The Secret of the Ball of Wool*, (S. P. C. K.,) and *The Three Half-crowns*. (S.P.C.K.) And *The Young School-mistress in her First Situation*, (S.P.C.K.,) and a tiny book called *Little Servants, and how to give them a Helping Hand*, will be useful in their way.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MARCH, 1875.

A LENTEN PRAYER.

I ASK three things, Good Lord, this Lent,
Three things that Thou wilt give:
A spirit of most sweet Content,
In which to move and live;

The power to prove some vaster height
Of Thy dread Passion's grace;
Such new and yet unasked-for Light
As may old gifts replace;

And meek Humility, to shame
The lowliness I know;
The humbleness which has no name,
It lies so very low.

The sweet Content to do Thy Will,
The Light to see its course,
The Lowliness to stay quite still,
Unmoved by sinful force.

And this, that I may better grow,
Or feel my Heaven is won?
Redeemer of the world, ah, no!
Not so Thy work is done.

I ask Content and Light to win,
And Lowliness of mind,
That Thou might'st gain pure Joy therein,
And Thine own Glory find.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

PRACTICAL MEDITATIONS ON EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE THREE PHOTOGRAPHS.'

I.

'My Father, if the Prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?'

I HAVE just been reading these words, and they have carried me back to the days when I was young—when the difficulties and the realities of life first began to make themselves felt. I had been well brought up. I had a dim perception that the great end of life was to live the Life of Christ. I wished to live that Life. I believe I had a hearty and earnest desire to follow afar off the blessed steps of that Most Holy Life; but one of my great mistakes and drawbacks was that I looked for my religion outside my home-life. I belonged to an undemonstrative family. My ordinary home-duties seemed too commonplace for the exercise of those feelings, which in the fresh bright life of the young seem only associated with grave and solemn events. A death amongst our own dear circle, a serious illness, the day of one's Confirmation and first Communion, and other days of the like kind, seemed appropriate times for deep religious feeling, but not the ordinary doings of every day. Alas! I was too like Naaman then! It wanted years of experience of life, before I could fully believe that

'The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.'

I knew these words by heart—

'Take up the Cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldest My disciple be;'

and I was willing to take it up, I believe; but I spent years in looking around me for one peculiar cross, bright enough to attract my eyes, heavy enough to make it worth while to carry it.

God only knows, after all these years, the 'simple easy cross that is often now too heavy to be borne without tears.

But, as I say, I was very like Naaman then. Had I been told to do some great thing, I fancied, I could have done it. If I might have entered a Sisterhood; if I might even have gone out as a governess, so as to send one of the boys to college; if I could have gone out with a Missionary brother, or helped to teach the poor in one of the haunts of London sin and ignorance;—if I might have done one of these things, how cheerfully and thankfully would I have set about it! It would have been as one of the Prophet's great things. Truly I would have adventured

on it cheerfully, only perhaps to have failed most signally; for did not my Heavenly Father know what was best for me, and had He not placed me at home, among a number of brothers and sisters, myself neither the eldest nor the cleverest nor the handsomest among them? The common lot of woman seemed at best that which was marked out for me; and with that I was forced to be content—no brilliant lot to look on to, but still one which I can look back to and say, ‘Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life!’ I know very well that the knowledge of which I have been speaking, and which I have learnt so slowly, comes only with experience. I know there are certain truths, those that come home the closest, which each one of us must learn for oneself; and yet I find myself thinking, ‘My experience may help another.’ Now there is another way besides prayer and the reading of God’s Word, in which the soul may draw near to God—something between the two, partaking of both. I mean ‘meditation,’ that direct communing between the heart and its God, which perhaps teaches us more concerning ourselves than anything else.

My purpose then is, in a few short meditations on Bible words, to embody the teaching that such words would have had for me at different times of my life had I listened to their teaching as dutifully as I might have done. Perhaps a word here or there may help someone who is losing the full benefit of that home training, which is the common lot of most women; and I believe the best state of preparation for the life to come, could we only see it. Someone who is looking for some great thing to do, and neglecting that water of life, which she may drink of amidst her daily duties, and in which her Heavenly Father bids her ‘wash and be clean.’

II.

‘Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men.’

THIS is not meant for me! I have so little of the Lord’s work to do! Service on Sundays, and when I can be spared on Saints’ Days, and just my Sunday-school class. I try to do it as well as I can; but is that what the Apostle meant? He says nothing of the Lord’s work—it is ‘whatsoever.’ (Then did he mean the message for servants only? I can hardly think so. He must have meant it, I think, for all who had work to do—all who are called in any way to serve others; for I remember a verse which says, ‘He that is called, being free, is Christ’s servant,’ and another where he speaks of one who ‘took upon Him the form of a servant.’ Oh! I think the lesson was meant for us all, for an Apostle as much as for a young girl like me, and for a daughter every bit as much as for any of the servants in my father’s house. Yet perhaps it was only meant for those early Apostolic days. What was done then was not like the doings of our house; perhaps to-morrow I may be able to work heartily—who knows? I may be called to nurse the sick or

comfort the sorrowful, (that is the Lord's work;) but now there is no one sick or sorrowful in our house—merry children, laughing boys and girls, busy parents, but no sickness or sorrow. Still it must have been the same in the Apostle's days. There must have been large families of children then; and yet he says to all, 'Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord.' Well, then, let me face the truth; What have I to do generally? What have I had to do to-day? To weigh out the tea and sugar, and things, for Cook; to teach Annie her letters; to help Jack and Harry make sails for their boats! to take care of Baby while Nurse was at dinner; to go paying visits with Mamma after luncheon; to read the paper to Papa after dinner—that was what I had to do; and how did I do it—'heartily, as to the Lord'? No! no! hastily, if you like, but not heartily; how could I do it heartily when I disliked it so much? Mamma will always have the things for the jelly weighed, that they may be exact; but I don't always do it, for I can measure with my eye quite well enough. She talks to me sometimes of eye-service. Then little Nan's lessons. She is very obstinate, though she's so tiny. I had to put her in the corner this morning. Perhaps if I hadn't taken that 'last chapter' to read in the meantime, I might have coaxed her into being good. Then about the boys' boats! I might have taken a little more time over them; but it was so tiresome to lose the half-hour I always give to Greek. I do want so to read the New Testament in Greek!

I think I played with Baby heartily enough, she is such a little pet; but I know I was cross at having to pay visits with Mamma, when Arthur wanted me to ride with him; and I took to dreaming over the paper, and I suppose read carelessly, till Papa said 'There! that will do, Polly; you'll be asleep in one minute.' Did I do any of these things as to the Lord—or even heartily? Not so, O Lord. I did them rather grudgingly, as of necessity. Truly they lacked the grace of willing cheerful service. But I want some greater work to do. What used my dear old German governess to say when I longed to slur over an easy passage? 'Step by step, my dear. Learn this page thoroughly, and then you will be ready for future difficulties.' And once—it made me so happy!—I remember dear Mother saying, when I had given up a ride to stay with Charlie when he had the measles, 'Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye do it unto Me.' Unto Thee, O Lord. Is that what the Apostle means? Can it really mean that when I do anything for Baby or Annie or Father, He, the Saviour, will receive it as done to Himself? Is that my reason for hearty service—my reward—my incentive! O Heavenly Father, what have I not put away from me! what months and years of dutiful obedience to Thee in the station to which I was called. Oh! if I had only done all as to the Lord, remembering that His eye was upon me; remembering that all I did was for Him—for Thee, O loving Saviour; most wonderful thought! Oh, how changed would all have been! What lessons of exactness and

patient obedience in dear Mother's store-room; what lessons of love and forbearance with Jack and Hal and little Annie; what lessons of courtesy and sympathy with our friends and neighbours; how much knowledge of the outer world, that great battle-field, from dear Father's wise and true remarks.

Oh, wonderful thought! how much work done for the Lord! What easy lessons I have slurred over because of the little cross of self-denial that lay beside it all. Oh for the time that is past—back again! Yet that can never be. O gracious Saviour, forgive me for all that I have left undone, that I might have done 'as to Thee.' O Holy Spirit, help me to begin to-day, and be a more faithful servant of Christ; so that whatsoever I do, however common, however trifling the act, I may do it heartily, 'as to the Lord.'

III.

'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'

I HAVE often wondered why the Vicar allowed them to put up that single word 'Now' in the school-room. It is so ugly, and has always seemed to me so meaningless; but I suppose that it refers to that text—'Now is the accepted time,'—from which he preached last Sunday. Let me meditate upon this awhile, and see if it has any message to me. 'Now' is the only time, I have often heard it said, that we can call our own. Perhaps God may never grant me any other; the present may be my only chance, my present state of life the only state to which He will ever call me before the great change. If so—and what is true of me is true of everyone—of what importance is that little word 'now!' Now is God's accepted time, in which I am to work out my salvation. Yet I am always wanting to put off to another day: for instance, the Vicar has promised that when I am a year or two older I shall have a class of big boys at the Sunday-school. He says that they are the most difficult class to manage, but I don't think so. I have taken them once or twice for him. They all say that I've a knack of teaching boys, (you see I have five younger brothers of my own.) But it is very provoking that Mamma won't hear of my beginning at once; and it is such stupid work teaching the infants. I have several times threatened to give it up; anybody with no knack for teaching at all could do it as well; but still they are very good little things. I think they love me. Little Nellie Sharpe said yesterday, 'You won't forget to come and teach we to-morrow. We like Sunday, for you shew we pictures;'—dear little pet; and it is the work I have 'now.' It's my appointed work 'now.' Then let me do it thoroughly—I will be patient. My Father will send me other work, when He sees fit. Perhaps this word 'now' is the very word for me.

I am so fond of planning schemes of usefulness, to be carried out by-and-by, that I forget the work that lies ready to my hand. I have been trying to get those six old women, that the Vicar asked me to read

to, altogether in Betty Jones's cottage. It is a capital plan. I could read to them in that way twice a week, and stay longer with them each time, besides saving a good deal of time for my painting; but then it doesn't do to read to one or two only, because you see we are to go straight through a book; and you've no idea the many hindrances there are to beginning; first, Betty was worse than usual; then Sally's daughter died; then there were two rainy Thursdays; (I put on my waterproof and went. I think they might have come;) then I couldn't go one Thursday because of the croquet party at the Hall, and so—we have never begun at all; and poor old Betty, who is bed-ridden, and who cannot read, and who, as she says, hungers and thirsts after the Word of God, has never had a word for these six weeks. Poor old soul! I might have read to her, if to none of the rest. She may never live to hear my favourite book; but 'now' she might have the comfort of that Book of Life, which I truly believe is more to her than her necessary food.

Mother asked me a week ago to cover the book she was reading to the children. It is the first of three volumes. I meant to have covered them all, and several of the school-room books at the same time. I thought I would have a regular morning's work at them, but, alas! Jack has spilt the ink over that volume and damaged it. Yes, how much better to have done it a week ago; but yet I will do it 'now,' before it is more injured. I promised Mother on my last birth-day—that happy 1st of May—that I would read a few verses of the Bible night and morning. She advised me to take the Second Lesson, but I thought I should like to follow the scheme that Alice Jones adopts for reading the whole Bible through in the year; but I have never found time to copy out her rules, and now—the summer is ended and my Bible reading has never been begun—only to-day when I am waiting for Papa in the school-room that word 'now' has brought the words of the Vicar's last Sunday's text to my mind. Will it be the same always? Shall I go on all my life planning and not performing—dreaming but not doing? O God, bring home to my heart the lesson of this text—that lesson which I need so much to learn: 'Now is the accepted time.'

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

[For those whose Easter joy has been mixed with tears by a sudden bereavement.]

ST. JOHN, v., x., xx.; ST. LUKE, xxiv.; CANTICLES, II.

JESUS, Shepherd kind and loving,
Lest we wander from Thy Fold,
Doubt reproving, fear removing,
Call us, as of old.

Lead us, going on before,
Let us hear Thy Voice once more ;
All our heart's affections claim,
Calling each one by his name.

When that Voice (like waters meeting,
Heard by Angel-ears on high)
Here, repeating love's own greeting,
Calls us tenderly,
Earthquake, wind, and raging fire,
Vanquished from the strife retire,
Weak to bend man's stubborn will,
Like those accents small and still.

For that Voice it was which found us
Laid in darkness midst the dead,
Foes around us, grave-clothes bound us,
Light and life had fled ;
But It spake, and loosed Death's chain,
And we heard and lived again ;
Leaden sleep released our eyes
When that Voice proclaimed, ' Arise !'

Now these eyes are dimmed by sorrow,
Blinded by too many tears,
From that Morrow light to borrow
Where Christ Risen appears :
O'er the grave long used to grieve,
They might see yet not believe,
Even as mourned the Magdalene
Christ for dead, though living seen.

Therefore, strength in trouble lending,
Let us this day hear Thy Voice ;
O'er us bending, gently tending,
Bid our hearts rejoice :
Call us by our names ; thus known,
Thee for ' Master ' shall we own,
Seeing darkness turned to light,
Saviour, by Thy Risen Might.

Speak ! oh, speak ! We wander, yearning
For a face which grave-clothes hide ;
Let hearts burning, Truth discerning,
Feel Thee at their side ;

Teaching how death life precedes,
 How Thy Cross to glory leads :
 Thenceforth with us to the end
 Still abide, our pitying Friend.

Then, within the Rock's Cleft creeping,
 Bid us hide from Death's cold blast,
 In Thy keeping safely sleeping
 Till the Night be past ;
 For Thy Voice, when Day shall break,
 Once again shall cry, 'Awake !
 Rise, come forth, beloved ! and see
 How the shadows haste to flee.

'Rise ! for winter rains are over,
 Storms have fled, no more to come ;
 Where boughs cover, song-birds hover—
 Now my flowers can bloom ;
 From their graves how fair they spring,
 Angels o'er them carolling
 Joyous welcome to the Day !
 Fair one, rise and come away !'

EASTER IN SORROW.

(SONNET.)

WHEN earth grows dark around thee, not with night,
 But hopeless woe, lift up, though sorrow-bowed,
 Thy head and look ; farther is grief allowed
 To see than joy, as eye in dark than light.
 The desert-wandering host, while day glowed bright,
 Scarce marked their shadowy guide, a shape of cloud ;
 When night flung sable veil the sky to shroud,
 It shone a pillar of fire, constraining sight.
 And Mary's eyes were dim with many a tear,
 When first they saw the Angels, then her Lord.
 To Emmaus once, mourning their Master dead,
 Two sadly walked, beset with doubt and fear,
 When He, the Stranger, came, made plain His Word,
 Then stood revealed at last, the Living Bread.

ODDS AND ENDS OF WEATHER WISDOM AND FRAGMENTS OF FOLK LORE.

FEBRUARY.

Février entre tous les mois,
Le plus court et moins courtois.

French Proverb.

THOUGH thanks to the Emperor Augustus, who took a day from February in order that his own month August might be the same length as that of his predecessor, and in spite of Ray's axiom, 'Reckon right, and February hath thirty-one days'—

'The shortest month in all the year
Is the month of Februeer.'

yet there is no month so well provided with proverbs and sayings. Indeed, there are as many rhymes belonging to it as to any two out of the other eleven put together; but these are not all of a complimentary nature, it must be confessed: for instance, the French '*Février le court, Le pire du tout*;' the '*Febrario curto malai lunghi*'* of Milan, and our own

'February short,
Good for naught.'

—are all of one mind, that Numa would have done well to have omitted February altogether from the calendar, instead of giving it the second post of honour, because 'he preferred peace before war, things civil before things martial.'† However this may be, February, besides being rich in proverbs, is also well supplied with names; having two Saxon, 'sprout kale' and Sol Monath, besides its Latin appellation. The latter is generally supposed to be derived either from the *Feralia* or *Febris expiatoris*, the feast in honour of the manes of the dead, which was held at Rome during this month; or from *Februa*, one of the names of Juno, by which she was called when she presided over the purification of women, which also took place at this time. Some writers have commented strongly on the evident relation between the Purificatio Virginis Mariæ and the Februat Juno, thinking it one of the most remarkable instances of the close connection between Pagan and Christian rites and festivals, that they should occur at the same time; but, striking though this is, it is only one among many examples of the same kind of coincidence, for the further we go into the subject, the more plainly we see, as Sir Francis Palgrave has pointed out, how inextricably the

* February is short. Its discomforts long.—*Weather Folk Lore.*

† Plutarch's Lives.

hagiology of the middle ages has amalgamated itself with the more ancient popular mythology. Nor when we remember how frequently our pagan forefathers were converted *en masse*, without much if any instruction in the new faith that they were required to adopt, can we wonder that they retained so much of their former belief, that the first Missionaries, who were many of them not altogether free from superstition themselves, were glad to resort to the expedient of adopting many of the places and objects of former worship, in the hope of turning their converts more readily in the direction in which they wished them to go; 'or in the pride of proving how the true religion had seated itself in the very strongholds of idolatry.'* It may be, as Fuller suggested in his Church History, that some of the more harmless of the heathen practices were permitted, 'as careful mothers and nurses, on condition that they can get their children to part with knives, are contented to let them play with rattles, so they permitted ignorant people still to retain some of their fond and foolish customs, that they might remove from them the more dangerous and destructive superstitions.'

It is certainly singular that the 2nd of February was also a great day with the Northern nations, for it was then that cakes were offered to the sun, and it was from this that the name Sol Monath (pancake month) took its rise, though Brady† thinks that the name merely referred to the greater power of the sun at this time of the year. Anyway, this day, which is still called 'Wives feast day' in the North of England, must have been of considerable importance, for it is one of the very few which have continued impressed upon the minds of the Presbyterian people of Scotland after all ostensible veneration for such days as Christian festivals had passed away; and it is somewhat remarkable that these days are chiefly those which are understood to have been Pagan festivals before the introduction of Christianity—Candlemas, Beltan, Lammas, and Hallowmas—as if the impression made by the festivals of the Church during the fourteen centuries of her power had been comparatively superficial.‡

The meaning of Sprout-kale is self-evident, though Vorstigen obviates the possibility of any mistake by carefully telling us that 'by kale is meant the kele wurt, which we now call cole wurt, the greatest pot wurt in times long passed that our ancestors used; and the broth made therewith was thereof also called kele, for before we borrowed from the French the name of potage and the name of herbe, the one in our own language was called kele and the other wurt; and as this kele wurt or pottage herbe was the chief winter wurt for the sustenance of the husbandman, so was it the first hearbe that in this moneth began to yield out wholesome young sprouts, and consequently gave thereunto the name of Sprout-kele. This herbe was not only of our old ancestors held to be very good both for sustenance and for healthe, but the ancient

* Wright's Grimm's Deutsche Mythologie.

† Clavis Calendaria.

‡ Popular Rhymes of Scotland.

Romans had also such an opinion thereof, that during the six hundred years that Rome was without Physicians the people used to plant great store of these wurts, which they accounted both meat and medicine, for as they did eat the wurt for sustenance, so did they drinke the water wherein it was boyled as a thing soveraigne in all kinds of sickennesse.' As we are now fortunately better provided with both doctors and wurts, (which is still in some districts the common name for vegetables,) the arrival of the kale wurt is not such a marked event; but the country people still continue to have great faith in the efficacy of cabbage plasters and cabbage water as remedies for all ailments, more especially rheumatism and head-ache, though one would fancy that the latter medicament was rather of the kill than cure nature—at least to anyone who happens to be possessed of a nose.

Proverb-mongers are certainly a difficult race of people to please; for whether 'double-faced February,'* as the month is called in Sardinia, is fair or whether it is foul, it seems as if, like the old man with the donkey, it could do nothing right. If it is cold, then 'Februeer doth cut and sheer;' while the thrush complains piteously, '*Février Février, si tu gèles t'engéleras mes t'chiots*,' (young ones,)—while if it is fine, then 'All the months in the year curse a fair Februeer;' probably because, if the weather is mild and open at this season, the plants and flowers get so much too forward, that the 'step-mother's kisses'—i.e. the black frosts of March—do such mischief, that their ill effects are felt throughout the rest of the year, so that the only thing that February has left it to do is to

'fill the dyke,
Either with black or white;
But if it be white
It's the better to like.'

The white snow being apparently preferred to the black rain, for there is another saying in Normandy—'*Février qui donne neige, belle été nous plége*.'

The 1st of February is St. Bridget's day; and any reader of Guy Mannering will remember the invocation—

'St. Bride and her brat,
St. Colme and his cat,
St. Michael and his spear,
Keep the house frae reif and wear.'

I have always been at a loss to know who or what was meant by the brat, as none of the Lives of St. Bridget throw any light on the subject, or refer to the rhyme, which, however, is said to be a genuinely old one. The cat can easily be accounted for, as St. Colme (or Columba) is

* 'Weather Folk Lore.' It is impossible for me to say how much or how often I have been indebted to this book, as in that case the references would be perpetual; but I hope that it will not be thought that I am less grateful, because I have not always been able to acknowledge how much I owe it.

usually represented accompanied by a young bear, in allusion to one of his miracles, so that it is obvious that this is only a repetition of the mistake which the Skratel made with regard to the King of Denmark's bear; but I cannot help wondering why St. Michael was addressed instead of St. Patrick, who, as he was buried with the other two saints at Down Patrick, one would have thought would have been more likely to have been classed with them. St. Columba himself is the author of a Gaelic proverb, which is not very flattering to feminine vanity—

‘Where there is a cow, there will be a woman,
And where there is a woman, there will be mischief.’

consequently he would allow neither the one nor the other on his island of Iona: and really, St. Bridget's advice to her coachman, when he upset her by insisting on driving across a newly-enclosed piece of common instead of following the usual road—‘Better to have gone round; short cuts bring broken bones,’—is so practical and such exceedingly good sense, that it is worthy of being a proverb itself.

On Candlemas Eve all the Christmas decorations are or ought to be taken down; for Herrick in the *Hesperides* gives us fair warning of the fate which is likely to befall anyone who does not duly attend to this rule:

‘Down with the holly—ivy, all
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas hall;
That so the superstitious find
Not one least branch there left behind;
For look how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins ye shall see.’

Lingering traces of this belief may still be found in some country places, where you are told that it is not ‘lucky’ (and a great deal more is implied by *this* word than meets the eye) either to take down or keep up any of the adornments before or after the appointed time, or even to make any alteration in the arrangements after Christmas Day is come and gone; which last notion is particularly provoking, when our eye is worried by a crooked letter, or a faulty piece of wreathing, entirely beyond one's own capacity to set right, and yet we dare not call in the help of either clerk or sexton, for fear of being guilty of the heinous offence of ‘changing their luck’ for the ensuing year by so doing.

In spite of everything, many of these old superstitions carry a very excellent moral along with them; for instance, Herrick's idea has the merit of inculcating neatness, if nothing more, and seems to tally with the old fancy that if any dust was left collected behind the door of a house at night after the family went to bed, it would have the power of admitting the fairies, should they come that way, and which is alluded to in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, when Puck says—

‘I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.’

Candlemas Eve has moreover a superstition of its own, for at twelve o'clock—'the devil's dancing hour'—on that night the winds have a battle, and whichever wind gains the mastery is the one which will principally prevail throughout the rest of the year. If this is the case, one would not care to be at sea on this night, for the poor ships would as surely suffer, as they do, according to the Arabic proverb, when the wind and sea fight.*

Candlemas Day owes its name to the lights which in the Roman Catholic Church were first blessed and then distributed, and carried in procession on that day in remembrance of St. Simeon's having declared our Blessed Lord to be a Light to lighten the Gentiles, for which reason the day itself has sometimes been called 'the Holiday of St. Simeon.' The custom, according to Brand, was first instituted by a pope that was called Sergius, in 684, who gave commandment that 'all Christian people should come to church and offer up a candle brennying, so that now this feast is hallowed in all Christendom.' It was not discontinued in England till 1548, the second year of Edward the Sixth, for the custom of candle bearing had not been done away with at the Reformation, since Henry VIII. issued a proclamation in 1539, that 'On Candlemass Day it shall be declared that the bearing of candles is done in memory of Christ, the spiritual Light, of whom Symeon did prophesy, as it is read in the Church that day. With regard to this text, George Herbert mentions, in 'The Priest to the Temple,' that even as late as 1632, 'there is an old custom of saying, when light is brought in, "God send us the light of Heaven!" and the parson likes this very well; . . . and those that think this superstitious neither know superstition nor themselves;' but he further adds that this form was then thought 'old and obsolete, and not the fashion.' †

The remains of the candles, which had been used on this day, were carefully preserved, as they were thought to have the power of frightening away devils, and were further a charm against thunder and lightning. At the present day some people fancy that it is a good thing to keep a candle lighted during a storm; and though the reason they give—that one light kills the other—is funny, yet the practice may perhaps be traced to the time when the hallowed candles were objects of reverence.

The saying, 'On Candlemas Day, throw candle and candlestick away,' is thought to have originated in the practice of doing away with the tapers which had been used at Vespers and Litanies throughout the winter, and which were now laid by till All-hallows Day, when they were again brought out; though some people think that it refers to the habits of our fathers, who, believing with Goody Two-shoes that

'Early to bed and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise,'

* The wind and the sea had a battle; this time, said the ships, we shall have the worst of it.—*Burckhart's Nine Hundred and Ninety-nine Arabic Proverbs.*

† Of the Parson's Condescending, 157.

went to bed with the chickens in order that they might get up with the lark ; but even calculating by the old style, which would give them eleven days grace, there could not have been much daylight to spare on the 2nd of February.

Perhaps the rhyme that is most frequently quoted is—

‘The hind had as soon see his wife on her bier,
As on Candlemas Day that the sun should shine clear.’

In Notes and Queries * it is said that this alludes to the great mortality of ewes and lambs during the subsequent inclement weather ; and Bishop Hall, in one of his sermons ‘On Candlemas Day,’ says ‘that it hath been an old—I say not how true—note that hath been wont to be set on this day, that if it be clear and sunshiny it portends rough and hard weather to come ;’ but I have always preferred to think that, as everyone knows ‘A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard,’ so this season was also so unhealthy, that the shepherd probably felt as certain that his wife would die as if he saw her already dead.

‘On Candlemas Day you should have half your corn and half your hay,’ is simply a word to the wise, for there is a considerable time yet to come before your barns can be replenished, so that your flocks and herds are likely to fare badly if you have not attended to this caution.

‘If Candlemas is fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight ;’

and

‘If Candlemas be fair and clear,
There will be two winters in one year ;’

are both of one mind ; while the Scotch rhyme—

‘If Candlemas Day be dry and fair,
The half of winter’s to come and mair ;
If Candlemas be wet and foul,
The half of winter’s gone at Yule,’

is still more full. But these (and many more to the same effect) are evidently only translations of the Latin rhyme, which Sir Thomas Brown mentions in his ‘Vulgar Errors,’ † and which every nation seems to have adopted as true. Certainly in this case, at Candlemas the cold comes to us, though at the same time ‘when Candlemas is come and gone the snow lies on a hot stone,’ for though

‘As far as the sun shines in on Candlemas Day,
So far will the snow blow in afore May ;’

and there may be and often is a heavy fall of snow during February, yet the sun has gained too much power by this time to permit it to lie long.

* First Series, vol. xi. 334.

† Si sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.—Vol. I. 347.

‘Where the wind is on Candlemas Day,
There it will stick to the end of May;’

unless it happens to be in the east; in that case, ‘It will neither chop nor change till the 2nd of May,’ which is not very good hearing, since most of us know by sad experience, that

‘When the wind is in the east
’Tis neither good for man nor beast;’

or as another formula expresses it,

‘A right easterly wind
Is very unkind.’

In Somersetshire you are directed to sow beans in Candlemas *waddle*—i.e. the wane of the moon—and the rule for sowing is,

‘One for the mouse, one for the crow,
One to rot, and one to grow;’

not a large percentage. Any way,

‘Be it weal, or be it woe,
Beans blow before May doth go.’

But though Candlemas may agree with the beans, it does not with trees, for if you set trees at All-Hallowtide you may command them to prosper, but if you set them after Candlemas you must intreat them to grow. The reason for this being, that if trees are planted in November they have time to get firmly rooted in the ground before the cold weather comes, while they have no such breathing space allowed them if they are planted in the late winter or early spring. *Apropos* of planting, there is a very excellent rule, which I was taught by an old gardener when I first possessed a garden of my own, and which is certainly worth remembering—

‘This maxim ne’er forget,
To sow dry and set wet;’

though at the same time there is another saying,

‘Sow in the sop,
’Twill be heavy atop,’

which directly contradicts the preceding one.

‘At Candlemas Day if the thorns hang a drop,
Of peas you’ll gather a heavy crop,’

is almost the only tolerably promising proverb. The birds have a grudge against the day, for ‘so long as they sing before it, so long will they cry after it;’ while the beasts are no better off, for ‘*A la Chandeleur*

toutes les bêtes sont en horreur, excepting the bear, for I remember seeing an old Latin rhyme, to the effect, that at Candlemas the bear turned over for another nap, while the badger peeps out of his hole, and if he finds snow, walks abroad, but if he sees the sun shining he draws back again; and the German shepherd, for his part, would as soon see a wolf enter his fold as the sunshine. Though the animals object to this day, the flowers do not; for the snowdrop, which is sometimes called the fair maid of February, makes its first appearance on it, and this is no doubt the reason why it is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; but I do not know why it is that, though it is held to be exceedingly lucky to pick one of these flowers for yourself, it is equally unlucky to have one given you. There is another fancy connected with the snowdrop in Lincolnshire, where it is thought that if a bride is strewed with snowdrops she is sure not to live long.

February the 3rd, which in some parts of Germany is called Little Candlemas Day, because of the bon-fires which are lighted on that night, is really St. Blaise's day, and it is still the custom in the North of England and Scotland to light bon-fires—or 'blazy fires,' as they are called—on the hills in his honour. Some writers fancy that this usage rose from an absurd pun upon the name, (*sc* blaze,) but this Mr. Baring Gould says is clearly wrong, as it is not confined to England, and the play upon the words would be lost in any other language.* Still, though the custom may have originated the pun, rather than the pun the custom, is it not likely that the idea may have done its part in keeping the practice alive? for I have heard 'blazy night' spoken of by persons who evidently had no idea that the saint had anything to do with the bon-fires. St. Blaise, who was the patron saint of the wool-combers, seems to have enjoyed a considerable degree of popularity. There are several foreign proverbs for his day, and though we have no English one in his honour, yet the village of St. Blazy in Cornwall was named after him, and he was invoked when anyone wished to draw a bone out of the throat, or a thorn out of the body. The charm, 'Call upon God, and remember St. Blaise' was simple enough, but could hardly have been of any very general use, since to be efficacious it must be used on the evening of his own day; and the complaints were not of a nature to wait till the proper time came which was to cure them. In former days, a taper used to be offered at High Mass on this day in honour of St. Blaise, the reason for this being that a poor woman, (whose pig the saint had restored to life after it had been killed by a wolf,) having brought him food and light when he was languishing in a dark dungeon, he was much rejoiced at it, and said, 'He who burns a taper to my honour every year, him will I remember before God.†

As Ash Wednesday falls on the 10th of February this year, the most important day that we next come to is Shrove Tuesday, or as it is

* Lives of the Saints, February, 48.

† Calendar Angl.

very often called, 'pan-cake day,' while the preceding Saturday is Egg Saturday, and there is an old rhyme for the other days of this week—

' Collop Monday, pan-cake Tuesday,
Ash Wednesday, Bloody Thursday;
Friday's long but will soon be done,
And hey for Saturday afternoon.'*

I do not know why Thursday is Bloody Thursday, but Collop Monday is well worth remembering, for the name carries us back to the days when the fast of Lent was really kept, so that Monday was the last day on which flesh could be eaten, and eggs and collops were as much the standing dish then as the pan-cakes are for the day following.

The word *shrove* is the past tense of the verb *shrive*, to confess, (hence the name Shrove-tide,† or Confession time,) for this day was anciently set apart by the Church of Rome, as a time for shriving and confessing sins, that being considered the proper preparation for Lent. Indeed, before the Reformation, every Communicant throughout the kingdom was bound to confess to his parish priest; and that none might plead forgetfulness of this duty, a great bell was rung at an early hour in every parish, to remind them. This bell (which is still rung in some places at twelve o'clock on Shrove Tuesday) is called the pan-cake bell, for there is no denying that the pan-cakes are now the great if not the only feature of the day, which in Staffordshire is known by the name of Gootet or 'Goodie's day,' quite a contrast to the old Yorkshire name of 'Fasting een.' If materials for the feast are wanted, then parties of children go round to different houses in the parish, 'shroving,' or singing the following lines, in order to obtain them—

' Pat-a-pat, the pan is hot,
I be come a shroving;
A little piece of bread and cheese
Is better than nothing.

The roads are very dirty,
But I am very clean;
And I have got a pocket,
To put a penny in.

Up with the kettle and down with the pan,
Give me a penny, and I'll be gone;
Give me another for my little brother,
And then I'll go back to father and mother.'

The custom is called either Clacketting or Lent-crocking in the West

* Halliwell's Popular Rhymes, Second Series.

† *Shrove* in the old Cornish language meant *pray*. Bo shrove! (boy prays!) was the exclamation made by the devil, when the boy whom he had been chasing with his dandy hounds baffled him by prayer.—See Hunt's Romance, &c., of Cornwall, First Series, 252.

of England, and is a more elaborate and less peaceable affair than it is in the southern counties. The song is—

‘Shrove-tide is nigh at hand,
And so we be come a shroving;
• Pray, dame, give us something,
An apple or a dumpling,
Or a piece of crumple cheese
Of your own making,
Or a piece of pan-cake,
And what you please to render;
Come, trap-traping throw,
Give us our mumps and we’ll go;’

then a pause, and if no response comes, it continues—

‘I see by the latch, there is something to catch;
I see by the string, the good dame’s within;
Give a cake, for I’ve none;
At the door goes a stone;
Come, give, and I’m gone.’

Mrs. Bray says that ‘if the shrovers are invited in, a cake, a cup of cider, and a health follows; but if not invited in, the sport consisted in battering the door with stones as not open to hospitality.’ Then the assailants would run away, but if caught had to undergo the punishment of roasting the shoe. This consisted in an old shoe being hung up before the fire, which the culprit was obliged to keep in a constant whirl, roasting himself as well as the shoe, till some damsel took pity on him and let him go; in this case he was bound to bring her a little present from the next fair.*

There is another song which is sung at this time, though it seems to have been originally intended for the end rather than for the beginning of Lent:

‘Herrings, herrings, white and red,
Ten a penny, Lent is dead;
One for Peter, two for Paul;
Three for Him who made us all;
Away, Lent, away.’

though I have heard it asserted that these lines only date from after the Reformation, and that therefore they may be supposed to express the joy of the people when they discovered that they were no longer obliged to fast, since ‘it was only beggars and people which are ready to affamish for want, that were allowed in Lent’s time to eat what they can get;’ but it appears to me that this notion is a little far-fetched.

It is a disputed point whether the fast of Lent was originally forty hours, that being the time that our Blessed Lord’s Body lay in the grave, or forty days long; but anyway, the forty days fast has been kept from a very ancient date, and Ash Wednesday, which in some places was

* From ‘The Tavy and the Tamar.’

called 'The Head of the Fast,' owes its existence to Pope Felix III., who in the year 487, added the four days preceding Quadragesima Sunday* to Lent, in order to bring the fasting days to forty; for as the six Sundays had to be deducted from the forty-two days originally set apart, there had previously been only thirty-six days. The name is due to Pope Gregory, who first instituted the practice of strewing ashes† on the heads of the people on that day, with the admonition, 'Remember, man, that thou art but dust, and shalt return to dust,' from which practice the name *dies cinerum* or *dies pulveris* was derived, which last name has been Anglicised into Pulver Wednesday. There used to be a curious custom at the English court, for an officer who was called the King's 'cock-crower,' to crow the hour each night during Lent, within the precincts of the palace, instead of announcing it in the usual manner. On the first Ash Wednesday that George II. was in England, as the Prince was at supper, this official suddenly entered the room, and following the old usage, crew like a cock in order to announce that it was past ten o'clock. The Prince, not knowing the habits and customs of these-so-mad English, thought that this was intended as an insult to him, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the interpreter managed to make him understand, that so far from this being the case, a compliment was intended. However, the practice was discontinued from that time forth, it having been originally intended to recall to mind the fall of St. Peter. The cruel custom of 'cock-throwing' on Shrove Tuesday was also said to have been with the same intention.

Valentine's day, the 14th February, is the next important day on the list; and this is only too well provided with rhymes and sayings, which are different in different places, though all have a matrimonial tendency. In the western counties, the children, decked with wreaths and true-lover's knots, go from house to house singing,

' Good-morrow to you, Valentine !
 Curl your locks as I do mine ;
 One before and two behind,
 Please give me a valentine.'

They begin sometimes as early as six o'clock in the morning, and occasionally vary the song by adding the rather Irish announcement—'To-morrow is come;'‡ while the Norfolk children 'catch valentines' by being the first to say 'Good morning, Valentine,' to anyone whom they think likely to make them a present. But they must do this before the sun rises, else they are sun-burnt, and entitled to nothing. This custom

* The French *Carême-Lent* is derived from Quadragesima. The country people usually speak of this and the four preceding Sundays as the 'Jessamy Sundays,' and *cleun* Lent begins on Quadragesima Sunday.

† These ashes were made of the branches of the palms, which had been consecrated the preceding year, and had been carefully cleansed and kept for the purpose.

‡ Halliwell's Popular Rhymes.

seems very much like the German 'Philipine,' which is, however, I believe, not limited to any time or day. With older people, the first person met or even seen is the valentine, as we see in poor Ophelia's song.

'Good-morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's day;
All in the morning betime;
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.'

and the valentine when seen may be called upon to give a pair of gloves if he is addressed at once with

'The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The gillyflower's sweet, and so are you;
These are the words you bade me say,
For a pair of new gloves on Easter Day.'

The Devonshire folk can, if they like, make certain of their future, if they will be at the pains to be in the churchyard at half-past twelve on the eve of St. Valentine's Day, with some hemp seed in their hand, which they scatter on either side as they walk homewards, repeating,

'Hemp seed I sow, hemp seed I mow,
He (or she) that my true love's to be,
Come, rake this hemp seed after me,'

and the true love may then be seen raking up the seed just sown, wrapped in a winding-sheet. Old people, however, who are no longer curious upon the subject, rather object to this experiment; for though it may be successful in the point for which it was intended, they all agree in saying that they never knew any good come of it.'

St. Francis de Sales* shares with St. Valentine the honour of being the originator of our present customs; or rather, these saints are said to have 'dispersed billets with the names of saints written upon them, in hopes of curing the people of their ancient and evil practice of drawing the names of their sweethearts, in honour of their goddess Februata, on the 15th February.'

Ray gives the proverb—'On Valentine's day the good house-wife's geese lay;' but I do not know of any other for this day. St. Matthias, the 24th February, has several.

'St. Matthy all the year goes by,'

because in Leap Year the supernumerary days are intercalated.

'St. Matthie sends sap up the tree,'

* St. Francis de Sales severely forbade the custom of Valentines, or giving boys in writing the names of girls to be admired and attended on by them; and to abolish it he changed it into giving billets, with the names of certain saints, for them to honour and imitate in a particular manner. St. Carlo Borromeo was his own model.—Alban Butler, *Lives of the Saints*, vol. i. 162.

and

‘ At St. Matthias sow both leaf and grass,’

both bear in mind the increasing warmth at this time of the year. In Bohemia it is said that if St. Matthias does not break the ice he has lost his axe, and the ice will therefore remain unbroken till March 19th, when St. Joseph comes; and in Germany they hold that ‘ Matheis brichts eis. Findt er keins so machts er eins.’* February, notwithstanding all its drawbacks ‘of frost and storms and cloudiness,’ is yet considered a lucky month if it has an odd number of days, but unlucky if it is even, for it is a cardinal rule with other people besides Rory O’More, that there is luck in odd numbers.’ It is further provided with three lucky and four unlucky days, and the Romans, according to Aubrey, added the 13th to this number, and would not attempt any business of importance, for on that day they were overthrown by the Gauls at Allia.

The Ides of March, February 15th, were fatal to Cæsar alone, for there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the Ides of March. ‘The Ides have come,’ said Cæsar. ‘Yes, but they are not passed,’ said the soothsayer.

(To be continued.)

B. C. C.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXXIII.

THE RIGHT TRIUMPHANT CARDINAL.

1526-1530.

THE great minister who held the reins of government in England was in the height of his glory. The crown was practically absolute, and he, as Chancellor, wielded the power and transacted all foreign affairs. No parliaments were held for seven full years, for Wolsey contrived to raise a sufficient sum for all purposes by loans from merchants, from the royal estates, and by all those arbitrary modes of raising contributions which had made Henry VII. unpopular, but to which nobody objected in his hearty bright-mannered son.

Thomas Wolsey himself was one of those mixtures of good and evil, who is the more difficult to understand, because he was the product of another age. It is not easy to believe that a man had a genuine desire for the benefit of his Church and country, when he was far from strict in morality in private life, and was one of the most enormous pluralists that ever lived, holding at once the Sees of York and Winchester, and farming those of Bath, Worcester, and Hereford, which were held by

* Matthew breaks the ice, if he finds none he makes it.

foreigners; holding the great Abbey of St. Albans, and more benefices than can be counted—in not one of which he performed any of the duties of the offices. Yet in those days Church benefices were viewed as the fit payment for services rendered to the State, and no one scrupled to hold any number of them.

And Wolsey's ostentation was the wonder and the scandal of the country. The list of his servants, and the inventory of his possessions, is almost incredible; and yet this ostentation seems to have been chiefly the effect of the vulgar taste of the low-born ecclesiastic enjoying his promotion in a simple-hearted age given to display, and to have been accompanied with much kindness of heart. His institutions for the public good were admirable. Under him, though not at his expense, the College of Physicians had been founded in 1518, at the instance of Linacre, the friend of Colet. He also founded a public school at his native town of Ipswich, which he intended should be such as were already Winchester and Eton; and as Winchester prepared for New College, and Eton for King's, so he designed a magnificent foundation at Oxford. As legate, he was able to use the revenues of more than one old foundation on the very site, namely, St. Frideswid's Priory, the Chapter of Christ Church, Peckwater, and Canterbury Halls, (Wychiffe's old college.) These he fused together into a magnificent college, which he meant to have called York, but Christchurch was the abiding name. His plans of building were such as would befit a palace, and his statutes were conceived in the most liberal form, putting the study of Greek foremost, and discouraging the old scholastic forms of study. The library, too, was on a magnificent scale, and he began to procure for it copies of all the manuscripts in the Vatican Library. He tried also to arrange a college for the study of the law in London, and had all the plans for the building prepared. They were long preserved at Greenwich, and were considered as models of beauty and grandeur; and so doubtless they were, for the Tudor age was that when, though Church architecture was in decadence, domestic architecture had reached perfection. Wolsey's own palace of Hampton Court is a specimen, and would be a perfect one if Dutch taste had not meddled with it.

The number of religious houses which Wolsey was suppressing in order to endow his college and school, led to complaints that he was taking Church property to enrich himself instead of to promote learning; and indeed, there was a strong party who held that the old monastic foundations ought to remain untouched. It is probable that Wolsey was not consciously a robber, and that his magnificence was supported by the huge accumulation of benefices he enjoyed, as well as the considerable bribes and pensions he thought no shame of receiving from the Emperor, and King of France; and as to applying the revenues of effete religious foundations to form colleges for the training of clergy, that had been done by Wykeham, Chicheley, and Henry VI., and they were honoured for it.

In fact, Wolsey was exceedingly unpopular. The English never could bear to see a low-born man in power, and his splendours only provoked derisive ballads. The nobles were jealous of him, and no one loved him but the King, and the persons of his household who enjoyed his kindness and liberality. Many of the gentlemen who swelled his train were young nobles who had been confided to him as pupils of diplomacy and statesmanship; and he was tutor to the King's illegitimate son, the Duke of Richmond, on whose education he bestowed immense care. He was also tutor to the young Princess Mary, the only surviving child of Henry and Katharine, and took care of the regulation of her household.

On the whole, though despotic in his rule, and carrying on a policy that seems unjustifiable at home and abroad, he really cared earnestly for the welfare of his King and country; and it was, as he thought, in the interest of both that he made the move in policy which recoiled on his own head, and ended by making a ruthless tyrant of the once generous spirited Henry. Never was there a more notable instance of the peril of doing evil that good might come.

Mary Tudor remained the only child of her parents, Henry VIII. and Katharine of Aragon, and her sex was beginning to be felt as a great misfortune. To marry her to a subject would be to aggrandize one family, and make all the others jealous; and to give her to a foreign prince might lead to England being swamped in some great continental power. Therefore, Cardinal Wolsey recollected with satisfaction that Queen Katharine's former espousals with Prince Arthur might form a pretext for declaring the marriage with the King as invalid, and thus leaving him free to take another wife, with more hope of male offspring.

It was true that the wedding had only been the outward ceremony often performed to bind children together, and that a dispensation had been duly obtained for her wedlock with Henry; but such dispensations had often been given, and as often set aside when reasons of state made an excuse convenient for putting asunder what God had joined together; and Wolsey expected no scruples from the Pope that could not be overcome by a handsome bribe, while as to the King, he had already shewn inconstancy to the Queen by admiration of more than one lady of the court, and was likely to be pleased to be free to marry a younger bride. Little did Wolsey think, when he thus conceived a cruel and godless expedient of state policy, what a stone he set rolling, and how he would be one of the first it would overwhelm!

Meantime the ratification of the Holy League in the early spring of 1527, brought two French ambassadors to England, who proposed that Mary should be married either to King François himself, or to his second son, Henri, Duke of Orleans, not to the Dauphin, because it was the great object to prevent England from being united with France. All went smoothly, when in the midst the Bishop of Tarbes, without orders from his master, asked Henry and the Cardinal if the princess's

legitimacy was beyond a doubt. There is very little question but that Wolsey thought this was the best way of suggesting his plan to the King. However, he pretended that it was the shock to him that it really was to Henry.

There was a splendid farewell entertainment to the ambassadors at Greenwich; a tournament first, when three hundred lances were broken, then a supper, and then a dance, from which the King, Turenne, and four others went out, and returning as Venetian gentlemen, each selected a lady with whom to dance.

The King's choice was Mistress Anne Boleyn. Again Wolsey little guessed what this boded. This lady was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, a Norfolk knight, and of Lady Elizabeth Howard, sister to the Duke of Norfolk. This connection, and also the fact that Anne had been brought up by a French maid, led to her being sent, at about fourteen, as an attendant to Mary Tudor on her marriage with Louis XII. On Mary's return to England, Anne was transferred to the train of Queen Claude, and afterwards to that of Marguerite, Duchess of Alençon. Here she acquired much of the grace and wit which were cultivated at the French court, and which suited well with her lively disposition, and her dark brunette style of beauty. She was an exquisite dancer, dressed to perfection, and had an arch merriment of manner and conversation, which charmed everyone. She played on the lute, and sang well, and was as highly cultivated as most women of her time; and her sprightliness seems to have been more attractive than her beauty.

Her father had disputed the succession to an inheritance with Sir Piers Butler, and it was intended that a marriage between her and his heir should be the pledge of reconciliation; and she was brought home on this account, and appointed maid-of-honour to the Queen. There she dazzled all the court; and before having seen her destined bridegroom, an attachment arose between her and Henry Percy, son to the Earl of Northumberland, and they exchanged troth-plight, though he was contracted to Mary Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. His father and Cardinal Wolsey interfered with a high hand, and put an end to this affair, obliging young Percy at once to fulfil his original engagement; while Anne was sent to her uncle's castle, at Hever, where she continued for four years, and had only just returned to court when the masque took place at Greenwich.

That the King admired the lively French-bred lady was well known; but Wolsey thought no more of it than of any other fleeting passion with which royalty was too apt to indulge, and continued his plans for obtaining some noble alliance, by consulting and causing Henry to consult his council on what was called 'the King's secret matter'—namely, validity of the marriage.

These machinations soon came to the ears of the person above all others concerned, poor Katharine herself. She immediately sent one

of her servants to Spain, with letters to her nephew, the Emperor; but Wolsey had him intercepted, lest it 'should be a hindrance to his Grace's particulars.' She consulted Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and then spoke to Henry himself. He, disliking the sight of her grief, soothed her by saying it was a mere inquiry to satisfy all scruples of foreign powers; and after 'a brief tragedy' she was pacified. But she was still vexed by Anne Boleyn's coquetries; and over a game at cards, she took occasion to say, as if alluding to her play, 'My Lady Anne, you have the good hap ever to stop at a king; but you are like others, you will have all or none.'

Yet no one so far could have thought that even if Katharine's throne were threatened, it could be in favour of the maid-of-honour; and Wolsey and Wareham consulted on the mode of having the matter judged; Wareham probably hoping to have it set at rest for ever, Wolsey as a means of strengthening the kingdom by a royal alliance.

Suddenly came the tidings of the sack of Rome and the Pope's danger. Henry was furious at the Emperor for the sacrilege; Wolsey felt as a Cardinal, and commanded prayers and four days fasting in the week; but the clergy said the command was to the laity, not themselves, and the laity said it was the priests' affair—so very few fasted at all. However, it was resolved at the same time, that Wolsey should go on embassy to stir François I. up, to exert himself in concert with Henry for the relief of His Holiness.

There is something melancholy in the account of the splendours of Wolsey's embassy, when we remember that he left behind the insidious persons who were working for his fall. His train amounted to a thousand, of whom the gentlemen marched out of London in ranks of three, in black velvet coats, with gold chains round their necks, while his yeomen and their servants were in orange tawny coats, with T. C., for Thomas Cardinal, embroidered upon them. Before him were carried his two silver crosses and two silver pillars. The Great Seal, his cardinal's hat, and a scarlet bag embroidered with gold—each also had a gentleman to carry it; and the Cardinal himself rode in sumptuous robes, with a spare horse and mule led behind him, trapped with scarlet and gold; while harbingers were sent before, to prepare quarters for all this train. Eighty waggons and twenty sumpter mules preceded this cavalcade on the journey through England. When he came to the Cathedral at Canterbury, he attended a Litany for the deliverance of the Pope; and as he heard the petition chanted, '*Sancte Maria ora pro Papâ nostrô Clemente*,' he was seen to be weeping, as if from a foreboding of his own fall.

But he was his own haughty self when he had landed in Calais, and instructed his followers that they were to keep up their dignity with the French, yet use them with all gentleness. 'The nature of the Frenchmen is such,' he said, 'that at the first meeting they will be as familiar with you as if they had known you by long acquaintance, and

will converse with you in the French tongue as if you knew every word. Use them, therefore, in like manner; be as familiar with them as they are with you. If they speak to you in their natural tongue, speak to them in English; so that if you do not understand them, no more shall they understand you.—Thou Price,' turning to a Welsh gentleman, 'do you speak Welsh to them.' He must have thought this Babel a good way of hindering mischief.

François had granted him the privilege of pardoning all criminals wherever he went, except those for high-treason and sacrilege. Yet François would not let him come further than Abbeville, till he had ascertained the fate of a previous deputation; and then he came himself to Compiègne, with his mother and all his court, and went out to meet Wolsey at Amiens, attended by his train, among whom his guard of tall Scots were conspicuous.

When Wolsey heard the King was at hand, he went into a little way-side chapel, to put on a still more splendid dress, while his mule was decked in crimson velvet; and by the time he had re-mounted, the King was in sight. Wolsey advanced a little way, but then stopped, waiting for the King to meet him half way; and to this good-humoured François submitted, embracing him as if he had been Henry himself.

Then, with a procession two miles long, with each Englishman paired with a Frenchman, they came to Compiègne, where the conferences took place; and the Cardinal's overbearing manners must have been no small affliction to his hosts. Once, in the King's presence, he started up, saying to the Chancellor Duprat, 'Sir, it becomes not you to trifle with the friendship between our Sovereigns. If your master follow your practices, he shall not fail shortly to feel what it is to war against England.'

François' clever mother was obliged to exert all her blandishments to soothe down 'the butcher's dog' into continuing the negociation. The terms were—that little Mary should marry François' second son; that the release of the two boys should be insisted on, and especially that, while the Pope remained in captivity, no General Council of the Church could be held, and that any sentence of the Pope in his present situation should be invalid, so far as affected the kingdoms of France and England, his supremacy being supplied by the two Kings and their prelates in each of their dominions: thus perhaps giving Henry a first idea of doing without the Pope.

While visiting the Duchess of Angoulême, Wolsey told her that in the next year she would see a great union and a great disunion, adding, that these were no idle words.

The union he meant was with Renée, the sister-in-law of François; but his absence was already giving the first blow to his power. Henry was going on his own way, with inquiries into the legality of his marriage, and becoming more enamoured of Anne; and he received Wolsey's cautious letters with impatience; though at first, on his

return home in October, the Cardinal asserted his original ascendancy, and hoped he had prevailed on his master to give up the absurd attachment to Anne.

The French army, under Lautrec, accompanied by Sir Robert Jerningham, were entering Italy to liberate the Pope; but they could not get further than Piacenza, and there came to join them three envoys from Henry, to request the judgement of Clement upon his marriage, never doubting but that the Pontiff whom he liberated must decide as he now earnestly wished. But the Pope was still shut up in St. Angelo, although Charles V. had urgently written to the Prince of Orange to set him at liberty, but to take care that he was not able to become an enemy. Nobody had, however, any power to set him free till the soldiers were satisfied; but the plague, breaking out in the miserable pillaged city, made the troops as anxious to leave it as he was to escape, and they therefore agreed to accept a ransom, which he raised by borrowing at ten per cent interest, intending gradually to pay off the sum by the sale of public offices at Rome. This invention of the scion of the Florentine banking-house was the first national debt, and the first commencement of public funds. It was not, however, till the 9th of December that he was released, and then the conditions were unfulfilled; but as it was hopeless that ever they should be, Alarcon was instructed to connive at his escape, without waiting for a public ceremonial, when his failure to fulfil his promises would have been manifest, and would have been as detrimental to the dignity of his captors as to his own.

So the very day before that appointed for his release, he came to the gates of St. Angelo, disguised as his own purveyor, in a great hat and cloak, was allowed to pass unquestioned, found a horse waiting for him, and rode off to Orvièto, where he expected to have found the French army, but met instead something much less welcome—namely, King Henry's envoys, Dr. Knight, three brothers named Casale, and Staphilæo, Dean of the Rota, requesting him to appoint Wolsey and another Cardinal legates to hear and judge the matter of the marriage.

Clement could not but be much distressed. He must offend either Henry or Charles; and though the one was his ally, and had thundered so loudly in his cause, his city of Rome was in the hands of the other, and there was no returning thither without his consent. However, at any rate, it could do no harm to hear the cause, and that was all Henry asked at present; so he granted the request, and named six Cardinals, of whom Henry might choose one to be joined with Wolsey in the commission.

In the meantime, according to the treaty with France, Lord Herbert as ambassador, and Clarencieux king-at-arms, joined an ambassador and king-at-arms from France, and went to carry the defiance of their two masters to the Emperor. They came to Burgos on the 21st of January, 1528, and were received by the Emperor on his throne. The

ambassadors each spoke first, the heralds standing behind them with their mantles over their arms. The Emperor replied, with great dignity, that he did not understand the summons from the King of France, who was his prisoner, and had no right to defy him; while as to the Pope, no one could more regret what had happened than himself; it had been done without his knowledge, and moreover, he had yesterday received letters announcing his Holiness's liberation. Then turning to the Englishman, Charles said that his uncle had been misinformed, and that he would write. 'I pray,' he said, 'that I may not have greater occasion to defy him than he has to defy me!'

The two heralds put on their mantles, and uttered their challenge in full form; the chief point in Henry's charge being that Charles oppressed the Pope, and by continuing the war, hindered the coalition of Christian princes against the Turk. Charles did write a long letter of vindication, and warning respecting the treatment which Henry was preparing for his aunt; and therewith the ambassadors departed, but not till some of their suite had seen the French princes at Pedraen Castle, where they were under the charge of the Marquis of Virllanga, who seems to have neglected them, for their room was dark and dirty, and they looked uncared for. They had dogs and dolls to play with, and had forgotten all their French, so that an interpreter was needful in talking to them. Some new dresses were brought from home for them; but Virllanga would not allow them to put these on till two other boys had worn them, lest they should be enchanted to fly away with the wearer bodily into France.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

A lady a party of pleasure made,
And she planned her scheme full well,
And day and night the party filled
The head of the demoiselle.

Faber.

THOUGH Frank had no reason to expect that the tidings of his success would be hailed with much satisfaction at home, yet his habit of turning to his mother for sympathy would have been too much for his prudence, but for the fact that Terry De Lancey had dragged into her room a massive volume of prints from the Uffizi Gallery, and was looking it

over with her, with a zest she had not seen since the days when her father gloried in his collection.

His victory could only be confided to Charlie, who might laugh, but fully appreciated the repose of mind with which he could now encounter the examiners, and promised to do his part to cover the meetings of the lovers the next day. But even then, the chances of another performance on the lake, or of a walk among the icicles afterwards, were departing. Thaw was setting in, and by breakfast-time there was a down-pouring rain. Frank lingered about Cecil in hopes of a message to serve as an excuse for a rush to Sirenwood; but she proved to be going to drive to the working-room, and then to lunch at Mrs. Duncombe's, to meet the Americans and the ladies from Sirenwood, according to a note sent over in early morning at first sight of the wet.

Thereupon Frank found he had a last reference to make to his tutor, and begged for a lift. A touch of warmth in Cecil would have opened the flood-gates of his confidence, but she was exercised about a mistake in the accounts, and claimed his aid in tracking a defective seven-pence. When she heard him utter the monstrous statement that a hundred and five farthings were almost nine shillings, she looked at him with withering compassion as sure to fail, and a small loss to Her Majesty; nor would she listen to any of his hints that he was very curious to see her working-room.

His question to the tutor judiciously lasted till twelve, when he dropped in to consult Captain Duncombe about horse-hire in London; and that gentleman, who had been undergoing a course of political economy all the morning, eagerly pounced on him for a tour of his stables, which lasted till luncheon was due, and he could casually enter the dining-room, where Lady Tyrrell held out her hand good-naturedly to him, laughing at the blankness he could not entirely conceal. 'Only me!' she said. 'It can't be helped! Poor Lenore caught such a dreadful sore throat last night, that I have shut her up in her room with a mustard poultice.'

'Indeed! I am very sorry.'

'You may well look horrified! You were the guilty party, I suspect. Taking her all across the park under those dank trees!'

He coloured up to the eyes, little expecting to be thus convicted; but Mrs. Duncombe came to his aid. 'My impartiality would impute the damage to her standing about with those wretched little dogs of mine.'

'It is your climate,' said Mrs. Tallboys. 'In our dry atmosphere there would be no risk with a far lower temperature.'

'I hope it is nothing serious,' said Frank anxiously.

'I hope so too,' said Lady Tyrrell, looking archly into his face, which had not learnt such impenetrability as poor Lenore's.

'No; but really?' he said, in anxiety that would not be rallied away.

'This is the way,' said Lady Tyrrell. 'Young gentlemen persuade young ladies to do the most imprudent things—saunter about in the cold

after skating, and dawdle under trees, and then wonder when they catch cold.—Do they do such things in your country, Mrs. Tallboys, and expect the mammas and elder sisters to be gratified?’

‘Mammas and elder sisters are at a discount with you, are not they?’ said Mrs. Duncombe.

‘Our young women are sufficient to protect themselves without our shewing tacit distrust, and encumbering them with guardianship,’ returned the Professor.

‘Mr. Charnock wishes we had reached that point,’ said Lady Tyrrell.

She had put him completely out of countenance. He had not supposed her aware of his having been Lenore’s companion, and was not certain whether her sister had not after all confided in her, or if he himself had not been an unconscious victor. The public banter jarred upon him; and while Cecil was making inquiries into the extent of the young ladies’ privileges in America, he was mentally calculating the possibilities of rushing up to Sirenwood, trying to see Lenore in spite of her throat, and ascertaining her position, before his train was due; but he was forced to resign the notion, for Raymond had made an appointment for him in London which must not be missed; and before luncheon was over, the dog-cart, according to agreement with Charlie, called for him.

‘Good-bye, Mr. Frank,’ said Mrs. Duncombe; ‘will you have an old shoe thrown after you for luck?’

‘The time is not come for that yet,’ said Cecil, gravely.

‘Tending in that direction. Eh, Charnock?’ said the Captain. ‘Here’s to your success—now, and in what’s to come!’

‘Thank you, Captain,’ said Frank, shaking his hand, liking the hearty voice. ‘Lady Tyrrell, won’t you give me your good wishes?’ he asked half diffidently.

‘For the examination—yes, certainly,’ she replied. ‘It is safer not to look too far into your wishing-well.’

‘And—and will you give my—my best regards to Le—to Miss Vivian, and say I grieve for her cold, and trust to her—to her good wishes—’ he uttered quick and fast, holding her hand all the time.

‘Yes, yes,’ she said quickly; ‘but last messages won’t do when trains are due.’

‘Not due yet,’ said Frank; ‘but I must go home. I’ve not seen my mother to-day, and I shall not have a moment.—Good-bye, Cecil; have you any commands for Raymond?’

‘No, thank you,’ said Cecil, gravely; and with a bow to the Americans, he was gone.

‘That is one of your products of the highest English refinement?’ said Mrs. Tallboys, whom in his pre-occupation he had scarcely noticed.

‘How does he strike you?’ said Cecil. ‘He is my brother-in-law, but never mind that.’

‘He looks fitted for the hero of a vapid English novel. I long to

force him to rough it, and to rub off that exquisite do-nothing air. It irritates me !'

'Frank Charnock has done a good deal of hard work, and is not to lead the life of an idle man,' said Captain Duncombe. 'I know I should not like to be in his shoes if he succeeds—grinding away in an office ten months out of the twelve.'

'In an office! I should like to set him to work with an axe!'

'Well, those dainty looking curled darlings don't do badly in the back woods,' said Lady Tyrrell.

'Ah! I understand! You stand up for him because there's a little *tendresse* for your sister,' said the plain-spoken American.

'Poor fellow! I am afraid he is far gone. It is an impossible thing, though, and the sooner he can be cured of it the better,' said Lady Tyrrell. 'I am sorry that walk took place yesterday.—Did he mention it at home, Cecil?'

'You are a very inconsistent woman, Lady Tyrrell,' broke in Mrs. Duncombe in her abrupt way. 'Here you are come to uphold the emancipation of woman, and yet, when we come to your own sister taking one poor walk—'

'I beg your pardon, Bessie,' said Lady Tyrrell, with her most courteous manner. 'I never said I was come to uphold the emancipation of woman; only to subject myself to Mrs. Tallboys' influence—she has to make a convert of me.'

For, of course, Lady Tyrrell was only drawn into the controversy as a matter of amusement, and possibly as something specially distasteful to the house of Charnock Poyntsett; and Cecil was a good deal influenced by the fascination of her example, as well as by the eagerness of Mrs. Duncombe, and the charms of the Americans; and above all, they conspired in making her feel herself important, and assuming that she must be foremost in all that was done. She did not controvert the doctrines of Dunstone so entirely as to embrace the doctrines of emancipation, but she thought that free ventilation was due to every subject, most especially when the member's wife was the leading lady in bringing about such discussion. The opposition made in the town to Mrs. Duncombe's sanitary plans, and the contempt with which they had been treated as ladies' fancies, had given a positive field of battle, with that admixture of right and wrong on either side which is essential to championship. And in truth, Cecil was so much more under the influence of Camilla Tyrrell and Bessie Duncombe, than under that of any other person, that she was ready to espouse any cause that they did.

How to arrange for the intended instruction was the difficulty; since Wilsbro' was without a town-hall, and moreover, the inhabitants were averse to all varieties of change, either as to the claims of women, the inequality of social laws, the improvement of education, or the comprehension of social science—the regular course which Mrs. Clio W. Tallboys was wont to lecture.

The matter could only be managed by arranging a series of *soirées* at different houses. Mrs. Duncombe's rooms were far too small; but if some person of more note—'some swell' as she said—would make the beginning, there would be no difficulty in bringing others to follow suit.

'You must do it, Lady Tyrrell,' said Mrs. Duncombe.

'I! If there's nobody else; but it would come much better from another quarter,' nodding at Cecil.

'Don't you wish you may get it?' muttered the slang-loving Bessie.

'That's one point in which we leave you far behind,' said Mrs. Tallboys. 'We issue our invitations quite independently of the other members of the household. Each has a separate visiting list.'

'There need be no difficulty,' said Cecil; 'all matters of visiting are in my hands. It is necessary in our position; and if Lady Tyrrell thinks it proper that I should give the first party, I will do so.'

'Bravo, what fun!' cried Mrs. Duncombe, clapping her hands. 'You won't get into a jolly row, though!' she added, anxiously.

'I am perfectly sure of my ground,' said Cecil, with the dignity of one to whom 'a row' was unheard of. 'It is the simple duty of a member to come forward in promoting free discussion of opinions.'

'You are a public-spirited woman, Cecil,' said Lady Tyrrell. 'When you have made the first move, I'll follow. Then whom shall we ask next?'

'Mrs. Moy,' said Bessie. 'She is a nonentity herself, but if Gussie were to be strongly bitten she could do more than any one else, and make her father reform that nest of horrors in Water Lane!'

'I'm afraid the freedom side will bite her more than the sanitary side,' said Lady Tyrrell.

'She is capital fun, though, and a great ally of ours,' said Mrs. Duncombe; 'and the rooms at Proudfoot Lawn are worth anything!'

Other details were fixed, even to the day of Cecil's opening party, which must take place on the first practicable day; but there was none to be found till the Wednesday week, the day before Raymond would return home. Cecil did not recollect this till the day had been unanimously agreed on, and it was with a little alarm; but after what she had asserted about her freedom of action, she could not retract before the eyes of the American lady; and, as she said to herself, she could receive her own ladies' party without interfering with anyone else, in the library, so that no one had a right to object. However, she had a certain anticipation of opposition, which caused her to act before announcing her intention; and thus it was that Rosamond found her dropping a number of notes through the slit in the lid of the post-box. 'Another dinner?' was the question.

'No, this is a *soirée* in the library, entirely for ladies; Mrs. Tallboys is to explain her views in the evenings at the principal houses in the neighbourhood. She will begin here on Wednesday week.'

‘Why, that’s before Raymond comes back!’

‘This is entirely for women.’

‘Women! women’s rights! How have you got Mrs. Poynsett to consent?’

‘I have *carte blanche* in these matters.’

‘Do you mean that you have not consulted her? Does Raymond know? Oh! Yes, I see I have no right to ask; but, Cecil, for your own sake, I entreat you to consider what you are about, before running into such a frightful scrape!’ and Rosamond impulsively caught the hand that was still putting in a letter; but Cecil stood still, not withdrawing or moving a muscle, perfectly impassive. Rosamond went on more eagerly, ‘Oh yes, I know you don’t like me—I’m only a poor battered soldier’s daughter, quite an unworthy associate for a Charnock of the Charnocks; but I can’t help begging you to consider the consequences of sending out invitations to hear this strange woman hold forth in Mrs. Poynsett’s own house, in your husband’s absence.’

‘Thank you for your solicitude,’ said Cecil, dropping in her envelope the instant the obstructive hand was removed, and going on her way with dignified self-possession; while Rosamond, in a tumult of indignation, which made her scarcely comprehensible, rushed up to her husband at his writing, and poured out her story.

Clio advocating female supremacy in Mrs. Poynsett’s own house, without notice to her! Should she be warned in time to stop the letter? Should Raymond be written to? Rosamond was for both, Julius for neither. He said that either way would begin a system that could never be forgiven; and that they had better consider themselves as practically at the Rectory, and not interfere.

‘How can you be so cold-blooded?’ cried she.

‘I do not want to do worse harm. My mother will learn what is to happen sooner or later; and then she can put a stop to it in any way she chooses.’

‘I wish she would send in Mrs. Crabtree with her tawse!’ said Rosamond. ‘But is it right by Raymond to let his wife bring this Yankee muse to talk her nonsense in his very rooms!’

‘You have argued with her?’

‘Or with a block—a stock—a stone!’ raved Rosamond.

‘Then depend upon it, to inform against her would be far worse than letting any amount of absurdity be talked. I should like to know how you would get over being so served?’

‘Don’t make comparisons, Sir! Poor things! they would not be the worse for a little of our foolishness!’

Things settled themselves, according to Julius’s prediction; for Mr. Bowater, coming up with his son Herbert to see his old friend, said, ‘What grand doings are you having here? What is Raymond’s wife up to? Ladies’ *conversazione*—that’s a new thing in these parts!’

‘I gave such matters up to her,’ said Mrs. Poyndsett. ‘Young people like a little freedom of action; and there are changes in the neighbourhood since I was laid up.’ It was a temporizing speech, to avoid shewing her total ignorance.

Mr. Bowater cleared his throat. ‘Young folk may like freedom of action, but it don’t always follow that it is good for them. I hope she won’t get Raymond into a scrape, that’s all—committing him and herself to a course of lectures by that Yankee woman on woman’s rights.’

‘It does not commit him; it is before he comes home, on Wednesday,’ said Herbert.

‘Never mind that; what a woman does, her husband does. Look here, Mrs. Poyndsett, I brought over Jenny’s note in my pocket; see, here are two—one to accept, and one to refuse, just as you choose.’

‘Oh! accept, by all means,’ cried Mrs. Poyndsett; ‘don’t leave the wrong one!’

Then she changed the conversation so decidedly, that Mr. Bowater could not resume his warning; but after taking leave of her, he met Rosamond in the avenue, and could not help saying, ‘Pray, was my old friend aware of Mrs. Raymond’s doings!’

‘Have you told her? Oh! I am so glad!’

‘Then it is as you said, Herbert. Mrs. Raymond had left her in ignorance! The impudent baggage! That’s what the world is coming to!’

‘But what regular game Mrs. Poyndsett was!’ said Herbert. ‘You could not make out in the least that she had been left in the lurch; and I’m sure she has a plan, by the way in which she desired Jenny and Edie to come.’

‘Only make her understand that the Wilsbro’ folks are in a ticklish state,’ said Mr. Bowater; ‘they are sulking already, because they say the ladies have been stirring him up to put them to expense about the drains.’

‘Wilsbro’ isn’t sweet,’ said Herbert.

‘There’s been nothing amiss in my time,’ returned his father. ‘Perfectly healthy in all reason! Ay! you may laugh, young folks, but I never heard of any receipt to hinder people from dying; and let well alone is a safe maxim.’

‘If it be well,’ said Rosamond. ‘However, Raymond says whatever is done must be by general consent, and that small private attempts will do more harm than good.’

‘He had better take care what he says. If they fancy he is in league with that ridiculous Duncombe woman against their pockets, Moy is on the watch to take advantage of it; and all the old family interest will not save his seat.’

When Rosamond reached home, she found Anne beside her mother-in-law, provided with a quire of note-paper and pile of envelopes. ‘My dear, I want your help,’ she said. ‘Till my accident, I always had a

children's party at Christmas; and now I have so many young people to manage it for me, I think we might try again, and combine it with Cecil's ladies' party, on Wednesday.'

'Hurrah!' cried Rosamond. 'You mean that we should have plenty of fun—and in fact, drum out the rights of woman.'

'At any rate, present a counter attraction. You and Charlie and your brothers, with the Bowaters, might do something?'

'Trust me!' cried Rosamond. 'Oh! I am so thankful to Mr. Bowater, Julius and I had our blood boiling; and I said as much or more to Cecil than woman could, but she minded me no more than the old white cockatoo; and Julius said our telling would only make more mischief.'

'He was quite right,' said his mother. 'Let there not be one word of opposition, you know; only swamp it. You could get up some charades, and have something going on all the evening.'

'Trust me for that! Oh! if my darling Aileen were but here! but Tom is the very model of an actor, and Terry is grand, if only we can keep him out of the high tragedy line. King Lear is the mildest thing he condescends to!'

'Could you manage a Christmas-tree? The taking up a room beforehand is inconvenient; but I should like to offer some little substantial bait, even to the grown up;' and her eyes twinkled merrily.

'I know a better thing,' said Rosamond; 'an enchanted grove with a beneficent witch. We did it at St. Awdry's, with bon-bons and trumpery, in a little conservatory, hardly large enough to turn round in. If I may have the key of the conservatory, I'll manage.'

'You shall have what you please; and perhaps you would kindly go and choose the things at Backsworth. There is a very good fancy shop there.'

'Thank you, thank you! How sweet!—Now, Anne, you will see what you shall see!'

'Is there to be dancing?' asked Anne, humbly yet resolutely.

'There shall not be, my dear, if it will spoil the evening for you,' said Mrs. Poynsett.

'I promised,' said Anne.

At that moment the servants came in, with the preparations for the afternoon tea, closely followed by the ever-punctual Cecil.

Mrs. Poynsett asked her whether she would require the barouche on the morrow, since Rosamond and Anne would want it to go to Backsworth, to obtain requisites for a children's entertainment, to take place on Wednesday.

'Some friends of mine are coming on Wednesday,' said Cecil.

'Indeed! In Raymond's absence!'

'This is not a dinner, but a ladies' party!'

'Then it will combine the better.'

'Certainly not,' replied Cecil. 'Mine is simply intellectual—only a few intelligent women to meet Mrs. Tallboys in the library. It will be

quite apart from any amusements Rosamond may like to have for the children in the drawing-room.'

'Pray, will they require nothing but this feast of reason and flow of soul? for the housekeeper will need warning!'

'They will have dined. Nothing but coffee will be wanted.'

'For how many?'

'About twelve or fourteen, thank you. Excuse me—I have something to finish in my own room.'

They were very glad to excuse her, and the following note was concocted to serve both for those she might have invited and those she might not; and it was copied by the two daughters for all the acquaintance who had young folks in their houses. An appearance of want of unanimity was carefully avoided, and it stood thus:—

I am desired by Mrs. Poyntsett to say, that the ladies' party already proposed for the 3rd, is to undergo a little expansion, and that she much hopes to see you and —, at 7 p. m., disposed for a few Christmas amusements.

(*To be continued.*)

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER IX.

MEANTIME, Adela had returned home. Mrs. Lester's cold kept her in bed that morning, and Adela made her breakfast, and sent it up to her. The two sisters were *tête-à-tête* at the meal. Lucy began almost directly to talk about making the important purchase of the ball-dress; and then Adela laughed, and told her she did not intend to buy it at all; at which Lucy opened her eyes wide, and begged that she might immediately be informed what she meant.

'Thereby hangs a tale,' said Adela.

'But what? what can it be? thereby hangs a ball-dress, I am sure, and nothing else.'

'Yes, a ball-dress of white muslin, that is hanging in the wardrobe up-stairs, and with which we were all of us quite contented till the aunt's present put more exalted ideas into our heads.'

'With which I was never contented,' said Lucy, stoutly. 'I always wanted my Adela to have something prettier and smarter than that—I did indeed.'

'Well, you and your Adela must be satisfied without. And seriously, Lucy, it is quite pretty, and smart enough for anybody. What can be nicer than white tarlatane? and then, with the jessamines, I am sure it will look quite charming!'

'But really, Adela, I am disappointed. Do tell me what is the reason of this change—if you are actually in earnest about it, which I hardly believe.'

'I *am* actually in earnest, and so will you be when you hear my story.'

'I am very sorry if you are, and if I shall be—that is all I can say; but go on, for I do want to hear!'

'It is a story you refused to listen to last night.'

'I refused to listen to any story about your ball-dress? O Adela! I am sure I didn't!'

'And O Lucy, I am sure you did! Do you remember how mournful Jane was when she was undressing us?'

'Jane? yes; but what has Jane's mournfulness to do with your ball-dress?'

'And that I insisted on hearing what was the matter, and you insisted on not hearing; so you got into bed, and went fast asleep.'

'Of course I remember; but what has all that to do with your ball-dress?'

'Well, I am going to tell you, if you won't object to listen to Jane's story second-hand.'

'Pray begin; I not only don't object, but I am all impatience.'

Lucy's impatience, however, was destined to be hers a little longer; for Mrs. Lester's maid entered the room at that moment, and said that if Miss Adela had done her breakfast, her mistress wished to speak to her.

Unfortunately for Lucy, Adela had quite finished her last cup of tea; and she rose from the table with a gay laugh, saying, 'Poor Lucy! you are doomed to wait, and to practise what I often think is the most unpleasant, and the seldomest rewarded, of all the virtues—Patience!'

'Oh yes; patience—patience! do you remember the verses we used to learn about patience?' And while Adela ran quickly up-stairs, Lucy solaced herself by singing the favourite old lines:—

Birds are so patient,
Longing to sing;
Silently, silently,
Waiting for Spring.

Flowers are patient,
Under the earth;
Silently, silently,
Waiting for birth.

Stars are so patient,
Hidden from sight;
Silently, silently,
Waiting for night.

Insects are patient,
Seeming to die;
Silently, silently,
Waiting to fly.

Rivers are patient,
Frozen 'neath snow;
Silently, silently,
Waiting to flow.

We must be patient,
Steadfast and still;
Silently, silently,
Waiting God's Will.

'It is only that I want you to write some notes for me, my love,' said Mrs. Lester.

‘Yes, Mamma; and when you have told me about them, I have a long story to tell *you*, if you have nothing particular to do.’

Mrs. Lester smilingly agreed to listen to anything her daughter had to narrate. She first gave her directions concerning the notes; after which Adela began the history of the Wilsons from the beginning.

‘I took a great responsibility on myself, Mamma,’ she said, ‘and performed a very serious act without advice or consultation; because, you see, if it was done at all, it had to be done early to-day; and I did not like disturbing you, as you were not quite well.’

She then explained how she had had three pounds of her own by her, and how she had taken two pounds ten of that money, and the five pounds her aunt had given her, and had thus made up the sum required for the rent. She gave a vivid description of the joy and gratitude at the cottage, and of poor Nancy’s repentance.

‘I do think, Mamma, it will be a lesson to her as long as she lives, and that she will never say what is not true again. Some things do really seem too hard to bear; and I can’t *think* how she would have borne it, if such dreadful sorrows had happened, and she had felt they might have been prevented if she had not told that lie. It seemed to me, Mamma, that a girl could hardly *live* with such a thing on her mind.’

‘People—even girls—can live through a great deal when it comes to them,’ said her mother rather sadly; and then she gave Adela the fullest sympathy and approval in all that had happened. ‘There is only one thing,’ she began; but Adela interrupted her.

‘Yes, Mamma, I know what that is—about the money being given for one purpose, and my using it for another.’

‘Yes, my love,’ replied Mrs. Lester, a little anxiously, ‘that is the very thing.’

‘Well, Mamma, I think that is all right, and I will tell you why. I thought about it, and it seemed no harm; but you can judge when you hear. First of all, if you read her letter attentively last night, she says she sends me five pounds—but stay, here it is, I will read you that part:—

“So you are really going to a ball. I hope you will enjoy it as much as I used to enjoy dancing when I was as young as you are. I should like to see you there, and hear all you have to say about it afterwards; but as I can do neither the one nor the other, if you are a good niece, you will write me a full, true, and particular account of this your first ball, not forgetting to mention how many times you danced at it; and as I fancy Papa’s money-bags are not as full just now as they used to be, and as I hope they will be again, I send you five pounds, which I dare say you may find of use.”

Now, Mamma, I think I am not stretching a point in considering that that leaves me free to spend the money on something else, if I have a dress; and you know that tarlatane robe is quite new—I have never worn it—and very pretty.’

'Well, Adela, I think perhaps it does; but I don't feel quite sure, because she sends it as if for the purpose of saving your Papa from expense.'

'Yes, Mamma; and if I had not had the money, I *must* have come to you about it when Jane told me, and you couldn't have *helped* giving it, however much we should have had to pinch in other things, when you heard such a story as *that*; so Papa must have suffered after all. Now, you see, he has not to spend a farthing, because I have got a dress that will do quite well.'

'I confess you are making a very good case of it,' said Mrs. Lester, smiling; 'and certainly I have not a doubt that your aunt would thoroughly approve of the way in which her five pounds has been spent.'

'And I shall write and tell her, of course; only I thought it might be better to wait till the ball was over, so that she could not possibly send me anything more for it.'

Mrs. Lester laughed at this, and so did Adela.

'And by that means protect yourself from her generosity,' said she.

'But now, Mamma, I have something else to say, and a very odd thing too.'

'I wonder, my dear; what the day will bring forth, when so many extraordinary things happen before breakfast. But pray go on, I am prepared for anything.'

'While I was in the cottage, it began to rain; it was a little after eight o'clock, and to my great surprise Cecil Vaux came in to take shelter. She was walking towards her own home from the direction of Byfield. I was very much astonished at seeing her so far from home so early in the morning, and all by herself, for I thought they were kept very strictly; but you may imagine how much more astonished I was when I was going away—which I did before she could venture out, for she had neither waterproof nor umbrella with her—at her asking me not to tell anyone that I had seen her.'

'My *dear* Adela! you don't really mean it! What *did* you say?'

'Nothing at all, I think, for a minute, I was so astonished; then I said I would not, except you and Lucy.'

'And then?'

'Why then; as if it was the simplest thing in the world, she begged me not to tell either of you!'

'Dear, dear, I am afraid she cannot be at all a nice girl; and with that sweet face and manner! My poor Adela, what did you answer to that?'

'Well, I felt very uncomfortable; but I said, as little stiffly and awkwardly as I could manage, that I could not promise that, because I told you everything, and also it would be impossible to make a secret of such a little thing. I was thinking of Lucy when I said *that*.'

'Well, my dear, and how did she answer?'

'She was not one bit pleased, Mamma. She looked me all over as

if she did not like me—quite as if she despised me, you know; and she went away directly, and would not shake hands with me, though I put my hand out, and she must have seen it. O Mamma! it was not pleasant at all!’ And Adela coloured up, and looked distressed at the recollection.

‘No, my dear, I am sure it was not; but it does not really signify. You did quite right; and very likely she was only annoyed for a moment. It is a very disagreeable thing to have happened altogether, but you seem to have behaved just as I should have wished you to behave; and now let us put it out of our heads, and not think any more about it.’

‘Very well, Mamma, I will try if I can; and the best way of doing that is to get something else to think about. What would you advise me to do?’

‘First of all, tell Lucy everything, and you will have done with the subject; then set Lucy to practise the duets for the Penny Reading to-morrow; while she is doing that, write my notes, and do the house-keeping for me, as I am just at present *hors de combat*; then join Lucy in the duets, and see that you have them quite perfect, in order that I may hear them when I come down-stairs; and after that it will probably be time for you to take your walk before dinner.’

‘Thank you, Mamma; I think you have filled up the morning nicely for me; and I will fly away, and do everything just as you have arranged.’ And so saying, Adela kissed her mother, and floated out of the room.

In the meantime, nothing could exceed the breathless interest and excitement with which Helen listened to a recital of her cousin’s morning adventure.

‘You did not really—you never could really—you never walked to the Grove in the dark!’ she cried, almost inarticulate with incredulity and astonishment.

‘No, I didn’t, because the moonlight was wonderful; but I went there before seven.’

‘Well, seven at this time is dark—at least, the sun has not risen, and that makes it the same thing.’

‘The sun had not risen, certainly.’

‘And were not you dreadfully frightened at Colonel Wyndham?’

‘No, not dreadfully, but pleasantly. I was a little frightened; but I like feeling a little afraid of people in that sort of a way.’

‘Yes, of men, because you respect them for it. I should not like a woman. I was afraid of; but now you understand what I mean, Cecil—that is what I want to feel for my husband.’

‘Yes,’ replied Cecil, laughing, ‘I thought of *that* when I was talking to Colonel Wyndham, or rather when he was talking to me. I quite comprehended the way Juliet feels to “her Colonel.” Now you know, Helen, if we could have those sort of men for uncles and fathers, it would not be difficult to do what they tell us.’

‘Yes, but we can’t, Cecil; we can, though, for husbands. We don’t choose our uncles and fathers, but we do our husbands; and oh! how silly girls are who marry any but the most delightful and best sort of men that there are! I wouldn’t marry a man unless he had a pretty name; I should choose to have everything, even a pretty name. I wouldn’t marry James or John or Andrew!’

‘But I thought husbands chose wives, not wives husbands.’

‘Do they? Oh yes, of course they do! but it comes to the same thing, you know; for you needn’t have them unless you like. Now you *must* have the uncles and fathers, whether you like it or not!’

‘Was not it odd my finding Adela Lester in the cottage?’

‘Yes; and only think of their praising her so!’

‘Oh, it’s easy enough to make those sort of people praise you. You have to behave somehow in a sort of way *we* could not to them, but which *they* like, and some ladies can do. Whether it’s habit, or whether it’s nature, I don’t know. I think it’s just *knack*, and I should not care about it myself; but Miss Lester was quite at her ease.’

‘She seems to have been kind to them.’

‘Well, anybody can be kind with somebody else’s money. I suppose her father and mother give her money for poor people; it seems to be their line. We could be kind, and called angels in a minute, if Uncle James did the same: but was not it horrid of her, not to promise?’

‘It was very ill-natured.’

‘Yes, it was dreadfully ill-natured. I can’t fancy how people can justify it to themselves to think so little about others; the fact is, she thinks of nobody but herself; she is one of the most selfish girls I ever met.’

‘That never occurred to me before; but I dare say she *is* selfish.’

‘I am sure she is—horribly selfish; and you know, Helen, one never could love a selfish person.’

‘It’s a great pity, for there is something very pleasant about her, and she has such a nice face.’

‘Do you think so? I don’t; everything about her displeases me! I believe I have a natural antipathy to her—quite what might be called an antipathy—the sort of thing people have to cats.’

Helen laughed at that idea heartily. ‘Very well, then,’ she said, ‘in future I shall call her your cat.’

‘Yes, do; she is my cat, and I hate cats. It is not right to hate fellow-creatures; but there is no harm in hating a cat, and she is my cat. Thank you, Helen; that settles the matter most comfortably and satisfactorily for me.’

‘And you think your cat will really tell her mother and sister?’

‘Think? I don’t think about it, I’m sure she will—she said so; she quite made a boast of it. They know it by this time, I have not the slightest doubt.’

‘And your asking her not to tell them must make them think it so much more odd.’

'Oh, as for that I don't care a bit. I have not the least regard for the good opinion of either the cat's mother or the cat's sister; I am quite content that they should think anything of me they like. What I am afraid of is, that by telling so many people; by so many people knowing, it will come round to Uncle James, and that he will make himself more than commonly disagreeable about it.'

'He would be dreadfully angry, I am afraid.'

'He does make such a wretched *sort* of fuss about everything. I wonder whether it ever occurs to him how much pleasanter it would be if he didn't; but some people like making a fuss: now I believe my cat does. I can fancy her quite enjoying having that to tell at home; and then all the wondering and the discussing, and the censuring *me*, and pluming herself upon being so much better than I am. I can just hear how my cat is going on about it all at this very minute!'

'I don't know,' said Helen, doubtfully; 'I don't remember her talking in that sort of way.'

'Oh, my dear! why, just think of the *way* she spoke about Mrs. Wyndham, and the shape of jelly!'

'Well! really, Cecil, it did not strike me that she meant—'

'O Helen, Helen! nothing ever can strike you then, if that did not! And her insolent comparison of her brother and mine!' Here Cecil's cheeks glowed, and her eyes flashed with a brilliant indignant light. 'Did *that* not strike you, Helen? do you mean to say that that did not strike you?'

'Yes, if it was the same; of course it was very provoking; but then, are you sure it was the same? if so, why did she call him Sir Roland?'

'That was just her impertinence. But don't ask me why she did that or anything else. I don't pretend to understand her, or to know why she does anything; but that calling people by nick-names is not at all lady-like, and my cat ought to be ashamed of herself for doing it.'

Helen laughed, and asked if 'my cat' was not a nick-name; to which Cecil replied shortly, that *that* was a totally different sort of matter.

After this, the two girls talked about Mademoiselle being at the gate with Captain Feversham:

'She said she came out to look for me,' Cecil said, 'but I do think it was for something else; because at first she seemed surprised to see me, and said she thought I was practising.'

'And then, do you suppose she is not really ill?' asked Helen.

'Well, I suspected all along that she pretended to be unwell last night only to avoid the dullness of the drawing-room, and that she was rather put out by having the doctor sent for.'

'I do wish she was not so very insincere,' said Helen, sighing; 'it is so disagreeable!'

'I can't help wondering,' replied Cecil, 'what she really went out about; or rather was going out about. Captain Feversham must have happened to come up just as she had opened the ivy-gate, and then she

had to stop and talk to him; and then I appeared, and she was obliged to go in with me; so whatever she meant to do, she was prevented.'

'Her standing out there talking to him would displease Papa very much; it is just the sort of thing he thinks so incorrect.'

'Yes, but she could not help that; and I dare say was as much annoyed at having to stop and talk to him as Uncle James could have been with her for doing it.'

'It certainly must have seemed very queer to find her out there in the road, when you thought she was taking her breakfast in bed.'

'Very queer indeed, and very unlucky for me, when I meant to slip in without anybody seeing me. Poor Mademoiselle! she was interrupted by two people not in the habit of taking early walks.'

'Yes, that day in Honeysuckle Lane! don't you remember how Mrs. Wyndham was laughing at Captain Feversham for being such a late riser?'

'And Mademoiselle said, in her good-natured French way, that people were very silly who got up early without a reason; but she was sure the Capitaine could rise as early as another, if he had a sufficient reason for doing so.'

'Yes; and then they looked at each other and laughed, and I could not see what the joke was.'

'I quite remember that, because I felt provoked with them; only people in company are such geese, they laugh at anything or nothing. I suppose he was amused at her broken English; and that she laughed because he did; but she little thought, when she was making that defence for him, how inconvenient his early rising would be for her before very long.'

'What *could* she have been going out for this cold winter morning, and just after such heavy rain?' said Helen, very thoughtfully.

'No good,' replied Cecil, laughing; 'that is the only thing I am sure of; but, Helen, when one thinks about it, how horrid the subjection that girls are kept in is! it meets one at every turn.'

'Yes, so you often say,' replied Helen, contentedly.

'I often say it, because I can't help often thinking it, when it is for ever being brought home to me. Just look at what I had to do this morning. I could not satisfy my natural anxiety about the health of a friend, without slipping out of the house in the middle of the night, and running off by myself in a manner that would make humdrum respectable people stare. What right has Uncle James to exert such authority over me? Why should not I be as free to leave the house as he is? and to make friends, and to visit them? Why am I to be a slave, and he a tyrant? It does seem too ridiculous, when the answer is—Because I am a young girl, and he is a middle-aged man. Of course, there are some middle-aged men fitter to judge for themselves than some young girls; but then, on the other hand, just think of the lot of young girls there are to whom middle-aged men are not fit to hold a candle!'

‘Well, you know I don’t quite go along with you in all that; but—’

‘What! do you mean to say you think all middle-aged men *are* fit to hold candles to all young girls?—you think that in the whole world there isn’t any one middle-aged man inferior in any one thing to any one young girl?—you think—’

‘Nonsense, Cecil!’ said Helen, laughing; ‘I don’t think any one thing of the kind, and *you* don’t think that I do either. Oh, don’t say any more about middle-aged men and young girls, please—it’s quite a bore!’

‘Well,’ said Cecil, ‘I won’t then, especially as we have much more important things to talk about. What I want is, to find out how we can next see Mrs. Wyndham, and when! As she is neither a middle-aged man nor a young girl, I suppose you won’t mind discussing *that*, Helen?’

‘No, I don’t mind one bit. I should like to see her again extremely; and I should like to go to the house, and see what sort of a place she lives in; and I should like very much indeed to see Colonel Wyndham.’

‘And how *can* we manage to do it?’

‘Oh, as to that, I don’t suppose we can manage at all!’

‘I shall certainly try to persuade Aunt Flora to call. I shall tell her how much she wishes it, and that she begged us to make her, and to come with her.’

‘But Aunt Flora never will without Papa’s leave.’

‘That is the worst of everything.’

After all this talk, the girls carried on their studies for an hour or two in the absence of Mademoiselle, but they made rather languid progress. Helen was never very fond of her lessons; and Cecil, who was generally an apt and interested pupil, often as eager in learning as she was at everything else, had her head quite full of other matters, and found more difficulty in paying the necessary attention than she cared to exert herself to overcome.

About twelve o’clock, to their great surprise, Mr. Vaux presented himself in the school-room. ‘I have come,’ said he solemnly, ‘to inquire how Mademoiselle is now.’

‘I’ll go and see, Papa,’ cried Helen, rising and leaving the room.

She returned in a few minutes, to say that Mademoiselle found herself better, and hoped to come down-stairs as usual in the evening.

‘Pray assure Mademoiselle that she will be most welcome,’ replied Mr. Vaux; ‘but that, at the same time, she must not take liberties with her health from an amiable desire to save us from anxiety and regret.’

‘Yes, Papa, I’ll be sure to tell her.’

‘I am going to drive your Aunt Flora to Litchtown.’ This was the name of a gentleman’s place in the neighbourhood, that was situated in the opposite direction from Byfield. ‘We shall not be home to luncheon. When you have had your dinner, you can take your usual

amount of exercise, by walking up and down in the road outside the garden-gate; you may safely walk about sixty yards on either side of the gate—not sixty, perhaps, on the upper side; it can hardly be sixty yards to where the road turns. You may walk on the upper side to where the road turns, and on the lower side I think you may safely walk sixty yards.’

‘Shall Ann measure it for us with her yard-measure, Uncle James?’ asked Cecil, demurely.

Her uncle eyed her sharply. ‘I imagine,’ he replied, ‘you have sense enough to judge what I mean, without any such exact measurement.’

When he had left the room, Cecil clapped her hands joyously. ‘But this is most delightful!’ she cried. ‘Mademoiselle in her room, and the Uncle and Aunt out, we shall have an indescribable sense of freedom, which, even if we *do* nothing more than we should if they were at home, is happiness in itself!’

‘Fancy dining alone!’ cried Helen, almost as much pleased as Cecil was. ‘You shall take the top of the table, and I the bottom.’

‘And we’ll go out the minute we’ve finished!’ cried Cecil, ‘and walk our sixty yards up and down like a couple of sentries—the idea of tying us in like that!—to the corner of the turn one way, and sixty yards the other! I did long to tell him of my moonlight walk this morning. Poor thing! how his hair would have stood on end, all round the bald patch at the top of his head! would it not, Helen?’

‘Forshame, Cecil! You should not make me laugh at Papa—you shouldn’t indeed; it’s not right, and I really don’t like it!’

‘Yes, you do; however, never mind that, it doesn’t signify a bit. But what does signify is, that for the next four or five hours we have got the house to ourselves, and are free women. Hurrah!’

(To be continued.)

SPEEDWELL.

CHAPTER IX.

BETTY’S SECRETARY.

THEY were gone; and a new and quieter way of life had settled down on Esther and her mother and little May, in their calm unselfish life at Alston. Esther and her mother were all in all to one another now, more like companion sisters than mother and daughter, sharing each other’s thoughts with silent sympathy, or open discussion, and watching over May with almost equal motherliness. It was no dull oppressive home where May grew up, and to which the brothers paid their periodical visits; it was a resting-place, full of love and sympathy with

joy and sorrow—with few exciting events within itself, it is true, but never stagnating, since it embraced warmly the interests of all with whom it had anything to do.

There was only one person to whom Mrs. Lockhart ever hinted at Esther's trouble; but she felt that, if possible, Frank ought to know, and she contrived to tell him, as soon as she could do so without letting him see that she knew him to be personally interested. As Osmond's friend, it was possible to tell him what she did not communicate to Herbert; and his unselfish nature enabled him to receive the information without any sense of satisfaction. What Esther's feelings were, he could only guess; but he could know, by his own experience, how bitter it must be to Osmond to give up all hopes of her; and the sympathy that could not be spoken, made him all the more careful to keep up the correspondence which would otherwise have languished, as years passed on, and there was no personal intercourse.

During the few months Amy remained in England, Mr. Graham considered he could understand well enough why Osmond never came down to Alston; but when she returned to India, in October, he saw no reason for his absenting himself, and was considerably hurt and perplexed about it. He was soon the only person who could not guess at the cause that kept away one who still wrote most warmly and gratefully, and spared no pains to see him if he chanced to be in town for a single night; but Mr. Graham was one of the very few old bachelors who have never been in love, and to whom it never occurs therefore either to suspect others of such follies, or to sympathize in them when told in so many words.

During the years that followed Helen's marriage, letters, frequent and affectionate, though not very full, passed between Mrs. Lockhart and Osmond. She felt this communication to be better than nothing, but it was very unsatisfactory; and she feared, that after Amy left England, Osmond must feel himself very lonely, as he never now seemed to leave London, but to spend what holidays he had in the British Museum or the National Gallery, thereby gaining great refreshment and pleasure, no doubt, but not such thorough relaxation and change of scene as was to be desired in a monotonous life.

Once he visited the Calverts at Reston, and enjoyed it exceedingly; but to his own disappointment, and that of his friends, he found he could not do so again without hurting the feelings of Mr. Graham, who did not see why he could go to Leonard when he could not come to him at Alston; and Osmond, who owed much to Mr. Graham, did not like to continue conduct which vexed him—a mistake, but an unselfish one, that may be forgiven in one not largely gifted with 'The Englishman's darling, common sense.'

No reconciliation had taken place between Mr. Lettridge and his son. Painful as this open rupture was, Lady Mary dare not seek to heal it. She thought that Osmond had been borne with for as long a time as it

could be right to bear with one whom she regarded as an enemy of the Lord, and that as he continued obstinate, she must not seek to hold back her husband from the pain which Christ's service exacted of him. For her own son, too, she had trembled; and she felt that nothing but complete separation was safe for Owen, so strong had been the childish love and admiration with which his vehement nature had regarded his brother. Hard-hearted she was not, yet she thanked God, as years rolled on, and Osmond's name never seemed to pass her boy's lips. Strong in belief in the holiness of her faith and cause, there was no other influence which she seriously dreaded for her headstrong generous Owen, in spite of his disposition to oppose the Chaplain; and she told herself that her early fears had been faithless, and all would yet be well.

Although no letters now passed between his family and himself, Osmond could not be content to hear of Ashmoor only through Amy or Mr. Graham, and kept up a regular, if not very frequent, correspondence with old Betty. His letters were a great pleasure to the old nurse; and hers, though telling little, satisfied him that he should hear were anything serious the matter at home; so that it was a great trouble to him when after some years they stopped entirely.

He wrote again and again, but receiving no answer, he at last became so uneasy, that he wrote to Mr. Burnett, begging him to let him know whether old Betty were dead, or what was the matter. In return, he received a somewhat gushing note from Mr. Burnett, with the information that old Betty, though in perfect health, was now quite blind, and therefore unable to write.

This was at once a blow and a relief, and Osmond wrote to her once more, to tell her how very sorry he was to hear of her trouble, and to ask whether the blindness was of a kind for which anything could be done. He felt that, poor as he was, he could and would scrape and pinch still more, if by so doing he could help his dear old friend to recover her eye-sight.

He had not long to wait for an answer to this letter. There came a warm-hearted outpouring of thankfulness from the old woman to 'her dear boy,' for having thought of her. She was told she could never recover her sight; but she had kind friends, thank God. Her dear Master saw that she wanted for nothing; and never a day passed but some one came in and read her a chapter or so out of her Bible. The letter came to the usual ungrammatical end; but after Betty's name, was scrawled by her amanuensis, (whoever that might be,) the words, 'Never you fear; we look after her famously!'

From whom came this somewhat curious communication? Osmond could not decide. The writing was bad enough, but it was not that of a pupil of the national school; there was the tendency to turns and twists about the letters, that indicates, one hardly knows how, that the hand has been trained to form the Greek as well as the English

alphabet—badly enough, most likely, but in a way that has left an indelible trace in the character of the hand-writing.

Osmond could not help suspecting the writer must be his brother; but he felt bound to ask no questions, although the suspicion made him look for Betty's letters with almost painful eagerness. The correspondence now became quite brisk, and Betty appeared to take such a remarkable interest in the horses at the great house, the cricket club, and the hunting-field, and to utter such curious sentiments for a blind old woman, that Osmond soon ceased to have a doubt as to the identity of her secretary, or the fact that when she had nothing particular to dictate, Owen supplied her deficiencies from his own views of what subjects were likely to interest his brother.

What the letters had now become to Osmond may well be imagined, and yet he did not feel quite easy. He *hoped* Owen's frequent visits to Betty were made with the knowledge and sanction of his parents; but he could not help thinking this unlikely; at the same time he felt his brother's kindness too keenly to venture to say a discouraging word, and only with great difficulty restrained himself from ever shewing, in his answers, that he knew who was 'the kind friend' who acted as Betty's secretary.

Things changed after a time, however. He thought one morning that the welcome Ashmoor letter looked thicker than usual; and on opening it, another sheet besides the one signed in Betty's name, fell out. He could not but read it first.

Dear Osmond,

I have only just found out how shamefully you have been treated about this villanous entail. I would not believe it at first, but when I taxed Mr. Tracey with it, he could not deny it, so I suppose it is true. It is an awful shame, and I'll never forgive one of them for it—so there!

Ever, (no matter what they say,)

Your loving brother,

OWEN LETTRIDGE.

Write to me at old Betty's, she'll let me have the letter; she knows I am your friend.

Osmond paused. The free, open, brotherly letter gave him such delight as he had not felt for many a long day, and yet he dared not answer it as requested. He must, however, take some notice of it; and as he was by no means sure that Betty's letters always waited to be read till Owen could read them to her, he could not say more than 'Tell your kind friend, that though I am most grateful for any messages of kindness, I cannot write to him under cover to anyone else. If he will let me write to him at his own home, I will gladly do so.'

Osmond waited in miserable fear to see how Owen would take such an answer; but to his relief and delight, full and free leave to write to him at Ashmoor Park followed by return of post; and Osmond, though

wondering at the permission, wrote with clear conscience a warm-hearted letter, such as drew towards him more strongly than ever, the brother for whom he had been yearning during those four long years of separation. If he might write with his parents' consent, he told Owen, he should be thankful to do so; *underhand* communication he could never feel it right to hold with him.

The answer to this letter was a bitter disappointment to the hopes of reconciliation Owen's advances had raised. It was written at old Betty's, but not even professedly under her cover.

Dear old Osmond,

You are a brick; but if you will be so awfully honest, I cannot write to you, for I asked Papa if I might, and he flew into a rage at the very idea, so I suppose you will consider I must let it alone. I rode into the town to get your letter, so that nobody should see it—and if that isn't underhand, I don't know what is; but I don't see why I should not do a little underhand work, when people like O'Brien, who tell lies, white, black, and gray, to serve what they call the cause of truth, are only greater saints for their pains. Never mind, Osmond. Some time or other I shall be my own master, and then see if I don't find you out!

Ever your very loving Brother,

OWEN LETTRIDGE.

Seeing that Owen was but thirteen, the time when he should be his own master looked dim in the distance, and Osmond's heart sank. After the hopes which had been roused only to end in disappointment, his loneliness pressed more heavily than ever on him. It was a hard winter too; and the cold, from which he always suffered severely, told on his health. He had just moved into fresh lodgings—for he had been cheated in his former ones to such an extent, that only pinching hard for a time could set him straight again; and he was so singularly stupid about economizing, he was always doing extravagant things without knowing it. These new lodgings were of course more uncomfortable, but they were decidedly cheaper; and he would do without luxuries, (amongst which he ranked good fires,) in that way he must keep himself within bounds, he thought; but it was very hard work, for he was not sufficiently able-bodied to take active exercise, and the result was that he hardly knew what it was to be warm. He seldom did anything but his office work now; it was some months since he had had the physical energy to write with spirit. Spiritless reviews were, he felt, worth nothing; and he had resolved, that when the New Year came, the library subscription must be given up as a mere luxury. He cared less about it than he would once have done; poor living and monotonous solitude had rendered him very languid in mind as well as body; and he was ashamed to find how great an effort it was to fix his attention on a book, after the routine work of the day was done. He had never been really strong since his accident; he still suffered constant and wearing, if not very severe, pain from its effects; and the life he had led

latterly had not tended to strengthen him, so that in truth his want of energy was more illness than laziness; but he did not realize the fact, and felt ashamed of the apathy from which nothing but letters seemed to rouse him.

Of these he did not get very many now. His correspondence with Betty had languished again since she had informed him, through her secretary, that 'Master Owen was got too many for Mr. Tracey, and was going to school;' and though Amy's, Mrs. Lockhart's, and Frank's letters were very great refreshments, they came at longer intervals than the two latter would have borne, could they have had an idea how very highly they were prized. Amy did her utmost, never missing a mail, and always sending her brother full particulars of everything she did or saw; but her letters could not at most come oftener than once a fortnight, and the time in between them used to seem very long sometimes.

Fortunately, when things look very dark, they have a happy knack of beginning to mend; and it was at the Christmas of this dreary winter that Frank came to London.

Frank was in Orders now; and when he decided on his second curacy, a London one, he had had no thought of Osmond; but it was a pleasant surprise to find, on coming up to settle finally with his future Vicar, that if not actually in the parish, Osmond lived so close, that they might hope to see each other sometimes. Frank was the more glad of this, as he thought his friend both ill and depressed; and regarding him with the old mixture of protection and reverence, was anxious he should be properly looked after.

He foresaw that his own would be a very busy life, and that seeing much of any one would be out of his power, unless he were in the same house; so he resolved to put up with very indifferent quarters in the same lodgings, and see his friend at odd times. This was but a small sacrifice to Frank, who cared singularly little whether he were comfortable or not, and was anxious to be as much with Osmond as he could consistently with his own duties, and so he settled down in the same house with his friend, enlivening Osmond's hitherto silent life with the unselfish if common-place interests, of his busy days of school-teaching and district visiting.

Frank threw his whole soul into his work, and when he came home at night full of satisfaction or indignation at the behaviour of school-children or parishioners, it was very pleasant to have an interested auditor of his triumphs or discouragements, one who threw himself all the more eagerly into the trials of others, because he was anxious not to over-rate his own.

That these were considerable, a very few days served to convince Frank. Osmond never complained even of fatigue, but everything seemed an effort, every unnecessary step an evil to be avoided; and at last he penitently confessed to Frank that when he came in after spending the day on his high office-stool, he felt as if all he cared for was to lie

down, his limbs ached so, and there was nowhere to rest except on his bed, the chairs being all hard and singularly uncomfortable. He was afraid he was very idle, but he could not see how to help it.

Frank pooh-pooled the idea of idleness, as he generally did Osmond's scruples. He told him he was ill, and ought to see a doctor; but to that his friend answered with a languid smile that he was not worse than usual, and a doctor would only tell him to live well, as he had done the last time he had consulted one—a thing he could not do either then or now. Frank was fain to believe him. He saw that the living which was quite enough for himself, was not for Osmond; but he could not at present afford anything better, so Frank could only try to do what little he could by watching him with an almost sisterly tenderness. He secretly petitioned Mrs. Lockhart for the loan of the capacious arm-chair he had had in his rooms at college; he fairly laughed and teased him out of the false economy of water-drinking, tried to prevent his starving himself, and did what he could to spare him fatigue. As far as actual work went, he could do very little; but the comfort to Osmond of not being alone during the long winter and spring, was far greater than Frank guessed; and his constant cheerfulness, and practical good management, enabled Osmond to right many trifling discomforts for which he had seen no remedy, and which he had therefore borne with a somewhat misplaced patience.

Spring was coming on, and Easter Monday—that general holiday—had arrived. Frank was out of town for the day, helping some hundreds of school-children to enjoy themselves at the Crystal Palace; even Osmond had no office to go to, and could do as he liked, but Sydenham would have involved more walking than he was equal to, and he was forced to give up the idea of it, contenting himself with going to church in the morning, and intending, if he felt unusually vigorous, to go 'somewhere' in the afternoon. He had just mounted the steep stairs to his room, and being very tired, was looking forward to resting without any scruple in Frank's chair, which he could not want whilst at Sydenham, when just as he reached the landing, the door of his sitting-room was thrown wide open, and he saw a fine boy of about fourteen awaiting him.

'Hulloa, Osmond! here you are at last!' exclaimed his visitor. 'I thought you were never coming; but what are you up to? Not going to faint, are you?' he exclaimed with some uneasiness, as his brother tottered and clutched hold of the bannisters.

'Not quite!' said Osmond, recovering himself with a smile, but glad of the support of Owen's shoulder as he came into the room. 'I was startled, that was all, Owen. How kind of you to come!'

'You poor old fellow, what is the matter with you?' Owen said, surveying his brother as if he were a curiosity, when he had established him in Frank's chair, and himself on the arm of the same. 'Are you ill? or do you always shiver and look so skinny?'

‘Generally, I believe,’ said Osmond, laughing; ‘there is nothing amiss with me, only I was taken by surprise. I did not expect such a treat!’

‘I had no idea you were such a poor creature,’ Owen said compassionately; ‘what a bore it must be to shake all over whenever one is surprised!’

‘Do let us talk of something more interesting,’ Osmond said. ‘I want to hear so much; and first, dear Owen—please don’t be angry with me—but you must tell me whether you have leave to come here?’

‘I told the Chaplain I should find you out, and I have kept my word,’ Owen said composedly. ‘It is my own concern; here I am, and here I mean to stay until I have had my talk out, so you need not trouble yourself. I have leave out from school to Uncle Bebington’s to-day, and so long as I am at his house by luncheon-time, he will not ask me where I have been. And now for it, Osmond; you don’t think it was my fault, do you?’

‘What?’ asked Osmond, bewildered by the rapidity with which his brother flew from one subject to another.

‘Why, about the entail, to be sure!’

Osmond fairly laughed. ‘*Your* fault, Owen! No, indeed, it was entirely my own. At five years old you may safely be said to have understood nothing of such matters. How came you to hear about it?’

‘Ralph Darlington told me, one day when we had ever so long to wait whilst the dogs were drawing the upper plantation. O Osmond, I wish you could see my Arab! she is such a beauty—grey, and no end of a spirit—but such a tender mouth. Papa will not let me hunt on her yet, though; so I have to have old Nero, who bumps like a steam-engine—but I have only once—no, twice—missed being in at the death this winter.’

An hour passed quickly whilst the brothers talked of Ashmoor, and Osmond got a pretty clear idea of all at home from Owen’s chatter—queer jumble as it was, of anecdotes about horses and foxes, home events, and grumbles against the Chaplain.

‘What a poky hole you have hidden yourself in, Osmond!’ he said at length, looking round the room. ‘I could hardly believe you really lived here until I saw the old primroses;’ and he pointed to the wreath of Alston wild flowers that hung over the mantel-piece.

‘Do you remember those?’ Osmond said. ‘Yes, I have come down in my ideas, Owen. I am not so hard to please as I used to be; I find I can be very comfortable here.’

‘That’s a fib, I am sure,’ said Owen energetically. ‘You don’t look as if you had been comfortable for a hundred years. Do you live alone in the dust up here?’

Owen pulled out his watch without waiting for an answer. ‘Time to go! Well! say you are glad I came, Osmond,’ he continued, once more precipitating himself on the arm of the chair, after having tried every possible seat in the room, including the tables. ‘Say you are glad to see me!’

Osmond tried to say it, but somehow words would not come; and in spite of the risk of scandalizing him, he could only rest his head on Owen's shoulder, with an attempt at thanks which died away into something very like a sob.

The strong rough school-boy took the thin face between both his hands, and looked at it compassionately. 'They have been very cruel to you, I am sure,' he said. 'Never mind! you are a very dear old fellow, and we will hold to one another, won't we?'

'Dear Owen! but I do hope you have not come here on the sly. You will tell Papa you have been, will you not?'

'He does not deserve to be told,' said Owen; 'he has no right to keep us apart.'

'He has *every* right to do what he thinks best for you, Owen; whatever you do, don't speak undutifully,' Osmond said, almost sternly. 'Do tell him, or I shall feel bound to do so.'

'Shall you? then I will, you queer old skeleton; and what is more, I'll tell him which of us it was who thought most of obeying him. Now I really must be going. I promise you I will write to him this very day—will that satisfy you?'

'Quite, Owen. Now good-bye; you are too big to give me a hug, I suppose?'

Osmond almost regretted the request when he found what a squeeze it brought upon him. 'Good-bye! sit still! I want no skeletons to escort me down-stairs!' And off Owen dashed, rushing half out of the door, and then returning to snatch something (Osmond supposed his hat) from the table, he was down-stairs, and in the street, long before Osmond had recovered from that tremendous embrace.

His visitor had been rather overpowering, but the greatest possible pleasure; and though Osmond could do nothing but rest and try to collect his thoughts for some hours after Owen left him, he was happier than he had been for years. As soon as he had rallied a little, he rose, and unlocking his desk, took out three old letters, and read them through once more in the order of their dates. His father's original letter, and his own answer to it, were well worn; they had been read over many times, with earnest examination as to whether there had been anything in his tone to provoke the storm of anger that answered it. He could never see that there had been, though he had often tried honestly to find the fault in it.

The other letter was much fresher looking, though only one day later in date. It had been far too painful to be looked at often, and even now it was not without a shudder that he forced himself to read it. It was a very angry letter, certainly; but there was just a chance he might have been hasty in accepting its renunciation of him as final, he did not think it could do any harm *now* to write and ask whether his father would not own him.

He wrote humbly, not cringingly, posted his letter, and then waited as

patiently as he could to see whether he should get any answer. He was not kept longer than necessary in suspense. By return of post he received a stiff note from Mr. Lettridge, saying he should be in London the end of next week, and Osmond might meet and dine with him at his Club on Saturday night. It was by no means a gracious permission, and Osmond could not hope from it that he was about to be forgiven; but at least he was to see his father, and that was something.

He did not know that for this he had in great measure to thank his younger brother, who, much as he displeased his father by having visited Osmond, had rendered him uncomfortable by reporting that he looked 'awfully starved.'

The chaplain and Lady Mary agreed there ought to be an interview. It would be very dangerous that Owen should get an idea that his brother was ill-used, as in that case he would inevitably stand up for him through thick and thin. Mr. Lettridge must judge for himself. If Osmond were in real trouble or ill-health, he might be helped; but very likely it was Owen's fancy.

(To be continued.)

A YORK AND A LANCASTER ROSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JANET'S HOME.'

CHAPTER III.

LOOKING OUT OF SELF.

'LIKE the mother's bag, in the Swiss Family Robinson, you mean, Rosie, don't you?'

'Not exactly. I always fancied that a big thing like a sack, or a pillow-case, for if you remember, the Swiss mother threw it over the side of the ship into the boat. Ours must be what we could carry ourselves, and it must look nice enough for Mamma and Aunt Rachel to let us take it in the carriage, or how are we ever to get it to the Home? Yet it must be large enough to hold all sorts of toys and things. I wish I had asked Clara to tell me more particularly what "the other young lady's bag" was like.'

'You'll have to buy a bag on purpose, Rose; one of those black leather things would do, such as Nurse Lewis always carries, when we go out of town, with the buns and sandwiches for the journey. I dare say you could get one at the Lowther Arcade, for one and sixpence—and oh, this is the good news I was going to tell you when the Fraulein stopped our talk before. Lucy Fanshaw told me on Saturday that she had been to *the* shop with her grandmamma, and asked the price of the

little piano—and it is only three-and-sixpence, so you will just have eighteen-pence of your five shillings left to do as you like with, and I advise you to spend it in buying a bag. You are so untidy, you know, Rosie, that even if you do collect toys and presents for those poor children, as you say you shall, you will lose them all, or let them get broken, before you have an opportunity of taking them to the Home, unless you have a place on purpose to keep them in.'

'Oh no, I shall not,' Rose answered quickly; 'it would be ridiculous to waste our money in buying the bag till we've got something ready to put in it.'

'Ah, to be sure, I forgot that. Well, at the Lowther Arcade you can buy a quantity of such toys as would suit poor children, for eighteen pence—Lucy Fanshaw says so.'

'I know I can; but I don't mean to buy toys with that eighteen-pence.'

'What eighteen-pence?'

'The eighteen-pence I should have had left of my five shillings, if I had bought the little piano.'

'It's the only eighteen-pence you will have to spend for a long time to come, for you know your weekly money generally goes in forfeits; and oh, Rosie, why do you say *if* about buying the little piano? You are surely not going to change your mind about that? We all want it particularly; and Lucy Fanshaw said on Saturday that if you would get it before Lilly's birth-day, when we have a whole holiday, she would come and bring her dolls, and pretend to be Professor Gosse giving them lessons on the piano. She is *so* funny over the dolls' music lessons, you should see her. We nearly died of laughing at her house, on Saturday evening.'

'I wonder Lucy Fanshaw can spend so much time playing with dolls. I think it really is very silly at her age. I wish I had never given in to it to please her.'

'O Rosie!'

There was a general groan of disapproval from a group of younger sisters, respectively named Maggie, Florence, and Lilly, who were now standing round Rose Ingram, before the school-room book-case, to which they had all been sent to collect their books for their morning lessons. Maggie, who was only a year younger than Rose, gave expression to the general opinion. 'It's too bad of you, Rose, I must say, if you are going to take against Lucy Fanshaw, and tire of playing with dolls, just when we've all spent our five shillings in putting the dolls' house in order, so that now it wants nothing to make it complete, but the little piano you promised to buy. You know it was you yourself who took a fancy to Lucy Fanshaw, and you agreed with her that we should begin to play with our dolls again. It will be a shame to go back, when we have all spent all our money. You are always taking things into your head, and then changing; you persuaded us to give up

everything for the white mice, and the silk-worms—and now that they are all dead; and we have got to care about our dolls again, you should let us go on.'

'You can go on, if you like.'

'Oh, but you know it's never any fun to play without you—and Lucy Fanshaw is your own particular friend.'

'She likes you, Maggie, and Florence too, quite as well as she likes me; and I am sure I shall not mind if either of you take her for your particular friend now.'

'I do call that shameful to Lucy. I wonder how you can behave so, Rosie. I know the Fraulein would say you had a cold heart, to talk like that of giving up your particular friend!'

'I have not a cold heart, however.'

'It's mean of you to go back from your promise about buying the piano, any way,' struck in Florence Ingram, who never had any scruple against expressing herself forcibly; 'we've all bought what we agreed to buy with our money, and you *must* do the same, or I shall tell the boys how shabby and shifty you are. You've no right to break your promise to us, because you've taken it into your head to be kind to poor children. I am sure Mamma would say so!'

'It was not a promise,' cried Rose, raising her voice, and turning all at once from a cabbage to a crimson rose; 'and it's all of you that are shabby and shifty. I had a sovereign of my own—Lady Dunallan gave it me in my little velvet purse on my birth-day, and I divided it amongst us all; and you have done what you like with your five shillings, and now you begrudge my spending mine as I please. I am sure anyone would say that was the shabbiness.'

This allusion to the sovereign's antecedents, which they had all forgotten, staggered the malcontents considerably, and brought Maggie and Lilly back to their usual allegiance to Rose; but Florence was not so easily put down. She thought for a moment, and then burst forth again, 'Yes, you gave us the money, but you told us exactly how you wanted us to spend it. It was all done to please Lucy Fanshaw, because she said we ought to re-furnish the dolls' house. If I had done what I liked with my five shillings, I should have bought a paint-box; and it will be mean of you if you keep back your share, and make all our spending of no use.'

'Of no use, as if doing without one little thing would spoil the whole dolls' house!'

'Lucy Fanshaw said it would be nothing without a piano. She won't come to play with us, if we have not that, I know.'

'Then she'll be very silly, and I shall tell her so. It would be as bad as Aladdin's wife, who lost her palace because she would not live in it without a roc's egg. I shall tell her so.'

'Rose always seems to think that one ought to be quite satisfied, if she finds out that the thing one is talking about is like something in a

book; but I never can see that it makes any difference,' persisted Florence, turning to the other little girls; 'and I am sure Lucy Fanshaw won't. She'll say what is true—that Rose can get the piano any day for three-and-sixpence, in the Burlington Arcade. So what is the use of calling it a roc's egg? We all know she has got five shillings now in her little velvet purse. I declare I believe she goes on keeping that money, because she likes to be always promising to buy things with it, and never buying them!'

Rose's face crimsoned again; there was a little truth in the observation, for she had made a great many promises respecting the spending of that five shillings, and had stretched out its capabilities in imagination a great deal further than they could possibly go. To have this remarked upon did make her very angry. 'You are a horrid child, Florence,' she said, 'a horrid spiteful child! and the next time you ask me to do anything for you, or to give you anything, now mind, the very next time, if you ask me ever so, I won't do it. You shall see that I won't!'

'Young ladies, young ladies, what is this I hear? *English* at nine o'clock in the morning, when you know you ought to be silent, or talking German? Get your books, and come to your seats at once; you have been a great deal longer at the book-shelf than necessary.—Rose, the mark for talking English is yours. I heard your voice loudest of all. It is really a disgrace to you, at your age, that you should set an example of disobedience, if you are left to yourself for a quarter of an hour.'

The Fraulein looked up, as she spoke, from a thin foreign letter, that had been put into her hand the minute before she desired the children to fetch their books, and which had so absorbed her attention as to prevent her overhearing their conversation till now. She looked worried and unhappy, as, during the last few weeks, she always looked after reading letters from her home; and her voice had a complaining tone in it, that unfortunately always made Rose cross. She knew she ought to be sorry for having called forth this tone in a person so placid-tempered and kind as Fraulein von Bohlen, whose fault it certainly was not that her native language had more genders and cases than was convenient for those who had to learn it; but Rose would not let herself feel sorry, and so she was cross. She came up to the table where the Fraulein was seated, and held out her German exercise-book, without speaking a word; and when her morning's task had been pointed out to her, she threw herself into her seat at the end of the table, and drew the ink-stand towards her, and began to pull about the pens, all with the pert indifferent air, that Maggie and Lilly understood as a signal for a morning of being tiresome. Florence had a more independent spirit, and preferred to stand out in contrast to the others in her bad and good times. She secured the best pen while Rose was trying the quality of the feathery ends of all the others on her nose,

and set to work with such ostentatious diligence, that the Fraulein was moved to remark upon it in German, and confess her surprise that Rose should allow herself to stand in need of a good example from a child two years younger than herself. 'Indeed, she must say that it would be better for the school-room work, if Florence were the eldest sister instead of Rose.'

Florence, though she had only been learning the language a few months, understood German well enough to appreciate this remark fully, and to look across the table at Rose, with an expression of triumph in her sharp little grey eyes. 'There now—you see I'm right! Am not I always telling you that I could manage better than you, if you would let me, and that I ought to take the eldest's place?' the grey eyes said, as plainly as possible. Lilly whispered to Maggie that she should be sorry indeed if Florence were the eldest sister; and this little tribute was soothing to Rose's feelings, yet the Fraulein's speech was very provoking. If Florence had been a pleasant-tempered child, her being praised above everyone else would not have mattered; but when she was by nature only too fussy and forward, and when all the quarrels with the boys originated from her bumptiousness, it *was* too bad of the Fraulein to be always setting her up, and making her think still more of herself, just because she had a stupid knack of catching up German words and phrases, that other people had not. It was grievance enough, Rose thought, to make one wish oneself anyone but what one was. Yes, even a ragged child, who often had to go without breakfast or dinner, and whose father beat her occasionally. It would be a great deal more interesting. And Rose, who had spent about five minutes in dipping her pen into the ink, turned to her copy-book; and instead of writing the first word of her exercise, began to amuse herself by drawing a little picture on the top of the page—gates, and a flight of steps, and a bare-headed figure at the bottom—and as she worked away, her thoughts were busy shaping out an untried life for herself. Sensible sort of lessons, such as she was sure the Sisters would give—a good many sums, perhaps—Rose did not altogether dislike arithmetic—and reading, and saying hymns—nothing worse; and then, when the lesson-hours were over, all the honour and glory of managing a house, or at all events a room, oneself. As it was, there was not one single thing in her surroundings, that she could manage just exactly as she liked—not even her bird, or her kitten, or her own particular shelf in the play-room toy cupboard. Here there recurred to Rose's mind various subjects of standing dispute between herself and Nurse Lewis, and Packer the man-servant, who equally set their faces against the introduction of pets—say it was only a dormouse, or a caterpillar—into any corner, even the most remote, of the house. Ah! it would be delicious to have a room to do as one liked in, inhabited only by younger brothers and sisters, and by a father who went out before one was up, and did not come back till nearly bed-time. It would be almost as good as a desert island with the 'Young Islanders.'

Rose did not think she would let her domain fall into dirt and disorder, as her name-sake had done. She saw herself every morning bustling about, sweeping, dusting, arranging, as Sister Teresa had done, only better; for one's own taste and invention would come in, and even with a few poor things there might be contrivances. Besides, one need not 'make out' that one continued to be so very poor; if the room were kept in very beautiful order, the father would leave off getting tipsy, and throwing boots at the children, (at least, story-books about poor people always said it was so,) he would bring home all his wages on Saturday night, and give them to his clever managing little daughter; and she would go out by gas-light, with a big basket and an umbrella, and buy things. How interesting it must be to spend money on real useful things, such as grown-up people buy, and to do just as you liked with your purchases when you got home! There would be a great deal of talk in the Model Lodging Houses, about the improvement the clever little girl was making in the little up-stairs suit of rooms. The untidy women, with drunken sons or husbands, who lived down-stairs, would come to look, and perhaps take example, and reform their rooms and husbands. The Sisters and Mother Ursula would be quite astonished at the change for the better they would find in the house, when they came in to help on Saturday night; and would not they make much of the Rose who had worked such wonders? Then, when the mother came back cured from the hospital, and saw the new furniture, and the children in their tidy clothes, and the father who never got tipsy any more, (it should all be a surprise to her,) how happy she would be! How dearly she would love the little daughter who had made the home pleasant all by herself; and what a lovely story-booky evening they would have all together! If one could do such things as that for one's parents, it would be worth while to work hard, and try to be very good; so different from being told to please them by learning stupid lessons, that one can't believe will ever be of the least use to them. Oh, how could Rose Marshall care to waste her time dreaming about Rasselas and the happy valley, and things that were not really half as interesting, or as story-like even, as the life she might lead herself? She need not build castles in the air; her sort of life was, not a castle, perhaps, but a story that one might really live in, if one liked, and make so interesting!

Just then a bit of coal fell out of the fire, with the startling noise that falling coals do make in a still room; and Rose woke from her dream, and looked up. Florence had turned one leaf in her exercise-book, and was half-way down another. Lilly was leaning back in her chair, sucking her tongue, and twisting a particular curl round her finger, already half asleep. Maggie was building a gypsies' tent with her atlas and dictionary, and had just succeeded in hanging the beaded pen-wiper as a kettle under a tripod of pens. The Fraulein, believing them all to be satisfactorily occupied, had taken out her thin letter again, and was re-reading the last page—re-reading, and crying over it; yes, at the

moment Rose glanced at her, she saw a tear creep from under her spectacles, wander down the side of her nose, and fall in a great blot on the paper. She turned away her head directly, and hoped that none of the others would look, or disturb the Fraulein, just then. She wished they had all been working diligently, so that when the Fraulein wiped her eyes, and put away her letter, she need not begin directly to find fault; for Rose had a warm tender little heart, in spite of all her faults, and the sight of any sort of pain always moved her. Of course it would make the Fraulein feel worse, whatever her trouble was, if she found they had all taken advantage of her absence of mind to behave as they ought not. Rose made a very long leg under the table, and touched first Maggie, and then Lilly; and when she had attracted their attention, made up the sort of face which they understood was meant to tell them they were to set to work, and not be stupid any more. Rose had a peculiarly happy knack of making up faces, which enabled her to convey even unwelcome suggestions, such as setting to work, in a facetious manner, that disposed the younger ones to take them in good part. When she looked down at her own exercise-book again, there was the little picture staring her in the face. It was something between a copy of the illustration and a real sketch of the gate of the Home, and brought the 'gate at the head of the way' very forcibly to Rose's mind. It did not set her off dreaming again; but while she was opening her dictionary to look out a word, she thought of the reception-room fire, and of what Mother Ursula had said about *glowing*. 'Flames springing up to God—rays of red heat flowing out and warming each other—that is what you are all meant to be!' Quarrelling could not be being that. Idling could not be being that. And since we have all sunbeams in us, and are all meant to glow, Rose supposed one could do it even at lessons, if it were only in the poor negative sort of way, of not making sorrowful people's troubles worse, and worrying sore hearts sorer. It was not so nice as doing real work for other people, and getting a great deal of credit for it; but it might be a step in the way; at all events, now it had come into one's mind, one must just do it. A great deal of time had been lost; and after all, Rose's exercise was not very well done at the end of the morning. Florence had twice as many marks as anybody else; and the Fraulein said again that she was most fitted to be the eldest sister, and that she wished Maggie and Lilly would take example from her, instead of from Rose.

Things don't right themselves all in a minute, when one begins wrong. Yet Rose went up-stairs to get ready for her walk, in an unusually sunny temper of mind. She had just let Florence appropriate the best pointed piece of slate-pencil, though she knew that having it would give her at least five minutes start of her at the arithmetic class they were going to in the afternoon; and she had stayed behind in the school-room, and lost the first turn of being dressed for the walk, to rescue the Fraulein's knitting from the kitten, and put the tangled skein to rights—

just after the Fraulein had scolded her. Two things not worth thinking of for a moment, and Rose did not think of them; yet somehow the doing of them had brought a glow into her heart that lasted all through her walk, and through the arithmetic lesson, where, to her surprise, for she interrupted herself once or twice to help Lilly, she gained the head of the class—and which helped her to a little victory that came quite at the end of the evening, and put a crown upon the day. Yes, a crown, though it involved the giving up something she cared a good deal about, and a rather sharp pang had gone before.

(To be continued.)

A WINTER STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ROSE GARDEN.'

III.

It was natural that Ronald should make the most of his liberty; and the beginning of a new life appeared rapidly to develop a boyishness, hitherto dormant or repressed. The mother's love, altogether wrapped up in this one object, had ever stood between him and outer influences; she had so shielded him, with trembling fear, from the very shadow of evil, that only the boy's healthy temperament preserved him from growing stunted, over-sensitive, or morbidly fretful. Loving her dearly, and being too affectionate willingly to pain her, he had turned away from companions and congenial pursuits, in spite of his secret longing. But now, suddenly, had opened this new life of freedom, this sweet companionship with sky and common, with dog and horse. With Watch at his heels, Ronald went through the orchard and out into the fields, across the river to a wooded bank, where were green hollows thickly lined with moss, and bowers hung with ivy and briony. Another day he took the road beyond the bridge, and about three-quarters of a mile from the farm came upon a scattered village—in the midst of which stood the grey low-towered church, where Ronald supposed they would go when Sundays came—and stood at the door of the school, watching a troop of released children rush out, with a glad shouting which made his own heart leap. He was still looking after them with wistful eyes, when the lady he had seen upon the common came out of the school door, and passed close by him. She must have recognized him, for she smiled, and seemed as though she would have paused, had not Ronald, seized with a fit of shyness, hurried away.

These bright days were days of enjoyment; but at last came wet, and he was reduced to wander over the farm itself by way of amusement. Rachel always scolded when they met—except, as he soon found out, in

his uncle's presence—but she permitted him to go where he liked. There were a number of uninhabited rooms—so many indeed, that the solitude he did not feel out-of-doors fell upon him oppressively as he wandered through them. The wonder was how she contrived to keep them all so fresh and sweet. In one the house-linen was stored away in great presses; in another, lavender and fragrant herbs lay drying on newspapers spread across the floor; a third was heaped with apples, rich-looking ribstone and golden pippins; others were empty, and the white-washed walls and rafters grew cold and bare in the waning light. The boy's heart would sink as he went listlessly through the long rambling passages. It was then that he would begin to wonder what made his uncle live in this old house. It was not love of his occupation, for although he went about, and made an effort to superintend whatever might be going on, it was easy even for the boy—child as he was—to perceive that he did it without putting his heart into it, that indeed he forced himself to work for which he had a weary distaste. Night was evidently his happiest time, when he could sit beside the wood fire, and pore over some book—Ben having gone off to bed, Rachel silently working at a corner of the long table, Ronald opposite to his uncle, perhaps chipping away at a bit of wood, and the carved face that ever seemed to him like one of themselves, full of its weird dancing life. But even then Mr. Oldfield's countenance, gentle as it was, never lost its expression of sad weariness. Once or twice Ronald almost summoned courage to ask Rachel why his uncle should look so sad; but it was never very satisfactory to ask questions of Rachel, since she always seemed to suspect that he must have some evil design in putting them.

Another fact puzzled him—how she, whose tongue went so unceasingly whenever a listener could be found, could check herself as she did in Mr. Oldfield's presence! She scarcely ever made an unnecessary remark. The little bustling sharp woman was transformed into another person. Ronald could not understand it; but he soon found out that this was the only place where any misdemeanours of his were shielded, although he sometimes had a rating for them afterwards.

'Whatever are ye about now, knockin' the place down!' she said one day, putting her head in at the door of his little room.

Ronald did not need to reply, for three or four nails in the white walls visibly answered her question. She came in in great wrath.

'Now, I tell ye what, I aint a goin' to have ye breakin' the plaster, an' litterin' wi' yer old rubbish! I declare I haven't had a minute's peace this week past! When are ye goin' to yer learnin'?'

'I don't know,' said Ronald.

'If yer fit for nothin' besides, ye'd best get some o' that drummed into yer head. I wish I knew whether the master means to do the teachin' of you hisself. He hasn't said nothin', has he?'

'No.'

'What's that ye've got there?' she went on, taking a photograph

from his unwilling hands. 'Why, it's Miss Isabel! How wasted she must have got, to be sure!'

'Why, did you ever see my mother?' asked Ronald.

'Well, I should think so!' answered Rachel, with a little laugh. 'Me an' Ben was married from yer great-grandfather's house. Yes, I knowed yer mother before ye was born; an' I suppose ye'll be saying nex' as that must ha' been before the sun begun to shine, or the birds had learnt the way to sing. She were always thinnish, but not like this. I thought ye favoured her the first night I set eyes on ye, an' every now an' then I thinks so again, but not when I look at this. Has the master seen it? No—I suppose not. Some day ye can shew he to him, or I will, if ye'll leave 't wi' me.'

'No, give it back to me, please.'

Rachel did not argue the point—the sight of the picture seemed to have softened her a little. 'How the years do run, to be sure!' she said. 'An' yer mother were two years younger than Mr. Philip! I wonder if he's changed so much as that? Gracious me, it's well we grow wiser to make up for 't!'

'How long have you lived here?' asked Ronald, seating himself more sociably on the edge of the box.

'Let me see: five—no, six years.'

'Doesn't Uncle Philip ever go away?'

'Away! Why, where should he go?'

'Why, gentlemen do. All the gentlemen I ever knew used to go to London, or the sea-side, or somewhere.'

'Oh, well then, ye needn't look for that here. Mr. Oldfield minds his own business, an' stops at home.'

'Does he like it?' pursued Ronald, after a meditative pause.

'Like what?'

'Going about the farm.'

Rachel looked at him keenly, and answered with all her old sharpness. 'Niver trouble yerself about what the master likes, or doesn't like. All ye've got to mind is that he likes you, an' that he'll niver do, if ye grow up a careless rummagy boy. Just look there, I do declare ye'll niver learn to tie back yer blind straight!'

The first Sunday was wet. The next, Ronald got up with a wondering mind: he did not know exactly to what church they would go, and was full of vague imaginings about the order of their going. Breakfast was the same as usual, except that Ben appeared in a black smock, and Rachel announced that he was going to his uncle's field-day, much to the bewilderment of the boy. He started off as soon as the meal was over, and his wife gave Ronald in a whisper a sharp caution to be ready when she called him to go to church, and not to go tearing about the place before that time came. Rachel's injunctions, however, were beginning to lose their effect; and he could not resist escaping, with Watch barking and leaping ponderously at his heels, to give Ruby, the chestnut mare;

an apple. The consequence was that she came running out in search of him, scolding vigorously while she brushed his hair, and insisting that they should be late for prayers. When they were ready, Ronald still lingered in the passage.

‘Well, I niver did see such a boy!’ said Mrs. Cæsar despairingly. ‘What are ye loiterin’ for now?’

‘Isn’t Uncle Philip coming?’

‘What’s that to you? I do believe ye think nobody’s got nothin’ to do but answer yer questions. Niver mind Mr. Philip, but just come along.’

She was very short and sharp with him all the way to the little village, which he had rightly supposed to represent their parish headquarters; but he made out, from what she said, that a good deal of curiosity was mingled with her church-going that day. There was a new minister—a Mr. Claughton—who had just entered upon his office there; and Rachel, not having been able to stir out the Sunday before, wanted to see and hear for herself, and uttered many protests against changes, possible or probable. Heavy rain had fallen in the night, the trees and hedges were still dropping, a grey watery look hung over everything, the little brown river swirled somewhat fiercely under the bridge, carrying spoil of straw or dead sticks. They passed but few people on the road—two or three old women with heavy umbrellas, a man in a clean smock; by-and-by they came to the little village, and heard the chimes—one, two, three, four—falling from the tower Ronald had noticed. It was a long, sunk church, with a large churchyard round it; Rachel held Ronald as tightly as if she expected he would try to escape from her, as they went through the porch, and down a step into the side aisle. The white plastered arches, and high pews, struck him oddly enough; when they had got into their own seat he could see very little, except here and there a head a little loftier than its fellows, and the pulpit and reading-desk before him. When once the service had begun, Rachel kept a sharp look-out upon him, evidently mistrusting his capabilities of finding the places, and administering a prompt poke with her elbow, when she thought his eyes inclined to wander. But after a short time she must have relaxed in her watch, and turned her attention to the outer world; for Ronald, following the Psalms with some wonder whether the clerk might be a rival clergyman, was startled by Rachel dropping suddenly upon her seat, with an audible ‘Good gracious!’ which turned a good many eyes upon their pew.

She recovered herself—in a measure—instantaneously. She stood up, and turned over the leaves of her Prayer-book with a trembling hand, and even presently, when she saw that Ronald was looking at her with astonishment, gave him a nudge to remind him of his duties. Nevertheless, even the boy could understand that she had received some shock. She had been quick and vigorous in her responses, but after this she was silent; she looked pale, too, and her hand still shook when she used it. After the service she hurried out of the church, and homewards,

without speaking a word, to Ronald's disappointment, for he would have liked to have lingered. He had seen the lady and the little girl whom he had met upon the common, and among all the strange faces these flashed upon him with a pleasant little sense of friendliness. If he had come across them, he felt sure he should have had a nod or a smile; but Rachel hastened away, and he had no choice but to follow. Her quick short steps got over the ground so quickly, that it was as much as he could do to keep up with them; and it was not until they were near the farm, that he asked the question that was on his mind.

'Rachel!'

'Well?'

'Who was that lady that had a little girl next her, just under the clergyman?'

Rachel stopped, and looked at him wonderingly. 'What's that to you?' she said in a moment, but not as sharply as usual. 'What do ye know about that lady?'

'I don't know anything, only I've seen her once or twice, and the little girl too.'

'Where?'

'Out on the common, the first day I was here.'

Ronald's question was not answered. Whether Mrs. Cæsar were ignorant, or affronted, he did not know. She turned away again, and went quickly up the hill; and in another moment Watch was jumping round them, and welcoming with all his might.

Mr. Oldfield was in the kitchen, reading. Ronald wondered why he too had not been to church. There was not much expression of interest on his face when he looked up and spoke; but still he laid aside his book, and the boy stood by the side of the chair. 'So you have been to our village?'

'I had been there before, Uncle Philip. What is its name?'

'Hurt.'

And then Mr. Oldfield took his book again.

But Ronald had received no satisfaction on the subject that most interested him. 'There was a lady there, and a little girl, that I saw on the common—' he began, when Rachel's voice was heard behind him.

'Go up an' wash yer hands, Master Ronald, or else ye may stop out for a bit. Dinner won't be ready for an hour yet.'

The rest of the day was dreary enough. The rain set in persistently, there was no more going to church; and Rachel kept him near her, as if she were afraid to trust him out of her sight. Ben did not come home until it was growing dusk, and then it was with a yard of damp crape round his felt hat. From this, and his wife's remarks, Ronald gathered that the field-day he had been called upon to attend was indeed a funeral; but Rachel listened to the details with an absence of mind very unusual to her.

'Take off the black, an' come an' help me wi' the milkin', she said presently. 'I've sent the girl home.'

‘Whaiver’s that for?’

‘Niver mind,’ she answered impatiently. ‘I’ve done it, an’ that’s enough. Here, give me the hat—one ’ud think ye were unstackin’ a rick.’

Ben, accustomed to his wife’s ways, made no resistance, and the two went away together. Ronald, who was not invited, stood and watched them. The cows came up from the field, plodding through the mud and straw, and hustling each other into the shed; the cold rain fell drearily. Rachel went through her work in silence, and when it was over, waited while her husband put things straight. Then she said, suddenly and quickly, ‘Who d’ye think is here?’

‘Can’t say, I’m sure.’

‘Of all people in the world, now, who should ye say?’

Ben pondered, and shook his great head. ‘Taint no good, old woman. I aint one as iver could see through a mile-stone. I always likes the answers along wi’ the riddles.’

‘Come, Ben, of all people in the world?’

‘Well, there’s me an’ you, an’ th’ master, an’ the little un—’

‘An’ the cows, an’ the pigs, an’ the donkey, p’r’aps—if ye haven’t counted he a’ready,’ interrupted his wife impatiently. ‘What a thick head ye have, to be sure, Ben! Now, what d’ye say to Miss Lyle?’

To this question Ben returned no answer for a minute or two, while Rachel watched his face. Then he gave a low whistle, and pointed his thumb over his shoulder towards the house. ‘In there, wi’ he?’

‘Wi’ he!’ she cried, in great scorn. ‘Ye’ve buried yer wits wi’ yer uncle, I’m thinkin’! In there! Why, man, what should he know of her bein’ here, when I only see her myself this mornin’ in church, an’ it give me such a turn, I don’t believe I shall iver forget it—’

‘Well, well,’ Ben said appeasingly.

‘No, it aint well. It’s nothin’ but bad her comin’ about here, and bringin’ all those old times wi’ her, an’ just when I thought p’r’aps the boy ’ud make a little change, an’ stir him up a bit. An’ there she is, walkin’ about, so that he’ll be sure to see her one day. Why, here’s Master Ronald says he met her out on the common; an’ me, knowin’ nothin’, marchin’ into church as innercent as any lamb! I dropped when I saw who there was a standin’ up in poor old Mr. David’s pew.’

Ben knew his wife. He did not ask whether there could have been any mistake on her part, but listened silently, now and then passing his hand deliberately round his chin.

‘Howiver she can have come here!’ she went on, growing more excited. ‘Here, where I’m sure I thought they was far enough apart! Mr. Claughton—that’s th’ name o’ the minister, naught to do wi’ Lyle that I can see. D’ye think she’s married to un? We’ve heard naught of ’em since we left th’ old place, eight years ago this Michaelmas—she may ha’ married, an’ we not known it; an’ now I think of it, there were a little girl wi’ her as might ha’ been hers. I do believe she must ha’ married,’ said Rachel reflectively.

‘What’ll he say?’ and Ben motioned with his thumb again.

‘Say? Well, sayin’ aint much in his way. Say?—well, maybe it’ll kill him, and maybe it’ll cure him; but there, I do think if he meets her face to face, niver knowin’ a word, it’ll go hard wi’ him. An’ that she should ha’ married herself!’

‘Ye’ve just been tellin’ me ye didn’t know.’

‘No more I do; but I can guess, I suppose? I aint a fool, nor a barn-door fowl neither, that I know of. If she aint the minister’s wife, how come she here? I can’t sleep till I hear more of this. You or I must just go over to Hurt, and find out. I don’t see how I can be spared, wi’ the girl away. Ye must go, Ben.’

‘I’m stiffish a’ready wi’ all that tramp,’ said her husband ruefully.

‘Ye’ll sleep the sounder.’

‘An’ where ’m I to go? I aint a goin’ stalkin’ ’bout the place, askin’ after Miss Lyle.’

‘Can’t ye find out what the minister’s family may be, an’ what his wife favours, an’ whether she were at the church? Bless ye, man, all the folks in the place knows about ’em by this time; ye just go and gossip wi’ old Widder Allen, she’ll tell ye everythin’, an’ throw in a handful or so over, to make up the weight. I’d ha’ done it myself, but that the sight o’ she standin’ there scared me out. Come, be off!’

But Ben still lingered. ‘What’s th’ minister like?’

‘Oh, I dunno—I dunno! He might ha’ been tellin’ up a lot o’ rummidge, for a’ that I could listen to the sermond. Come, make haste, Ben, I’m all of a twitter!’

Her husband did not argue, he never attempted it. He stood at the door, and looked up at the grey drizzling sky, and shewed no great willingness for his errand. Then he deliberately crossed the yard, and entered the house, to fetch a great umbrella of Rachel’s. Ronald had disappeared; but Mr. Oldfield came out of the dark kitchen as Ben was preparing to start. ‘Going out?’ he said, with a little surprise.

‘Well, yes, Sir—over to Hurt.’

‘Nothing wrong, is there? You’ve been on your legs all day.’

‘Nothin’ wrong?’ stammered Ben. ‘No, there aint nothin’ wrong—no, nothin’—not as I knows—I’m goin’ a errand for the Mis’ess,’ he went on desperately.

Mr. Oldfield made no further remark; and Ben re-crossed the yard, to where Rachel was still standing among the milking-pails with a troubled face. ‘Th’ master’s been askin’ what’s wrong,’ he said confidentially. ‘D’ye think he knows aught?’

‘How can I tell?’ said his wife. ‘Make haste, an’ bring me back word. Sometimes I think I dreamt it—to see her standin’ there, just like old days! She aint changed. Poor Master! if he made his burden, he’s had a’ the carryin’ o’t!’

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN ART.

XV.—VENICE.

On the same tract of grey marsh-land which skirts the north-east coast of Italy, are built the two far-famed cities of the ancient and modern worlds, the earliest and latest homes of Christian Art—Ravenna and Venice.

When Attila came down with his hordes, in the fifth century, and devastated city after city, the inhabitants of Altinum, a coast town of Venetia, fled from the advancing barbarians to the islands of the marsh. Rialto, one of the principal of these islands, had long been used as a port to Padua, and a church had been built on the desolate spot, and a little population gathered around it. Here the fugitives came, and spread themselves over it and the surrounding islands, divided from each other by those narrow channels of shallow water unmoved by the ebb and flow of the Adriatic, which were their bulwarks against invasion then, and became in after times the sea-streets of the island city.

It was not, however, until the Lombard invasion, in the seventh century, that Altinum was finally destroyed, and the whole population forced to flee from the coast of Venetia to the Lagunes for shelter. In distress and failing of heart, while still homeless on these barren sand-shores, the first cathedral of the colony was built, the fine old Basilica of Torcello. It was founded about 641, but fell into ruin in the ninth century; and the chief interest of the eleventh-century building, now standing, lies in the fact that the plan of the ancient basilica was retained. The *synthronus*, of six tiers of white marble seats, is the most remarkable example remaining, of this part of an ancient church. In 697, the first Doge was chosen; in 809 the sixty little islets round Rialto were connected by bridges, and the united colony received the name, and became the city, of Venice.

That connection with the Eastern Empire, which exercised so powerful an influence on their art, must have begun early; for in 827 the body of St. Mark was brought from Alexandria by Venetian traders, who had induced the priests of St. Mark's Church to entrust the precious relic to them, and thus save it from the dreaded desecration of the Saracens. So, to the distant shore where, as Venetian tradition tells, an Angel appeared to St. Mark as he landed on his mission, telling him that his bones should rest there, they bore him in triumph; and the '*Pax tibi Marci, Evangelista meus*' of the angelic message, was inscribed on the book which the Venetian lion, thenceforth their symbol, carried; the watchword of the city ever after, '*Viva S. Marco!*' and the remembrance of the precious treasure they guarded, an incentive to national heroism.

In 976,* the first Church of St. Mark was destroyed by fire; and from its ruins arose that glorious Church, the building of which, carried on for a century, enriched by the gifts of successive Doges, enhanced by Eastern treasures, and completed by Eastern workmen, was the crown of Byzantine art, the most perfect piece of colour-harmony in the world. It was at Venice, and there only, that the worn-out Byzantine school, freed from the trammels of Eastern tradition, flashed into brief life; and the faultless harmony of that chord of colour which it struck in St. Mark's, was prolonged like a sweet echo through centuries to come; and Titian, Tintoret, and Giorgione, caught the light of it, and arrested it for ever.

We will pause for a short space before this great monument of Christian Art; for if it be the foundation of the great colour-school of the world, and also, as the writer believes, the model and pattern of a Christian church, it may be worth while for us to consider the secret of its power and beauty. The Baptistery is a vaulted room, dimly lighted, its roof powdered with gold stars, its walls of alabaster, and floor of glowing mosaic; a red marble seat skirting the wall. A bas-relief of the Baptism of Christ stands over the Altar. On the vault are two circles of mosaic figures; one representing the Apostles, the other the nine orders of the heavenly hierarchy—Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Powers, Principalities, Archangels, Angels. On the walls, the history of St. John Baptist mingles the hope and joy of the first entrance into the Church of Christ, with thoughts of solemn warning. An open-worked bronze door leads into the church—and here, if any doubt the solemnity of perfect colour, let them pause for a space, and gaze from golden dome to waved rainbow pavement in that dim twilight of subdued loveliness. In the large porticos attached to each side of the church, are placed, as representing the first covenant of man with God, the history of Genesis, from the Fall to the deliverance from Egypt. Over the west entrance is the Lord enthroned, the Blessed Virgin and St. Mark adoring, one on each side; on the open Gospel held by Christ, the words written, 'I am the Door; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved;' round the mosaic, 'I am the Gate of Life; let those who are Mine enter by Me;' and above all, the solemn reminder, 'Who He was, and from Whom He came, and at what price He redeemed thee, and why He made thee, and gave thee all things, do thou consider.' In the centre of the western cupola, typical of that first and greatest gift to those dedicated to God in Baptism, is the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove, twelve streams of fire issuing from Him on the heads of the Twelve Apostles, who stand around; lower down, under the windows, the nations of those who witnessed the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the new-born Church, that first Pentecostal morning; the picture

* In 813 the first Ducal Palace and Chapel had been built. The latter was dedicated to St. Theodore, the patron of the city; but on the placing of St. Mark's body within it, it was re-dedicated under his name,

completed by the four Angels, at the extremities of the cupola, bearing the hymn of the Church triumphant, when the Spirit's perfected work shall have been sealed unto the day of redemption; the 'Sanctus' of the heavenly choir bearing its reference also to the sanctification of the Spirit's earthly mission. On the second cupola is represented the work of Redemption, from the Betrayal to the Resurrection of Christ, as the next object on which the Christian soul should fix itself, in its passage from the new birth of Baptism. Passing to the centre of the church, we find the great dome filled with a picture of the Ascension amidst the group on Mount Olivet, the two white-robed messengers saying, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven? This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven.' Below are the Christian virtues, the 'gifts unto men' of our ascended Lord; and lower yet, at the corners of the cupola, the four Evangelists, on whose record we receive the now completed Gospel of Christ; beneath their feet flowing the four rivers of the Paradise won for evermore by Him Who has gone to prepare a place there for us. It was a grand thought which made the old mosaicists fix their central picture in the story of the Ascension; uniting in one the teaching of the Sacrifice of the Cross, now perfected in the eternal Priesthood, without its contemplation of pain, and the reminder of the sure return of Christ, without the terrors of the Judgement Day. The cupola over the Altar has the Patriarchs and Prophets, ranged in order around the great figure of Christ enthroned. The side-chapels contain mosaics of the Life of our Lord and His Apostles; and there were also once illustrations of the Revelation, now superseded by Renaissance work. Such was the Church of St. Mark; a pictured Bible, which they who ran might read; a Missal emblazoned for all ranks and generations, precious within and without; set in priceless binding, and with jewelled clasps, but more precious in the spiritual teaching, written in its golden letters from Altar to vestibule.

No words but Mr. Ruskin's will do to describe the exterior. 'A multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber, and delicate as ivory—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless net-work of buds and plumes; and in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper

and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses* are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's lion lifted on a blue field covered with stars—until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.†

The Ducal Palace has been called by Mr. Ruskin the 'central building of the world,' containing as it does, in nearly equal proportions, the three great germs of mediæval art, the Roman, the Arab, and the Lombard. The genius of the one forgotten man who designed that magnificent building, discovered the most perfect adaptation of the Gothic style to domestic purposes the world has seen; and all the subsequent palaces of Venice were but adaptations and imitations on its model. The first building of the Ducal Palace—the council-chamber, which superseded the old Byzantine building—was begun in 1301. In 1340, the present council-chamber was commenced, with all the finest part of the Palace, and the sea front; and throughout the century the work went gradually on, being completed in 1423. Curiously enough, having attained that perfection in Gothic architecture, the Venetians never seem to have extended their power to designing Gothic churches. The Franciscans and Dominicans, those indefatigable patrons of mediæval art, introduced ecclesiastical Gothic from the mainland in their two magnificent churches of the Frari and SS. Giovanni e Paolo, the latter of which has been called the Westminster Abbey of Venice, from the illustrious dead who rest there; but the style never took root, and the Venetians continued to cling, to the last, to their own peculiar type of church-building.

The same phenomenon meets us in Venetian painting as we have seen in its architecture, which thus flashed into vitality and beauty in the Ducal Palace, as the production, not of slow and gradual development, but of

* The bronze horses were among the spoils taken from Constantinople by the Venetians at the conquest of the Crusaders. They are supposed to have been brought from Alexandria by Augustus.

† *Stones of Venice*, Vol. II., chap. iv., p. 67.

the genius of a single man. Perhaps the insular situation of Venice, which cut her off in degree from the free intercourse held amongst other Italian cities, engendered an exclusiveness which hindered her from adopting the discoveries and improvements by which the other schools of Italy were perfected, and so prevented the development of her art. However this may be, it is certain that Giotto painted his lovely chapel in Padua, and other Florentines worked, both there and in Venice, without kindling any spark of life; and that the painters clung more or less to the old Byzantine types, until the great master, John Bellini, educated beyond Venetian influence, arose among them. It is curious, too, as shewing the lack of sympathy between Venice and the rest of Italy, that the mighty poem of Dante, which was the inspiration of Italian art, from Giotto to Botticelli and Michael Angelo, was actually translated by the Venetians into Latin! The real reason of this was the inadequacy of the Venetian dialect, which also hindered the growth of a national poetry; but the translation of the great poem of Italy into another language, is none the less significant, as shewing the lack of sympathy which Venice had with the sources of the inspiration of Italian art.

The art of Padua was somewhat in advance of that of Venice in the fourteenth century—in consequence, perhaps, of their nearer connection with Florence; though, like Venice, her artists seem to have been strangely insensible to the inspirations of Giotto. The Paduan artists, however, exercised a strong influence over those of Venice, and we must glance over a few of their names. The first atelier of Padua was opened by Francesco Squarcione, (1394–1474,) who owes his reputation chiefly to this fact, and to the influence which his collection of antiques exercised over Paduan art, rather than to any special genius of his own. He was the son of a Paduan embroiderer, and educated in this artistic trade, but determined after a time to leave his father's business, and open an atelier. He first travelled, however, in Greece and Italy, where he invested in a choice collection of classical models, which are said to have been much admired by Lorenzo the Magnificent on his visit to Padua. These fine models, together with his own indefatigable industry, procured him a large school of young artists, and his name became famous as the founder of a school.*

The classical turn which Squarcione thus gave to Paduan art was developed by his pupil, Andrea Mantegna, (1431–1506,) who devoted himself so exclusively to the study of the ancient models, that he entirely neglected the far more necessary study of real life, which had made Florentine art so great. Mantegna's figures look as if they might have been copied from bas-reliefs, so frigid, lifeless, and soulless, are they. The knowledge of perspective, foreshortening, and chiaro-scuro, which he acquired was wonderful; and it was probably for this reason that his influence was so strong over the Italian schools, the decline of which

* Very few of his paintings remain, and those are scarcely worthy of note.

was perhaps hastened by his heartless realism. His paintings seem to be more devoid of spiritual perception, or of tenderness of thought, than those of any other great artist. No feeling had he for vital beauty of human face, or the lower creatures of the earth, or the flowers of the field; only dull faces of Mantuan Dukes* has he left us, and Roman Triumphs, chiefly remarkable for the wonderful knowledge displayed in them of ancient manners and costumes. In the Louvre are portraits by him, of Francesco Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, and his wife, kneeling before the Madonna, in gratitude for their deliverance from Charles VIII. of France, in 1495. Hampton Court has the series of water-colour cartoons, called the Triumphs of Cæsar, originally painted for a palace at Mantua. His 'Dead Christ,' in the Brera Gallery at Milan, a mere study of foreshortening, is a painful instance of the heartlessness of his painting.

This classical school of Mantegna's, however, never took root in Venice. One of the most noticeable features of Venetian art is its profound religion, the cause of which may perhaps be found in the serious character of the race, shewing itself most strongly in all things connected with their government and public actions. In no other national hall has been represented—central amidst all other decoration—not scenes of national history, or heroic legend, but the Paradise of the Life to come.† The unerring colour-instinct of the race also long preserved the Venetians from the fatal fascinations of *chiaro-scuro*; and the pure colour, and shining gold, of early Italian art, were more precious to them than all the discoveries of Mantegna. Thus it was that the two schools, on which the religious art of Venice was founded, were the Umbrian, the type of perfect spiritual peace; and the Flemish, with its mosaic-like combinations of exquisite colour. It was perhaps their traffic which first brought the Venetians into contact with Flanders; but it is evident that there was close sympathy between the two schools, since Venetian artists often studied in Germany, and Flemish artists were warmly received in Venice. Memling, it is said, resided some time in Venice, and painted in the famous Breviary of Cardinal Grimani, which was considered as a marvel of art, and is still treasured in Venice as one of her choicest possessions.

It was from Gentile da Fabriano, the Umbrian painter, that Jacopo Bellini (*circa* 1400–1464) learned the art, which he transmitted to his two more famous sons. He followed his master to Florence, in early life, and thus acquired knowledge and sympathies beyond the narrow range of Venetian art, though always remaining strongly imbued with

* In Mantua Castle are remains of his frescoes of the Gonzaga family, and one saloon is still called by his name. The chief part of the numerous frescoes in this castle were, most disgracefully, destroyed by the French in 1796.

† The first Paradise was painted by Guariento, a Paduan pupil of Giotto's, on the completion of the building, in 1365; and it was replaced by Tintoret's picture of the same subject.

its mannerisms. Some frescoes of his still remain at Verona; and we are fortunate enough to possess, in the British Museum, a sketch-book of his, containing ninety-nine studies of great interest, dated by him 1480. It became the property of the eldest son, Gentile, who bequeathed it to his brother as a precious heir-loom.*

The two brothers, Gentile, and Zuan or Giovanni Bellini, took up their residence in Venice, after their father's death, having lived and worked much in Padua previously, where their sister had, it is said, been married to Andrea Mantegna. In the Ducal Palace is still to be seen Gentile's first commission for the republic—the great organ-doors of St. Mark's, painted on both sides, representing St. Mark and St. Theodore, (the first patron of Venice,) St. Jerome, and St. Francis. In 1474 he was commissioned to paint the pictures in the great council-hall, the destruction of which by fire in 1577 was an irreparable loss. There were fourteen compartments, representing the whole story of the quarrel between Barbarossa and Alexander III., in which the Venetians took so prominent a part, and which so redounded to their honour, that the story was to them as a national legend, as popular a theme for art or poetry as our own King Arthur. These pictures were his greatest work; but there remain in the Academy of Venice three large paintings of his of the Legend of the Cross, painted for the Brotherhood of St. John, and for which he refused all payment. The inscription on one of them is 'Gentilis Bellinus amore incensus Crucis, 1496.' Gentile was sent by the Republic in 1479 to the Sultan, who had requested the Venetians to send him a painter. Here he took many portraits, among which two small pen-and-ink sketches of a chief and his lady are in the British Museum, and a much-damaged portrait of the Sultan is in the possession of Mr. Layard—interesting as representing the shrewd, wily, yet not altogether unpleasant face of the conqueror of Constantinople. A still more curious memorial of Gentile's Eastern life is a picture in the Louvre, representing the reception of a Venetian embassy by the Grand Vizier. He died at eighty years of age, leaving his last painting—the Sermon of St. Mark at Venice—to his brother to finish, on which condition only he bequeathed to him their father's sketch-book. His pictures have left to us almost the only memorial we have of the glowing colour of the Venetian palaces, the glory of which in their sculptured lines of white and gold, and blazonry of heraldic devices on the soft rich red of the frescoed walls, it is difficult even to imagine.

The two brothers seem to have agreed to work independently of each other, from the time of their father's death; and the only work in which we know them to have been associated was the commission for the painting of the Council-hall. When Gentile was sent by the Government to Constantinople, his brother was appointed to carry on the

* A picture in the University Galleries at Oxford, the artist of which is said in the catalogue to be unknown, was probably done either by him, or in his atelier. It represents a Dominican preaching to a Venetian congregation.

works; and after Gentile's return the two completed the painting together. John Bellini stands out in Art history as the only man who was at once the greatest master, the culminating genius, and the last representative, of the school to which he belonged. He assimilated to himself the qualities of the various schools which had met in Padua, learning something from all, influenced slightly by all, combining with the exquisite skill he acquired, that magnificent power of colour which made him the founder of the Venetian school. The last of the religious painters of Italy, we linger around his lovely works most tenderly, perhaps; for with their perfect harmony of colour and form, which jars not on the finest sense of beauty, is mingled an intense spirituality unsurpassed among the painters of mediæval Christendom. On his painting rests the crown which might have awaited the arts of Italy, had she been true, in the height of her knowledge and power, to the faith of Christ. It was John Bellini who brought the art of oil-painting to its utmost perfection. From the time that Antonello da Messina settled in Venice, (about 1470,) bringing with him the German method of oil-painting, Bellini devoted himself to working out its perfection, sparing no time or labour, and patiently spending ten years, it is said, in the effort. Four hundred years have passed since the central period of John Bellini's painting, and Mr. Ruskin's testimony* is that 'no harmful change whatsoever' has passed upon that perfect workmanship. Faultless in finish, lustrous in colour, holy in thought, his works shine out in their sunny peace, amidst the passion and the unrest of the arts of Italy in their fall. Little recked the old Christian artist of the contempt of the Renaissance painters for the long-discarded golden backgrounds, which left them no room for their display of chiaro-scuro and perspective; he would paint on them if he chose, though he could rival Titian and Tintoret in lovely landscape—even surpass them in its lustrous colouring. One more thing is to be noted of him, not altogether insignificant. He lived to be ninety years of age, and there is not discernible in all that long life, reaching far into the Renaissance age, one token of his tampering with his own convictions, or one evidence of failing spiritual power. Going on from strength to strength in undisturbed serenity, the works of his old age were among his most perfect; and the Madonna of San Zaccaria, which he painted when eighty, is perhaps the loveliest of all the treasures which he bequeathed to Venice.

It was about the time that this picture was painted, that Albert Durer came to Venice. John Bellini alone of the Venetian painters held out the hand of fellowship to the young German artist, and was able, by the high position he held in Venice, to set Durer above the intrigues by which the other painters sought to rid themselves of the foreigner, of whose skill they were so jealous. Perhaps it was in consequence of the respect in which Bellini was held by the Government, that Durer

* 'Relations between Tintoret and Michael Angelo.' Lecture delivered at Oxford; 1872.

received such tempting offers to induce him to remain in Venice. 'Giovanni Bellini,' wrote Durer, 'has praised me highly to several gentlemen, and wishes to have something of my doing; he called on me himself, and requested that I would paint a picture for him, for which, he said, he would pay me well. People are all surprised that I should be so much thought of by a person of his reputation. He is very old, but is still the best painter of them all.' Such was Durer's testimony to the life and work of John Bellini, standing alone in noble old age, whilst the artists of Renaissance Venice swept by him in their pride and sensuality, half jealous, half scornful of him and of the young painter in whom he had recognized the flash of inspiration.

In his last days John Bellini made the friendship of Ariosto at the court of Ferrara, where he went to paint in the palace, and he was afterwards introduced by Ariosto in 'Orlando Furioso.' His last work, painted when nearly ninety, was a picture of St. Jerome in the desert—a subject which had perhaps a peculiar interest for him, now on the verge of the grave, and on which is stamped the peace of the old man's soul. He died in that year, 1516.

With John Bellini closes the history of Christian Art in Venice and in Europe. The great trio, whose names are familiar to us as the colourists of the world, and are so inseparably connected in our minds with the name of Venice, scarcely come within the scope of this chapter.

Giorgione and Titian were both pupils of John Bellini; but the latter left his studio early, to follow the brilliant innovator, who first, of Venetian artists, cast aside the traditions of religious Art. Giorgione was employed chiefly in painting the external walls of the Venetian palaces—a fashion which began two centuries previous to his time, but had now reached its height. It is to this cause, as well as to his early death, that the extreme rarity of his pictures is owing. The Gothic palaces of Venice were built of brick, covered with plaster, and then frescoed in diaper-patterns, of which the prevailing tone was a rich subdued red, interspersed with white, black, and grey.* The Ducal Palace, having been faced with marble instead of fresco, has preserved to us a perfect specimen of the decoration which covered, throughout the Gothic period, every palace in Venice. In the fourteenth century a change passed over the style of this mural painting. The diaper-work gradually gave way to figure and subject representations; until by the time Giorgione and Titian had won their reputation, the palace fronts were devoted to fresco paintings, in which the greatest masters were employed. These precious works scarcely lasted the life-time of the artists—so fatal was the exposed situation of Venice to them; and thus, of the priceless work of one of the greatest of the Renaissance artists, nothing remains; and those magnificent pictures, which made the walls of Venice burn in

* Of the palaces now remaining in Venice, five only are of the twelfth, three of the fourteenth, and thirteen of the fifteenth century.—See Heman's *History of Mediæval Christianity and Sacred Art in Italy*, Vol. II., chap. vi., p. 329.

crimson and gold, as day by day they caught the rays of the setting sun, have vanished like a passing dream. With a rare combination of powers, Giorgione's playing and singing were so exquisite, that he was sought for by the nobles, to preside at their concerts. In some sense he may be called the greatest of Renaissance painters. For though in the gladness of his heart he painted and rejoiced in painting noble physical beauty, filling it with the unapproachable glory of his colour, he neither frittered his noble powers in obedience to despots like Raffaele, nor lowered them to work out sensual imaginations like Titian, nor crushed his spiritual senses like Michael Angelo. Giorgione died in 1511, when little more than thirty, of the plague—caught, it is said, from the lady to whom he was betrothed.*

Tintoret, the last of the great painters of Venice, reflected in faint and dying light that spirituality which had ever been the characteristic of Venetian art, and which lingered around it to the end. Passionately admiring Michael Angelo, Tintoret made it his chief aim to rival him in technical skill—writing on the wall of his studio, 'The colouring of Titian and the design of Michael Angelo;' and that rivalry of the great Florentine was fatal to his work as a Christian artist.

For all that can be said in honour of Tintoret, and of the noble qualities of his painting, we must refer our readers to Mr. Ruskin's lecture on the subject, before mentioned, and chiefly to the description contained in it of the great fresco of Paradise, which he has characterized as the thoughtfulest as well as the mightiest picture in the world.

If these brief sketches have induced any of our readers to study with a greater interest and a more definite aim, the productions of any of the great schools of Christian Art, they will have fulfilled the best wishes of the writer. Some knowledge of Art in its relations to History, is absolutely necessary to the appreciation of the works of any age, or representative man of an age; and it is only in cultivating the faculty of observation by the help of such knowledge, that we become capable of intelligent criticism. Such study is perhaps more than ordinarily essential to the comprehension of any of the schools of mediæval art. Three centuries of Protestant prejudice have dulled our eyes and our hearts to perception of the fact that there once existed in Europe a Religion which produced the most magnificent Art, appealing fearlessly by its means to the senses as well as the intellects, the human sympathies as well as the spiritual instincts, of mankind. This Art was a sealed book to the majority of educated people, until such writers as Lord Lindsay and M. Rio threw upon it the light of their knowledge and the glow of their enthusiasm. Since then we have been slowly and gradually learning that the periods of the most vital and perfect art were also the periods of the most vital and perfect national religion. It has

* The 'Death of Peter Martyr,' in the National Gallery, under his name, is of doubtful authenticity.

been the object of these pages to shew that this art was produced, and could only have been produced, by Christian men, possessed by a profound sense of the sacredness and responsibility of their mission as teachers of the Faith of Christ. The rules of the art-guilds were framed in language of unaffected religion, and impressed by the compilers with their deep sense of the dignity of their calling; and the members were enjoined to the regular performance of all religious duties.

The one great aim of mediæval Art was the teaching of spiritual truth; and unless we approach it with the perception of this fact, it will be to us but a passing dream of beauty. All Art, Mr. Ruskin has well and beautifully said—from the time when Christianity first settled over the conquerors of Italy—‘all Art thenceforward is but the expression of their joy when they had found the young Child with Mary His mother.’*

To ordinary persons uneducated to perceive the true end of Art, it is the graphic delineation of incident which attracts; the more uneducated they are, the more commonplace of course the incident which attracts them. So that the Dutch pictures of the last century, being attuned to the level of the most vulgar minds, have been for many years the most popular; and our own exhibition walls have been covered with genre-subjects, such as the artist found that the public taste could appreciate. The cause, too, of Raffaele’s popularity beyond all other great painters, has been that predominance of exaggerated dramatic representation, which, in his pictures, is visible above all moral and spiritual qualities. His errors have been accepted and extended ever since, by the ignorant, the thoughtless, and the heartless, so that for long no one dared to question the standard of criticism which his pictures had set up; and even those to whom his graceful unrealities gave no pleasure, were compelled to suppress their convictions.

Of the schools of mediæval Art at which we have glanced, the Florentine is perhaps both the most instructive and the most interesting, for those who make Art their leisure study. The Umbrian school cannot be considered historically separate from it, since the two were ever mingling and re-acting on each other. The one is the great school of form and design—developed by the genius of the old Etruscan race, mingled with the vigour of the northern nations; the other represents, so far as it has a separate existence as a school, the perfect type of spiritual beauty and religious feeling, fostered in the quiet mountain country, where St. Francis had left the impression of his undying name. The central painter of this school is Fra Angelico; the representative master of the other may be said to be Sandro Botticelli. All the beauty and the purity of disciplined Christian life, especially in monasticism, is set forth by Fra Angelico in the highest degree ever achieved; and all the loveliness of domestic and social Christian life is set forth by Sandro Botticelli, combined with a high degree of knowledge and skill, which is more

* The writer is quoting from memory, the Lecture in which this was said being as yet unpublished.

exquisitely balanced in subordination to spiritual teaching than perhaps in any other painter. The Flemish school is of inferior rank. It arose under depressing circumstance and unlovely surroundings. It hardly could have existed but for the influence of Catholicism; and it is a notable instance of the power of religion to inspire and prolong a school of Art, which without it would have had no inherent vitality. It appeals to no high qualities of imagination, but simply to devotional feeling. It was saved by its perfect reverence and purity of motive from the materialism to which German Art always tended; and its colour harmonies were exquisitely lovely.

The Venetian school, with its unapproachable power of colour, completes the perfection, and closes the age, of mediæval painting. The serious and thoughtful character of the race preserved them long from the influences of Pagan art; and whilst Roman and Florentine art vanishes in imbecility, the last memorial of Venetian painting is also one of the best treasures of Christian Art—the sweet Paradise of Tintoret.

(Concluded.)

A. C. OWEN.

THE CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

PART II.

BOIARDO AND BERNI.

IN considering the Italian branch of the Romances which have been engrafted upon the Turpin stock, it will be best to begin with the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo, as we find it in the 'Rifacimento' of Berni, rather than with the Morgante Maggiore of Pulci. Pulci's work, indeed, a little preceded that of Boiardo in point of time; the Morgante being published in 1485, whereas the whole of the Orlando did not appear until 1496.* But Pulci's work gives the history of Orlando's death at Roncesvalles; and there is something both perplexing and unpleasant—at least, to my mind—when a character has been consigned to his final rest by one author, in resuscitating him, to review the description of his actions by another.

Beginning with the work of Boiardo, moreover, renders it necessary to take that of Ariosto next in order, because the Orlando Furioso is a continuation of the Orlando Innamorato, which was left incomplete by the untimely death of its author: and the Rifacimento of Berni being made after the publication of Orlando Furioso, the interweaving of the threads of the narrative is so complete, that neither work can be thoroughly understood without the other.

* Two years after the death of the author; part of the Orlando was published in 1486.

Never was there a more thorough labour of love than both the *Rifacimento* and the *Orlando Furioso*; for Berni, whilst he polished the rugged verse of his original to suit his own better cultivated taste and more musical ear, has yet adhered with the utmost fidelity to the sense of Boiardo; whilst Ariosto constantly refers to the work of his predecessor, in a manner which shews that he considered it so entirely amongst the 'household words' of his countrymen, that the mere reference was sufficient to bring the whole circumstances of the case to the recollection of every reader.

The continuation of Boiardo's story was rendered the more easy for Ariosto by the fact, that both authors were attached to the court of the family of Este; Boiardo to that of Borso, and his brother and successor, Hercules I.; and Ariosto successively to those of Cardinal Ippolito, and his brother Alfonso. Moreover, Boiardo having in his poem traced the descent of the Este race direct from Hector of Troy,* and allied it by blood with the family of Charlemagne, in the person of one of his heroes, it was inviting for Ariosto to take up and enlarge upon the same grateful theme. Indeed, some writers have considered this Ariosto's principal aim in his completion of Boiardo's tale; but I think no one who has read Ariosto *con amore*, though he may fervently wish that the House of Este had had no court claims on the poet—will believe that this petty motive could have had more than a very secondary place in his mind. I think that no one who has read Boiardo, and grieved with him over Orlando's gradual aberration from the path of right, loyalty, and honour, will fail to sympathize with Ariosto in the wish to trace this noble nature, not only till the distemper of his 'unhealthy mind'† finds its culmination in madness, but through this temporary overthrow, to its recovery of its natural erectness of attitude.

A word or two may be here allowed about the author and the reviser of the *Orlando Innamorato*. Count Matteo Maria Boiardo was not only a courtier and a poet, but a statesman. He was Count of

* The poetical account of the descent of this family is as follows:—When the Greeks, after the fall of Troy, sought Astyanax, to kill him, Andromache hid her own child in a tomb, and took another in her arms, with whom she was slain. The real Astyanax was taken to Sicily. He was slain by treachery. His widow took shelter in Risa, where she bore a son, from whom descended Clovis and Constantius. This Constantius was the founder of the line of Charlemagne; whilst from Clovis came Ruggiero, who married Galicella, the amazon daughter of Agolante. She, on the murder of her husband, who was betrayed to her brother, Almonte, by Beltramo, (his own half-brother,) was set adrift in a boat, which went ashore on the African coast. There she gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl; they were brought up by a magician named Atlante, who caused a tame lioness to give them suck. The girl was stolen by a predatory band of Arabs, but the boy grew up to be the Ruggiero of the poem. To his son, says Ariosto, after the war with the Lombards, Charlemagne gave the title of Marquis. 'And because Charlemagne said in Latin, "*Este hic domini*" when he gave him the domain, the family was ever after called Este.'

† 'Quell' anima mal sana.' (*Orlando Inn. Cant. lx. 7.*)

Scandiano, in the Modenese, a few miles from Reggio. He was a man of wealth, and even maintained a small court himself, at his castle of Scandiano. He was twice appointed Governor of Reggio, and once of Modena. It is said that many of the names of his heroes, such as Sacripant, Mandricardo, Gradasso, &c., were those of certain of his vassals, and that living representatives of these families may still be found at Scandiano. Another anecdote reports that he was so engrossed in the characters of his knights, that the name of 'Rodomonte'* occurring to him one day when he was hunting, he was so delighted with its suitability to his tremendous Saracen hero, that he galloped home and ordered the bells to be rung and the guns to be fired, as if for a victory! He wrote various works, but his name lives principally by his Orlando. He was occupied with this when the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII., in the autumn of 1494, to which he alludes in the last canto, interrupted him; and his death took place before the end of the year.†

As regards Berni's share in the work, despite the natural feeling that any interference with an author's original text is an impertinence,‡ in this case the work has profited so greatly by the loving touches of the second poet, that one cannot regret his having undertaken the task of recasting it. He has, as before mentioned, shewn the strictest attention to the most minute shades of his author's meaning; whilst the narrative remains altogether intact. His additions are, generally speaking, those of a few introductory stanzas to each canto, often containing a pleasant moralizing comment on what has gone before. Sometimes he turns the edge of his keen sarcasm upon the vices of the nobility and clergy of the vicious age in which he lived; or he bursts into a passionate lament, that, whilst the hideous and hurtful monsters of tyranny, injustice, violence, and selfishness, still swarm upon the earth and prey upon the defenceless, the Orlandos and Rinaldos who should have combated them, are no more to be found.

Berni's additions may generally be recognized by the apparent simplicity with which he introduces some droll allusion or absurd conceit. His longest interpolation is contained in the sixty-seventh Canto, where he gives us a description of himself. The picture is drawn with a mixture of self-ridicule and drollery, in which there is yet a certain pathos; as if he felt a sort of half-shame that the mind, which he felt could have accomplished great things, should have debased itself to the composition of certain trivial and impure works which he names. He describes himself as worn out with the labours of secretaryship to a discontented master,§ as always carrying in his bosom, under his arms, and in all his pockets, bundles of letters, in replying to which, he had to

* Literally 'Gnaw-mountain,' devourer of mountains; hence our word *rodomontade*.

† December 20th, 1494, at Reggio.

‡ The original poem of Boiardo was re-published by Panizzi, the Librarian of the British Museum, I think in 1836.

§ Giberti, the Apostolical Datary.

‘write and distil his brain perpetually.’ He says that he was so worn out with this employment, that the only enjoyment of which he could form an idea was, ‘to lie in bed and never do anything, and thus refresh his body and mind.’ Thus, when Orlando is taken captive at the Magic ‘River of Laughter,’ Berni supposes himself to be previously installed in its castle, where ‘everyone is obeyed ;’ but annoyed at the vivacious dancing of the rest of the party, he orders a bed to be prepared, four-square, and ‘large enough to swim in,’ where he extends his long length in perfect idleness. I give the quaint personal description as it stands in the Italian :—

‘Di persona era grande, magro e schietto,
Lunghe e sottil le gambe forte aveva,
E’l naso grande, e’l viso largo, e stretto
Lo spazio che le ciglia divideva ;
Concavo l’occhio aveva, azurro e netto ;
La barba folta quasi il nascondeva,
Se l’avesse portata ; ma il padrone
Aveva con le barbe aspra quistione.’ *

We are glad to find that this ‘fantastic sprite’ enjoyed some literary leisure at last ; for a revolution at Rome, promoted by the Colonnas, in which the Vatican, Giberti’s palace, and even Berni’s poor room, were ransacked, gave him a claim to compensation, which he obtained in the shape of a canonicate at Florence. He had, however, the misfortune to incur the ‘friendship’ of two of the Medici family ; one of whom, Alessandro, proposed to him to poison Ippolito, the other. He rejected the proposal, and a few days afterwards, both he and Ippolito ‘died suddenly,’ as men did die in those days.†

Critically considered, as every one knows, the Orlando Furioso holds a much higher rank than the Orlando Innamorato, both as a poem and as a specimen of purest Italian and most musical verse. But it always appears to me that the characters lose greatly in their originality and individuality, by the change of authors. Ariosto’s knights are, indeed, finished gentlemen ; but they are all so much of one stamp, that the actions and words of one might be performed and spoken by any of the others ; whereas, we find ourselves very soon giving that test of distinctively drawn character—making favourites amongst the heroes of Boiardo.

* Tall was his person, meagre and slight built,
Long were his legs, and also very thin ;
His nose was large, and broad his face, and strait
Between the eye-brows the dividing space ;
Hollow his eyes, and azure-hued and bright ;
And his thick beard would have concealed him quite
—If he had worn it—but his master had
Sharp quarrel with all beards.

† Berni gave the first example of a kind of sarcastic and lively verse, called from him Bernesque.

We love Orlando's rough honesty; his dogged perseverance, which fails to take in the conception of defeat; and his thorough good nature, which, deceived, and yet again deceived, still forgives and forgets. His being enchanted, so that he cannot be wounded, scarcely lessens our appreciation of his bravery; for we feel he would be to the full as daring, were he vulnerable.* We like him even in his towering rages, and accept his squint, though it becomes truly frightful when anger knits his bushy brows above it. We forgive him even his terrible propensity to loud snoring when he is asleep! But, above all, we admire in Orlando the tender awe and reverence of his great love, unworthy though the object of it be. The strong man—who is like a roused lion in her defence—trembles before the weak woman who appeals to him in her helplessness. Ungrateful and selfish as she is, he devotes himself to her with an entire self-negation; and when she throws herself upon his protection, and is utterly in his power, he treats her with the respect due to a saint.

He is to be sorrowed over rather than hated; still noble, though with such tarnished lustre, even when he is most wrong—going farther and yet farther astray under the influence of this evil passion; knowing he is wrong, and bitter at heart, because he knows it. All his life, hitherto, the right has been his aim; now he has suffered the mists of passion to dim the pure white light which once guided him, till he cannot tell right from wrong. From one descent to another we track him. In the first instance, he has left Charlemagne in a time of peace, to follow this unblessed love, which is only represented as wrong, because the object of it is a pagan and an enchantress. But ere long the 'little rift' widens, as his passion enslaves him more and more. Under its influence he fights a dreadful battle with his near and hitherto dearly-loved kinsman, Rinaldo, and is only prevented from killing him unfairly by a stratagem of his artful mistress. He refuses to return to his duty as a soldier and a patriot when he hears that his king and country are imperilled by invasion. And at last, we find him putting a climax to his weakness and wickedness by retiring from the battle-field to pray that the army of his king may be discomfited, in order that he, retrieving the fortunes of the day, may achieve the reward promised him by the Emperor—the possession of Angelica.

In the character of Rinaldo the author has laid a kind of self-imposed shackle upon himself, by representing this warrior as under the influence of enchantment, through the greater portion of the book: hence he can scarcely be represented in a wholly natural light. Nevertheless, there are a variety of salient points in the delineation of his character. He has been more tried than Orlando in some ways, in that, through the

* In the poem of *Aspramonte*, and also in the *Orlando Innamorato*, we are informed, that after Orlando had fought for three days with a knight called Don Chiaro, whom he finally slew, 'the Trinity' gave him such power, that no champion should be able to hold against him for more than three days.

machinations of Gan, he is generally in disgrace with the Emperor; and he is, moreover, a very poor noble. He describes himself as having often 'no supper' for his retainers until he descends from his Castle of Montalbano to seek it:* hence his character is not free from a slight taint of avarice, a vice which has no temptation for Orlando. Yet he is, nevertheless, a type of a very high class of character. Of course he is courageous, but his is not the courage of insensibility—it is moral as well as physical courage.

He has a manly self-reliance, which enables him to face every form of danger with the utmost coolness and self-possession, but he never asserts himself intrusively: on the contrary, he is markedly modest. The rest of the world doubts whether Orlando really is the more powerful warrior of the two: Rinaldo has no doubt; he places himself decidedly second to his cousin. These two great specimens of the romance type of chivalry, though in many respects similar, will yet bear a comparison. Both equally rapid in deciding on a course of action, yet Rinaldo's is the cooler judgement. Orlando is readier with deeds than words; Rinaldo is apt with both: his mother-wit never forsakes him; he has a proverb or a jest to deliver with his blow.† He is 'dottore' as well as soldier. He is equally respectful to women with Orlando; equally true to his knightly vow to succour and defend the oppressed; perhaps even warmer in his attachment to his kinsmen and friends. He is also equally fiery in temper; and we feel that, had he not drunk of the 'fountain of Merlin,' he might be equally unreasonable in love.

In Astolfo we have a very different conception of character; and here there is no foreign influence at work, to prevent its being true to its own nature. The 'English Duke' is a warm-hearted youth, brave and daring as affectionate; hot-tempered as either Orlando or Rinaldo—but—to use a nautical term—'carrying very little ballast,' and so much given to loud boasting, that he seems scarcely aware himself when he oversteps the limits of truth.

The characters of the Saracen warriors are generally repetitions of the bravery and daring of the Christian knights; but without the same

* In Arnouillet's 'Turpin,' Rinaldo in the desperate state of his fortunes, when Ganelon's misrepresentations have driven him from court, takes 'to the Road,' and lives a sort of Robin Hood life with his retainers. Hence the frequent reproach of 'Thief,' 'Highwayman,' which his enemies cast upon him; and also the allusions in Don Quixote. See also Pulci, Canto xi., 19.

† Canto xvii. 39, and elsewhere. A numerous collection of Italian proverbs might be made from the sayings of Rinaldo. His mind is richly stored with 'wise saws.' The speeches of all the characters abound in these homely illustrations. The opponent of a valiant knight finds he has 'strange wool to card;' or discovers that 'he who reckons without his host has to reckon twice,' if he thinks to be an easy victor. Gan is for ever shewing Charlemagne 'Fire-flies for lanterns.' Sacripant is told, with regard to Astolfo, that 'there is little gain in dealing with fools.' 'Slowly works well,' says Rinaldo, in reply to Astolfo's 'Strike while the iron is hot,' &c.

attributes of gentleness, chivalrous honour, and extreme courtesy.* This, indeed, is not the case with Ruggiero, who, though a pagan, is yet the first type in the book of all these qualities; but then there is a reason for this, not only in the fact that he comes of the Christian and indeed royal race, but that he is destined to be the progenitor of the house of Este.

Of Boiardo's female characters, there is less to observe. That of Angelica, the moving cause of the principal action of the poem, is very little marked. She is deceitful, heartless, and selfish in her conduct towards Orlando, though proud of the devotion of so noble a warrior. She takes advantage of this devotion in any way which may serve her turn, and at any cost to him. She professes the utmost attachment towards him, whilst she is in reality suffering all the torments of despised love for Rinaldo, and endeavouring to overcome his aversion for her. Yet she is compassionate to those who are in distress; she is mild and courteous to all; and we find no instances of the extreme wickedness with which she is charged by the poet. Marfisa is a thorough virago, as well as a warrior who is a peer for any champion of either Christendom or 'Paganìa.' She is pitiless and scornful. She uses language of the lowest type of Italian 'Billingsgate,' when she is in a rage. She is so abnormal a creature, that we can scarcely judge her by comparison with any type of womanhood of which we may have formed a conception. She is, as Berni says, a 'monster.'† Of Bradamant we hear little till towards the end of the book; but we see that, though she is equally powerful as a warrior, and equally fiery in temper with Marfisa, she has a good deal of the gentleness of her sex in her composition; she is capable of faithful love, of self-devotion, and can at times be as womanly as even Fiordiligi.

It is in the description of Fiordelisa, or Fiordiligi,‡ that we have Boiardo's most perfect, and at the same time most truthful, delineation of the female character. We find her not only constant in her love towards her husband, but cleaving to his side through all his dangers and difficulties—strengthening him with her counsel; purifying him with her purity; encouraging him and praying for him through his conflicts;

* This distinction is even more marked in Ariosto, where Ferrau possesses himself of Orlando's helmet, when Angelica drops it; Mandricardo seizes on Durindana from the trophy which Zerbino had made of Orlando's scattered armour; Rodomont takes Frontino by force from Ippalca, Bradamant's waiting-woman; and Gradasso, when he finds Baiardo in the cave where he has taken refuge, mounts him and rides away, chuckling, instead of keeping his covenant with Rinaldo; whilst Agramant finally breaks the solemn compact he had made with Charlemagne, when he finds the battle doubtful between Ruggiero and Rinaldo.

† Orlando Inn., Canto xviii. 5. 'Women who have been famous in either good or evil, have always attained to signal distinction,' says Berni, 'perhaps on account of their natural imperfection,' for 'that which exceeds nature has a kind of buffoonery about it, as a man born with one foot or two heads; . . . and woman being an animal imperfect in itself, her imperfection is the cause of her eccentricity. 'Hence, any woman who excels in a thing may be called a monstrous creature,' like Marfisa.

‡ Lily-flower.

thinking of, and labouring for, him alone in his absence; loving him through life, and devoting the short sad remnant of her days when he is gone, to prayers for the repose of his soul.*

Brandimart, under the refining influence of the constant society of such a wife, and reciprocating her love with the utmost intensity, can scarcely fail to be what he proves, one of the most thoroughly humanized characters in the book. He is, moreover, additionally ennobled by an almost adoring friendship for Orlando, whose side he never willingly forsakes, and whom he serves with a brotherly, though sometimes sorrowing tenderness and fidelity, through all his wanderings, trials, and errors, till, in the pages of Ariosto, he glories in his friend's restoration to even more than his former rectitude of judgement.

It is observable in Boiardo, that it is to women that the knights are almost always indebted for instructions how to proceed in cases of perplexity. They turn—sometimes, indeed, with very delusive results, to their female companions, as to their natural advisers. These ladies may be, as Berni tells us we ought to find out for ourselves, mere personifications of prudence, wisdom, and the like; but they always assume the shape of very pleasing and attractive damsels, who are generally furnished with plans of enchanted castles and gardens, or books which give directions to be followed in cases of difficulty. I confess that a very small proportion of this kind of allegory is sufficient for my taste; and that it is always with regret I find that some golden-haired maiden, mounted on a white palfrey, and smiling like a spring-morning as she addresses our knights, must be allowed to be only 'Discretion,' or some such shadowy specimen of '*nudo spir'ito e poco terra.*' But Fiordiligi is to the full as learned in matters of enchanted castles, bridges, and gardens, as any of these—and she, fortunately, requires no subtraction from her substantiality as flesh and blood.

One circumstance renders the reading, both of Boiardo and Ariosto, somewhat perplexing, especially for a person who does not read Italian with great ease—the constant breaking off from the history of one personage to follow that of another. Berni is apparently sensible of this, for he not only apologizes for the necessity of carrying on the various threads of the story in this manner, but is particular, in taking up the continuation of a narrative which has been thus interrupted, to remind the reader of the circumstances under which it was last mentioned.

Another point of which I must take notice in passing, is the peculiar view of the marriage relations of their heroes, which is taken both by Boiardo and Ariosto. The fact, that both Orlando and Rinaldo are married men, is so slightly touched upon, that it might easily escape the attention of the cursory reader; and the guilt of Orlando's mad passion is made to consist, not in his infidelity to Alda the fair, but in the fact, that the object of it is a pagan, and that his devotion to her consequently led him counter to the interests of his religion and

* Ariosto it is who puts this conclusion to the history of Brandimart and Fiordiligi.

his king. Rinaldo and Orlando fight for Angelica openly, in the sight of the Emperor and all the peers, without causing any scandal beyond that of their quarrel being unnatural because of their kinship; Charlemagne promises her to whichever of the two heroes most distinguishes himself on the battle-field, with no hint of any matrimonial drawback to such an arrangement in the existence of either Alda-Bella or Clarice. Orlando and Rinaldo are treated as bachelors throughout, and as such it will be best still to treat them, unless we would introduce a complication of moral difficulties, which was never contemplated by the authors, and which need not have been alluded to, but for an occasional casual mention of Alda-Bella and Clarice, and for Rinaldo's avowal, in the *Orlando Furioso*, that he is a married man.

The geography of both Boiardo and Ariosto is very imperfect and very curious: of the local descriptions it may be said, once for all, that, be the land described nominally India, China, France, England, or Scotland, the climate, the scenes depicted, the groves and fountains, the broken tombs and marble palaces, are still Italian. But the geography is a different matter; so long as the itinerary is confined to the route from Italy or France to Syria, we feel that we are upon a beaten track, whether we follow the course of Brandimart by sea, and encounter the 'Tramontana' and 'Greco,'* that 'bad mixture' of winds which drives the westward-bound mariner upon the coast of Africa; or whether we trace Rinaldo on his more devious journey after he had passed the shores of the 'Atarberians' and the mountain of 'Carubbio' to the Don, thence to the Danube, and across the Alps to the Ticino.† But beyond Syria and part of Asia Minor, all is a region of myth and enchantment, where dragons, gryphons, giants, fairies, cannibals, and 'wild men,' vie with each other in making travelling exceedingly difficult and dangerous; though, indeed, the numerous knights and ladies indigenous to these strange parts, are to the full as cultivated, and as well 'up' in the 'on dits' of Christendom, as the Christians themselves.

Space, with these poets, is as vague and misty an idea as locality; a man on horse-back, having no enchantments which might have detained him to contend with, rides for somewhat more than fifteen days, at no great speed, from Albracca in Cathay (China) to reach the Syrian coast.‡

* North and north-east winds.

† The Atarberians appear to have inhabited what we call Siberia; Alcina's 'fishing' must have been carried on upon the shores of the Frozen Ocean; so that it is difficult to follow the journey from Albracca until the better known districts are reached.

‡ Brunel, when he steals Angelica's ring, Sacripant's horse, and Marfisa's sword: Marfisa pursues him for six days on horse-back, when her horse falls dead; she then follows on foot. He frequently allows her nearly to overtake him, in order that he may snap his fingers in her face; he pauses to snatch the famous ivory horn and the sword of Fallerina from Orlando's side as he passes, and stops at all the taverns to refresh himself—though not to pay the host—hence his speed could not have been very great.

Orlando and Rinaldo were much hindered by their combats with giants, gryphons, and other monsters, as well as by being detained prisoners in enchanted castles ; so that it is not easy to calculate the time occupied by their journeys. In one passage, during the siege of Abracca, Rinaldo says he has been a year absent from France ; but this is almost the only direct statement of the kind. Here and there, indeed, we find an unexpected *pied à terre* in some known region ; but we are soon carried off again to realms of strangely mingled classical and mediæval fable.*

(To be continued.)

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

(EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER'S DAUGHTER.)

CHAPTER V.

'THE wind and weather were favourable, and we soon lost sight of the harbour, the bar, the light-house of Senhora da Luz, the pine forest, and the beach where we had spent so many of the happiest hours of our childhood. Our pilot assured us that we should reach Lisbon in twenty-four hours ; but we had nevertheless thought it prudent to lay in a store of provisions for a week. Our fellow passengers were Captain Agostinho, two officers, and an old priest ; including sailors, we were twenty-two persons on board a miserable little vessel of twenty tons. Towards evening the wind became contrary, the weather changed, and a heavy gale came on ; from that time till Thursday morning we were in complete darkness, and could not distinguish night from day. Our wretched cabin had no skylight, and it was almost impossible to keep even a lamp *alive*. The violence of the waves dashed everything helter-skelter, and not unfrequently filled the little cabin with spray. The sailors sang hymns to the Virgin Mary and S. Antonio ; the captain gave himself up for lost, and lost we probably should have been but for the mercy of God. My father discovered that the captain had neither watch, quadrant, nor even a pen and ink in his possession ; and inferring from this that his knowledge of navigation must be very slight, he asked whether he allowed for the two points variation in the compass : the fellow stared, and said he knew nothing about the compass, but he positively refused to allow any of the passengers to interfere with the management of the vessel, until we found ourselves actually within half a mile of the Berlinga rocks, well known to sailors in general. A strong west wind

* Many of the adventures of the characters are purely imitations from the classical poets. Thus Olympia, in the Orlando Furioso, is represented in the character of Ariadne ; whilst Ruggiero plays the part of Perseus to Angelica's Andromeda. Many of the episodes which are introduced are also derived from similar sources.

was blowing upon the shore, and our situation was in truth a very critical one, when it pleased God to hear us in our distress; the wind changed, and we were mercifully preserved from danger which seemed almost inevitable. On Sunday we found ourselves within sight of the Rock of Lisbon. We had a little fright in consequence of being fired at, as a signal to wait, by a frigate, which all on board believed to be an American—we were still at war with America; a boat came alongside, with two officers on board, who soon dispelled all suspicion by announcing themselves the bearers of a letter from Sir John Lewis of the Aigle, to the Duke of Bedford at Lisbon.

‘We anchored off Cascais after six days voyage and discomfort of every kind, passed the fort of St. Julian, Collaus, Born Viagem, the Palace of Ajuda—occasionally the residence of the Royal Family, who were at this time in the Brazils—and at length found ourselves at anchor under the Castle of Belem. Our captain went to report himself to the Quarantine board, and told us we should have been subjected to ten days quarantine if it had been known that we had held any communication with the Aigle, just arrived from Malta. We landed in a tremendous shower of rain, without knowing where we should take up our quarters for the night, or rather how we should find our way to the Hotel—not having a carriage of our own, and hackney coaches not being as yet introduced into Portugal. My father recollecting that the palace of his old friend the Marques d’ Angeja, whose property he had assisted in recovering from the French, was at hand, he determined to ask shelter for us whilst he made arrangements for removing to Buenos Ayres. Every member of the family was absent, except a poor infirm lady who could not see anyone, and who intrusted the entire management of her affairs to an impertinent steward. This fellow, in reply to my father’s question, opened the *door of the museum*, and said, with a profusion of bows, “Certainly, Senhor General, the Senhor Marquez would be too happy in obliging your Excellency. The whole house, as your Excellency knows, is at your Excellency’s orders; but you see, Senhor General, that there is not an empty corner.” So much for Portuguese hospitality and palavers, we thought; fortunately my father met an English officer of his acquaintance, who insisted upon our going to his house; a carriage was soon found, and we drove to Barnwell’s Hotel. The host and hostess had formerly been our servants, and had accompanied my parents to Lisbon under the modest titles of Robert and Nancy; they married in after years, and became “great people, quite entirely,” as all English travellers know who have enjoyed the comforts of their hotel, and *paid* for the same.

‘My father introduced me as his little Menina to all the *fidalgas* (noble women) and *fidalginhas* of Lisbon; and he allowed me to enter into one or two very gay and brilliant scenes, which, of course, made an impression on my young mind, although I cannot say that they afforded me half the delight I had anticipated. I went to a ball given by Lord Beresford to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, where I was dazzled with the blaze

of diamonds, and *addled* with all the civil speeches of people who did not venture to talk nonsense to my father, and therefore vented all their unmeaning flattery and verbiage on me. Lord Beresford opened the ball with the Duchess of Bedford, who appeared very lively and fond of dancing, although she was no longer very young. She had a long and playful conversation with my father about the Irish, in which I flatter myself the latter had the best of the argument. The Duke appeared to be a quiet amiable man; they were both anxious to pay my father attention, in consequence of both their sons—Lord W. and Lord John Russell—having been his guests at Oporto.

‘On the 17th of November, we embarked on the Tagus for Moeta, from whence we proceeded on mules with pack-saddles to St. Ubes, (Setuval.) We passed a wretched night at a miserable inn kept by a Frenchman; the next day, Sir George Elder—the governor—heard of our arrival, and insisted upon our removing to his house. We promised to accept his kind proposal on our return from Arabida, where we spent a delicious day. The weather was lovely, and the scenery beautiful beyond my feeble powers of description. We were disappointed in finding the friars of Arabida much more scrupulous than their northern brethren; they positively refused to admit us; the Prior gave me the branch of an orange tree which the monks supposed to possess some miraculous power, because it was planted there by S. Pedro d’ Alcantara. The courtyard was filled with beggars, to whom the monks were liberally distributing broth.

‘We visited a little fishing village called Troya, where there are several ruins, which give reason to suppose that it was once a Roman colony destroyed by an encroachment of the sea, or by *something else*. We took shelter from the rain in a little fishing hut inhabited by a wild-looking old couple, a fisherman and his wife, who scarcely ever see a human being.

‘We took leave of our hospitable host, and embarked in the ferry-boat for Lisbon; passengers were crowding on board, and one old gentleman in a powdered wig had no sooner jumped on deck, than a gust of wind blew off his hat, and upset the little boat he had just quitted, which contained two boys. One of them clung to our rigging, whilst the other poor little fellow seated himself upon the keel of the boat, and was carried down the river to a considerable distance; his cries for help were heard, and we had the happiness of seeing him safely sheltered in another boat before we arrived at Lisbon. During the whole of this scene, the old beau who had lost his hat never ceased crying, “*Oh meu chapeo, meu chapeo!*” and seemed surprised at the general interest which everyone seemed to take in the little boy, whilst his own hard case excited so little sympathy.

‘1815.—On the 15th January, we embarked in a Danish galleot, in which my father had engaged a passage to Marseilles. We crossed the bar with little difficulty; but a gale coming on shortly after, obliged all the fishing boats to take shelter in the harbour, and deprived one poor

old pilot of the means of rejoining his family on shore. He was obliged to confide in the captain's promise to send him to Lisbon by the first opportunity; and on the whole he bore this adventure with considerable philosophy. I pitied his poor wife, who was in the meanwhile expecting him at supper! We doubled Cape St. Vincent.

'January 22.—Off Cape Palos—a dead calm, which continued until the next morning, when it blew a positive hurricane, accompanied by a dreadful storm of thunder, lightning, rain—everything that can add to the horror of a gale at sea. Night came on, and the cabin where we had taken shelter exhibited a scene of confusion, only to be imagined by those who have experienced rough weather in a Danish galleot! We had none of those luxuries and comforts, none of those fixtures and refinements, which are known to the cabin passengers of English vessels. Trunks, tables, chairs, desks, cups, plates, books, were all at war with each other on the cabin floor, in the midst of crockery fragments and half drenched eatables; my poor little Brazilian monkey would occasionally set up a most piteous chattering. The storm increased, and raged during the whole day and night with the utmost fury. It was Sunday, and in our morning's Service we had read the 107th Psalm; it was the first time in my life that I had read it with my heart as well as with my lips. We all listened in silence to the fearful noises on deck, and the roaring of the waves, which was often lost in the loud peals of thunder—when suddenly the cabin door was burst open, and the captain ran to my father's berth, exclaiming, "For Heaven's sake, General, come on deck; the lightning has struck my vessel, and I don't know in what part!" My father immediately followed him to the deck, leaving our Portuguese servant, who was as frightened and as useless as ourselves, to keep guard over us in the cabin, as he foresaw that our first impulse would be to add to the confusion by joining the crowd on deck. My father's countenance, when he returned to the cabin, told us the joyful news that the danger was over; three sailors had been thrown down by the electric shock, but they were mercifully preserved, and the thunder-bolt had fallen into the sea, having only burnt one of the sails in its passage.

'January 25.—The storm had subsided, and the weather was lovely—quite a Mediterranean calm; we chatted with one of the sailors who had been knocked down; and he endeavoured to persuade us, now that the danger was well over, that he had not been frightened!—Passed between Irria and Cape St. Martin, on the coast of Spain.

'January 26.—Another day of sunshine and soft breezes, very unlike a northern January. We spent our time very pleasantly on deck; reading, drawing, and going through our daily routine of lessons, as if we were on shore. Our attention was suddenly called off by a mysterious whispering between the captain and the mate, who at length announced to my father their fears that before long we should be boarded by an Algerine corsair. This was very romantic, but very frightful; my father examined the vessel through the telescope, and as she was rigged

exactly like an African vessel, and was bearing down upon us in full sail, he also thought the adventure a very disagreeable one. The captain then confessed that he had a little private hiding hole of his own, where he was in the habit of concealing contraband goods, and he very politely offered this refuge to Miss S—— and myself; my father gladly accepted it, and without losing a moment, he *stuffed* us both into this hole behind the captain's berth, thinking that of the two alternatives—slavery, or suffocation—the latter was by far the most merciful fate. I was soon disposed of; but I well remember how angry and impatient my father became, when one of Miss S——'s legs refused to follow the example of the other. At length we were shut in, the boards of the wainscot partition replaced, and I would have defied the Algerine to discover our retreat: but Miss S—— remembered that in our hurry we had forgotten to hide our wardrobe; and I thought of the horror of being left alone in our dark hole, if my father and all on board were taken prisoners. A few holes, bored with a gimlet, were our only resources for breathing a little fresh air—light we had none; and the bottle of wine and water which my father had left us to prevent our fainting, was upset in the confusion. It was really a dreadful moment. Presently we heard a confused noise on deck—strange voices and loud answers. *Of course* we were boarded—all must be as my father and the captain had supposed; then came the sound of heavy footsteps; they approached nearer and nearer; our hearts beat quicker and quicker; my little head was full of corsairs, for I had just read Lord Byron's poem; but I knew that he had painted them in *couleur de rose*: the boards over our hole were removed; and instead of the savage scowl and shaggy eye-brows I had expected, I saw the laughing face of our good-humoured mate, who told us that it was a false alarm. The Corsair turned out to be a Spanish felucca, and the lawless banditti proved to be a few harmless fishermen, hastening to take shelter under the land, and advising us to do the same! About midnight we entered the Gulf of Lyons.'

(To be continued.)

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

IX.—TONE.

HAVING cleared the ground so far as to have explained not only what kind of persons form the best material for Sisterhoods, and what general principles should be observed by founders in shaping their plans; I come now to more specific details, the first of which, however, must also be of an abstract and general character. It may be worded tersely enough: *Do not be in a hurry.*

Naturally enough, the desire of a founder is to see his new institution in working condition at once, especially if it be an active Order, designed to grapple with some acknowledged and pressing evil. And this may be done whenever it is possible to procure trained Sisters to begin the work, and shew others how to learn it. But in the class of cases for which these suggestions are mainly intended, no such immediate operations can be even hoped for. It is of the first importance to build up the spiritual life and constitution of the new Society on a firm basis, before so much as attempting to launch out into wide external operations. The mere time needed by the new recruits for learning their 'drill and manual exercise,' before being sent into active service in the field, is by no means inconsiderable. To begin the outward tasks before the inner theory is mastered, is simply to sacrifice at the outset all those peculiar benefits of organization and method which give Communities their main superiority over unorganized and sporadic workers; and a Society which goes wrong in this respect at starting can rarely, if ever, be brought into a thorough state of efficiency afterwards, save at the cost of a reform which is well-nigh a revolution. The difficulty is much enhanced by the conditions of the problem; for while it is an exceedingly common thing for men with no tie of blood between them to become partners or 'chums' in chambers or lodgings, it is very rarely indeed that two women, not standing to one another either in the position of near kindred, or of employer and hired companion, agree to keep house together. In a very wide range of acquaintance, I know of but one such instance. This fact is enough to shew that the community instinct is not naturally strong in women, and that it will prove at first a difficult, as well as a delicate task, to harmonize elements which have never before been in contact. The earliest months of a new experiment are therefore very anxious ones; for as in a very small society the personal peculiarities of each member count for a great deal more than in a large body, there is every possibility that the crotchets, or the temper, of one or other of the two or three who make the beginning, may threaten to wreck the whole plan. It is most unlikely that, by a happy accident, all the candidates selected to start a work of the sort, how few soever they be, will be fitted for the purpose. And yet everything, humanly speaking, depends on beginning well. Here, then, is the first and gravest reason for not being in a hurry. It is wise not to call the experimenters by the name of Sisters, not to give them a uniform dress, not to lay down their rule, not to identify them in any way with the cause of Sisterhoods, not to direct public attention in any fashion to their proceedings, till their capacity of living together upon equal and friendly terms in a religious way has been fully tested. And two months is the shortest time, under the most favourable circumstances, in which this can be done. It is just long enough to wear off the first angles of stiffness and reserve, to bring individual peculiarities into the light, and also to ascertain the genuineness of alleged vocation. During this time,

therefore, much pains must be spent on giving a wholesome, cheerful, capable tone to the infant Society.

The cardinal fault in most English Sisterhoods now—a fault due to the shortness of the time since their revival—is woodenness; a lack of ease and frankness, a nervous dread of being *natural*. Sisters too often speak and move and act like children in very new and expensive clothes, which they have been carefully warned not to soil, or tumble, under pain of grievous penalties. There is, as most casual visitors to Sisterhoods will confess, an air of artificial mystery and staid formality noticeable, which may be impressive and edifying, but is certainly not pleasant, and which contrasts forcibly with the frank, common-sense, and business-like manner of Roman Catholic Sisters in active Orders. Any premature attempt to impose a code of laws on a new Society, before its members have had time to settle down together, and get on terms of personal familiarity and friendship, is certain to introduce this extremely mischievous fault.

Again, a solemn gravity of manner, which would be called ‘sanctimonious’ if it were not obviously sincere, is often cultivated by Sisters as a matter of religious duty. I offer no opinion whatever on the suitability of this demeanour for a contemplative or a penitential Order; but there are excellent practical reasons for preferring habitual cheerfulness, and occasional merriment, in active Orders. First of all, if Sisterhoods are really to thrive, they must draw a steady current of recruits to them, and this can only be effected by letting it be seen that the life is at least as agreeable to such as adopt it, as other modes of existence are to secular women. Next, the strain on mind and body caused by Sisterhood work is often very severe, and cheerfulness gives elasticity, enabling the workers to recover quickly from exhaustion, when a nervous and depressed temperament would break down altogether. Lastly, cheerfulness is an absolute essential for nearly every kind of active work, in its relation to the objects of that work.

We cannot wisely put melancholy people in charge of the sick, who need encouragement and rousing; nor to teach children, whose confidence must be won, and whose eager spirits should not, for physical as well as moral reasons, be unduly checked; nor to gain over the fallen, who are apt to be repelled from religion if they see it only in gloomy aspects; nor yet to labour amongst the poor and suffering, who have troubles enough of their own, without having the additional discomfort of a visitor with a plaintive voice and dolorous countenance, who teaches them to make the worst of things, by example, if not by precept.

And the tone must be not only cheerful, but capable; that is, there must be not merely good-will, but good-sense, cultivated. There is little fear, on the whole, of neglect of details by women; but there is much risk of deficiency in breadth and grasp, of measures being partially and tentatively essayed, which are simply useless if not conceived as wholes. Care in planning, method in arranging, decisiveness in carrying out business matters, are of primary and unceasing necessity. Now it must

naturally happen that many of the candidates for the Religious Life will be women who have never had any occasion to transact business on their own account, who have grown up in easy or wealthy homes, where no thought for the morrow seemed needed, where no call was ever made on their higher mental powers, where every want was promptly supplied with money which had not to be earned or economized. Or they may have been governesses in schools or private families—obliged, indeed, to contrive a little to make their stipends go as far as possible, so as to clothe themselves suitably, make remittances home, and keep a trifle in hand for emergencies. But of directing a household, of calculating expenses on a varied or enlarged scale, they have had no experience whatever, and usually fall into countless errors and losses in consequence. Yet every member of an active Sisterhood is liable, at any moment, to be called on to act for herself and others. She may be chosen to an office in her own Community, or she may be sent out to take the superintendence of some branch work, or she may be applied to for advice by some one of the many people with whom she is brought in contact during her hours of external occupation. A very great practical evil in several existing Sisterhoods, is that no training of this sort is provided; so that, setting apart the few really able women in the Society, it is almost impossible to put any task which calls for independent thought and prompt action outside of a familiar routine, into the hands of an average member of the Community, without much peril of serious blundering. A Sister who will execute conscientiously a piece of work assigned to her, every process and detail of which has been explained and dictated beforehand, as if it were a knitting-pattern, is very well in her way, and can be made extremely useful; but one who is able to do a new kind of work without being shewn how, and can teach others to do it also, is incomparably more valuable. And the practical efficiency of a Sisterhood will always depend on the proportion women of this sort bear to the more colourless and passive type; but they are precisely the very ones who will not stay in a Community which is feeble, narrow, and sentimental in tone, and whom, in truth, the members of such a body would be reluctant to admit to fellowship.

These two great qualities of religious cheerfulness and practical faculty, though they cannot be created in alien temperaments, can certainly be made the prevailing tone of a Sisterhood, by very careful selection of its first members, and by wise compilation of the external and internal Rule.

Once the tone is given, it makes itself a part of the atmosphere, and insensibly, but surely, influences those brought within its operation; so that it is not very difficult to ascertain whether a new candidate, after a brief probation, assimilates it, and thrives, or is unfavourably affected by it, and seems to dwindle and pine in the bracing air. And therefore it is simply fatal to intrust the beginnings of a Community to women who are sentimental or immethodical. Nor will it avail to provide a

check in the form of an exterior Committee of management. No such Committee can exist without destroying the inner life of the Society it undertakes to direct; and the only form in which it can ever be tolerated is that of a Board of Finance, which may raise funds which the Sisters are desired to administer for charitable purposes, and obtain vouchers from them to shew how the money has been spent. But unless a Sisterhood be free to manage its own internal affairs, it will never come to any good. Much judgment, therefore, is needful in framing the first tentative regulations out of which the future constitution may naturally grow, that they may be helps, and not burdens.

Some rules, applicable to any form of Sisterhood, strict or lax, there must be from the outset. And the priority should be given to those which deal with the wonted devotions of the Community. The very first thing, as already said, to be done when the ladies take up their abode in the house where they are to begin—and this ought never to be built expressly for the purpose, but should be an ordinary tenement of sufficient accommodation—is to set apart and furnish one room, however plainly, as a chapel. This room ought to be chosen by two tests—space, and remoteness from traffic or noise. Space is important, because once the Oratory services are established and known, permission to attend them will be asked as a favour by friends interested in the work, and the heat and closeness of a small crowded room in warm weather are very trying. And it is clear that a room which is not a thoroughfare to other apartments, nor close to any noisy street or work, is necessary to allow of quiet meditation. If the Oratory be not the very heart and mainspring of the House, the religious side of the Sisterhood will be permanently feeble. No Church privileges, however abundant and important, however accessible and convenient, they may be, not even if a church with daily Eucharists and doors open all day long be within two yards of the convent, at all make up for the lack of special daily services within the Sisterhood's own walls. The Sisters should have 'the Church in their house,' and never be *obliged* to go out of doors to it on their own account, though it may be often part of their duty towards others to be present at the services in the church of a parish where they happen to work. If possible, they should have a daily Eucharist of their own, (and this is one of the many reasons against having a parochial clergyman as chaplain, because he cannot very well meet the double call on his time,) and they should in every case have at least three services each day in their Oratory—an early morning one, a late afternoon one, and one before bed-time; or, in technical language, Prime, Vespers, and Compline. The stricter Sisterhoods have seven daily services, exclusive of the Holy Eucharist, which are adapted translations of the Pre-Reformation Breviary Offices. These are Matins and Lauds said as one Office, strictly some little time after midnight, but usually by anticipation after Compline, and before midnight; Prime at about six o'clock, a.m.; Terce, Sext, and None, at nine, twelve, and three; Vespers at any

convenient time from four p.m. to nine; and Compline after the last meal of the day. Matins, or Nocturns, as it is also called, is procurable in the *Night Hours*, edited by the Sisters of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, and published by Mr. J. T. Hayes, of Lyall Place, London. The remaining Offices, collectively known as the Day Hours, can be had in two or three forms, of which the most accessible are the volume known as the Clewer Book, or *Day Hours of the Church of England*, published by Masters, London; and the *Breviary Offices*, more recently issued by the East Grinstead Sisters, and published, like their *Night Hours*, by Hayes. But though these books have a considerable prescription even amongst ourselves, and transmit in but slightly altered form the usage of eight hundred years of Western Christianity, there is no moral compulsion to adopt them. If it be thought expedient to have shorter and less complicated Offices, many such are procurable; as for instance, the *Little Hours of the Passion*, translated by Dr. Neale from a thirteenth century original, or Arthur Acland's small manual. But some services of the kind are a necessity of Sisterhood life, and ought never to be omitted, and as rarely as possible made to give way to any other call on the Sisters' time.

Here is another point where modern Jesuit teaching is unsatisfactory. The members of the Company are dispensed from the usual obligation of Regulars, that of reciting their Office in choir together, because their work calls them incessantly abroad. Consequently, they have generally taught that if choir services interrupt work done for good purposes, they may lawfully, and even commendably, be often postponed or omitted, and have interpreted the spirit of this maxim in a very lax fashion. But this is to lose sight of the cardinal maxim that prayer and intercession are *parts* of work, inspirers and guides of work, and a wholesome change of work.

In the biography of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, a poor servant-girl who became foundress of several Dominican Houses in England, much stress is laid on her vigorous resistance to the Jesuit theory on this head, and her steady maintenance of the doctrine that frequent and brief seasons of prayer, alternating with work throughout the day, are of positive benefit to mind and body, by affording breaks and rests, quite apart from their value in themselves as devotional practices.

The very first rule, then, ought to be compulsory attendance, at two services daily at least, on the part of every member of the Community not unavoidably absent, nor formally dispensed for adequate reasons. And the next is of quite equal spiritual importance; that every member of the Society should spend at least half an hour daily, either all at once, or in two or three portions, in the Oratory, for purposes of private prayer, meditation, and reading. For in this wise each member is habituated at once to the sense of community in religious action, and to that of personal as well as of corporate responsibility, neither of which is sufficient alone. It may not be superfluous to add that these rules

apply only to intending members of the projected Society, and not to domestics whom they may engage to do the rougher household work, for whom a laxer code of observance may be enough.

(To be continued.)

R. F. L.

ST. ANDREW'S COTTAGE, CLEWER.

I HAVE lately been surprised to find how little this Convalescent Home and House of Rest for ladies of small means is generally known. I was staying there a short time ago—not as a convalescent, but for a friendly visit; and I should like to describe what I saw. After driving about a mile and a half from Windsor Station, I arrived at the very pretty Cottage, and was warmly received by the dear motherly Sister-in-charge. The entrance is through a small hot-house, bright with ferns and flowers. Down-stairs, besides the Sister's little room, is such a cheerful pretty sitting-room for the inmates, hung with prints and photographs; there are easy-chairs and sofas, and a small library for their use; the bow-window (with stands of ferns) opens into the beautifully kept garden. In the garden is a large summer-house, where the inmates often spend a good part of the day; and there is a wheeled-chair, and a very nice pony-carriage. The dining-room is next the sitting-room, and the little chapel is opposite. Up-stairs there is accommodation for eight ladies—two double-bedded rooms, and four single ones; everything in these is made extremely comfortable. Over the door of each room outside is a name of one of the ingredients of the holy anointing oil, as 'Olive,' 'Cassia;' recalling the primitive use of unction of the sick, namely, 'to raise him up,'—a work which this Cottage is intended to fulfil.

After settling myself into 'Olive,' I came down and joined the party in the sitting-room. Besides the Sister, who belongs to the second Order of St. John Baptist, there was the good and indefatigable lady who lives with and assists her. There were only two convalescents; and it shews how little the Cottage is known, that except at Easter and Christmas, and just in the height of the summer, the Cottage is seldom quite full. The terms are ten shillings a week in the double-bedded rooms, which are divided by curtains; twelve or fourteen shillings in the single rooms. This includes everything except wine, washing, and bed-room fires. It is therefore clear that this cannot nearly meet the expenses; and besides, many of the inmates are unable to give even the small sum asked. No subscriptions are, however, asked for keeping up the Cottage, the expense being borne by the Sister-in-charge herself.

The style of life is very simple, and none need fear that they will be put under the rule of the Sisterhood. At 7.30 a.m. a bell rings for

getting up, and breakfast is at 8.30, except on Thursdays, when there is a Celebration in the chapel. After breakfast comes Mattins in the chapel, the whole arrangements of which, though simple, are good and pretty; and there is a beautiful stone carving of the Crucifixion over the Altar. The inmates of St. Andrew's Alms-houses (which are close to the Cottage) attend this service. Sext is said at 12 o'clock. There are no silence hours except from 12 to 12.45 for private prayer. Dinner is at one. The inmates during the day can walk in the Cottage grounds, or in the hospital grounds adjacent. Sometimes they drive, or sit in the garden. Or else in-doors there is the pretty sitting-room, where they can write, work, read, or talk. There is Evensong in the Hospital Chapel, to which the inmates of the Cottage can go. Vespers and Compline are said at the Cottage, but attendance at the Offices is voluntary. About 9.30 everyone retires.

Ladies not invalids, who wish for rest and refreshment, physical or spiritual, are received when there is room for them, at not less than a guinea a week.

The only wonder is that the Cottage is not always overflowing, but it is not widely known. An introduction from a clergyman, and a medical certificate that the convalescent has not been suffering from any infectious disorder, nor from fits, is required to be sent two days before arrival to the Sister.

The Cottage was built in 1868, and subsequently enlarged. The ladies remain for periods of from one week to a month, or longer; and those who have once been there often wish to go again. There are such charming walks in the neighbourhood of Windsor Forest; there is so much to be seen at Clewer and Windsor; the air is so refreshing to one who has lived in a town; the Cottage authorities are so good and kind; that a month there is a most luxurious holiday.

But though no subscriptions are required for keeping up the Cottage, a fund is very urgently needed for helping some of those who come there when they return to their homes. It is a cause so few people feel an interest in—helping poor ladies—yet many of them, brought up to better things, are actually more needy than those whom we exclusively call 'the poor.' It is impossible for the workers at the Cottage to have these poor things—perhaps six weeks—with them, and send them away unaided, knowing that they are returning to absolute starvation, with often weak health. 'Why not canvass for votes to get them into some institution?' may be asked. Yes; but what if the canvassing take two or three years, and the poor applicant be dead before she can be admitted? The aim at present is to get up a fund large enough to help only eight out of the many cases to pay their rent. Surely it ought not to be difficult! Donations, ever so small, would be most thankfully received. I have before me a list of these cases—officers' and clergymen's widows and daughters—only one of whom has as much as £30 per annum, and she is old with weak sight. Could the list be published, it would be heart-

rending indeed. Some have actually *nothing*, and are too feeble to earn anything. One, in wretched health, earns eight shillings a week by needlework—her only means of support. And these are not the saddest cases. If these people were dirty or disreputable, they could more easily be helped; as it is, a small fund to enable the Sister-in-charge to give such extreme cases some present help, is more practical even than suggesting institutions, to which often they are not eligible.

Donations would be gladly received by

THE SISTER-IN-CHARGE,

ST. ANDREW'S COTTAGE,

CLEWER,

WINDSOR.

Surely there must be many, who, being in health, feel compassion for the weak; or who being invalids, surrounded by comforts, can yet pity these their Sisters in want, who, looking at their own blessings and consolations, will give an honest answer to the question—'How much owest thou unto thy Lord?'

BOS-OAK.

PLEASURES OF CONTRAST.

CAIRO IN 1873.

EDMUND BURKE, I think, it is who remarks, that one of the greatest positive pleasures in life is the mere cessation of pain, and that perfect enjoyment may be found simply in passive convalescence. Among the happiest days that a man has spent, he would include, I fancy, or ought to do so, the one which succeeds a heavy gale at sea. Our captain to-day could raise a votive offering of a five-pound note from every passenger in his ship, for the most frivolously charitable object he could name, which might have begged in vain a half-crown yesterday from all the philanthropists on board. When a royal mail steamer makes only thirty-three miles in the day, a good deal of discomfort is suggested by that modest fact; and, 'Ye gentlemen of England that live at home at ease,' and in expectancy of the heavier portion of the India, China, and Australia mails, when you growl over the delay of four days in receiving your duplicate invoices or Colonial newspapers, reflect compassionately that foul winds and fouler waves have cost the honest but aged ship *Candia* three days and a half of superfluous misery between Malta and Gibraltar. Therefore merge your impatience in thanksgiving over all this vicarious buffeting, and double your subscriptions to the Seaman's Orphans' Home.

After all, the zest of life consists in its vicissitudes, and its very

oxygen must be sought in the contrasts we complain of. 'Light, more light,' and less shade, would perhaps be desirable—the 'downs' are so many, and the 'ups' so few; but there the fact remains, that the even tenour of life's way is peopled with more grumblers and non-contents than its roughest lanes and steepest hills.

Now, to anyone of my way of thinking, who wishes to indulge himself for once in a way in the most startling contrasts, the most violent oppositions which art and nature, time, taste, and smell, can produce, let him patiently undergo, as I have lately done, the regular hackneyed cockneyed routine of, 'How to do Cairo, &c., in a day.' If he can join a party of Cook's tourists, all the better. A niggard fate had denied me this privilege, but generously compensated for my ill-luck by introducing me *en route* to a batch of American naval officers, who, in patent-leather boots, evening waistcoats, and other wildly national garments, were emulating—for the day—the modest deportment and pleasing reticence so generally ascribed to our own countrymen by foreigners.

A sub-lieutenant in the Royal Navy draws the not excessive pay of £3 per month; the corresponding grade in the service of the United States receives £200 a year, as I am told, which enables the officer to bedizen himself in this rich and curious fashion unattempted by the less fortunate Englishman; though, in other respects, I thought the comparison was not wholly to the disadvantage of the latter. However, I will not now enter upon these deep social and economical points of difference, but let my dragoman experience in my place contrast number one, as he exchanges his house in the native bazaar for my hotel in the Frank quarter of the town. Unaired, undrained, unsavoury, is that labyrinth of narrow twisting streets, darkened by the houses, with overhanging rickety walls and unglazed windows. Untempting it is at the best of times, when the quickly evanescent charm of Oriental dirt has once worn off, but doubly uninteresting now that the stalls are hid behind their rough unpainted shutters; for it still wants a couple of hours before the handsome but muddy-looking genius of the dingy little den takes his seat, or rather his squat, in front of his pile of goods, awaiting with calm indifference, and the everlasting pipe, the moment when the as interminable wrangle shall begin, whether he shall abate, or the customer concede, that piastre under dispute.

I have often read in books of travel, especially those that treat of Spain and *cosas di Espana*, how much better suited to a hot country are these crooked sunless streets, than our wide straight thoroughfares. Possibly they may be so to those without noses or lungs; otherwise these regretful travellers will, I think, take a long breath of relief and satisfaction as they escape from their fancy bazaar into the magnificent square of the Esbequieth, with its broad boulevards, white stone houses, green lawns, and ornamental water; with nothing, in short, of Oriental to remind them they are in the East, except, in the distance, the two exquisitely graceful minarets of the mosque within the citadel, and the

long trains of camels now entering the town, laden with green fodder or sugar-cane.

The stars had scarcely disappeared, and the morning felt as unaired as those dank dismal streets, when we got into our carriage, muffled up in all the great-coats and shawls we could muster. From the Esbequieth to the new iron bridge over the Nile, the work of French engineers, all is strictly Western in its character: the new houses, macadamised roads, gravelled side-walks, all either in progress or well kept. A frightful and most enormous barracks, rectangular, white-washed, and with endless vistas of little mean windows, gave a still more French air to the scene, which was not lessened by a squad of raw trumpeters, practising their hideously conflicting calls in front of their various instructors in this martial music.

A broad avenue about three miles long, and shaded for part of the distance by a double row of pollarded acacias, took us to the station of Ghizeh; and half an hour of rail left us at Budr-Shain, the nearest point to Memphis that was—a multitude of tombs, with a solitary house, that is. The sudden transition from the intense verdure of the valley of the Nile to the complete desolation of the sandy desert, is very striking. The inundation had subsided about six weeks, and the young crops were about as high as they are at the end of March at home—wheat, barley, beans, water-melons, and a trefoil which was new to me sown among the barley. Everything looked as fresh and green as possible; but even now they had begun to irrigate the land, in their essentially primitive and unscientific manner.

A ride of a few minutes through a large grove of date-palms, across the ridge surmounted by the pyramids of Sakkara, and down the other side, facing those of Ghizeh; and when I looked round again, all traces of the granary of Europe had disappeared, and instead, there was rock and gravel and sand, clusters of graves, long ago rifled of their contents, part of which, in the shape of mummies and glass ornaments, and figures of the *Scarabæus sacer*, has gone to enrich the museums of Europe; while part still litters the track across the sand with countless fragments of the human skeleton, many of them as fresh and perfect as if they were but of yesterday.

On entering the subterranean galleries containing the now empty sarcophagi of the sacred bulls, the sudden rise of temperature is curiously at variance with one's previous chilly acquaintances, the sepulchral crypts of England, or the catacombs of Rome. It is true, it was not a very warm day, but the sun was shining brightly overhead out of a cloudless sky, and a little walking went a long way, so that to find oneself in a moment reduced to traverse these dark cellars in one's shirt-sleeves, and revel in a more than tropical heat, but in an atmosphere of absolute dryness, was a sensation which, I believe, could be experienced in no other part of the world. The sand-stone rock out of which these chambers are hewn becomes so heated by the summer sun, as to retain its warmth all through the short Egyptian winter.

The Ibis-temple, as it is called, which stands hard by, and until recently buried in the sand, has all its piers and walls decorated with the most delicately-executed series of bas-reliefs that can be imagined, and all of them as sharp as if they had but just left the sculptor's hand. But what four thousand years of time have spared without leaving the impress of a day, must now fall a sacrifice to the Smiths and Bauers of the nineteenth century, who carry away the stone monuments of art chip by chip, and leave their hateful names as compensation in full for the injury they have wrought.

It is curious that at no distance, and from no position, is it possible to estimate by the eye either the size or the proportions of the Great Pyramids, their peculiar shape rendering the perspective so illusory. Standing at one corner, the farther side seems to slope away at a gentle angle of perhaps twenty or thirty degrees, while the side nearest the eye appears to be almost perpendicular, and the total height to be reduced by at least a third. It is not until one stands immediately under the apex, and equi-distant from either angle, that the error is corrected; and from this point the side of the pyramid seems to rise like an almost vertical wall, diminishing in a corresponding degree the surface of the enormous pile.

From the summit of the Pyramid of Cheops, and 'looking down upon forty centuries,' to one's seat in a barouche and pair, is a descent from the sublime to the comfortable; but to old bones sore from such an unwonted *tour de force*, the contrast is not an ungrateful one.

The old black-mail, irregularly levied *ad lib.*, has been commuted to a toll of five francs per head, paid to the legitimized robber of the spot; but as all the attendant fiends of men-Arabs and boy-Arabs demand—and receive—their blood-money as erst, the aspiring athlete is now mulcted, but moderately, twice over; and he must be the very model of discontent if, when he tries to walk up-stairs the next day, he is not satisfied with his money's worth.

ON LEAVING DUNGANNON SCHOOL.

As fades the scene of boyhood's years,
I falter at the word Farewell!
And mingled hope with saddening tears,
Bring thoughts I cannot tell.

For, School, I love thee, though I longed
Full oft the hard restraint to leave;
Oft would I think my freedom wronged,
And sigh for a reprieve.

Yet well I knew, when once afloat
 Upon the dangerous sea of life,
 My hand alone must guide the boat
 Through the dark waters' strife.

I knew this—and I love thee, School,
 And turn with sorrow from thy side;
 For thou hast taught my hand the rule
 My manhood's boat to guide.

Farewell! my heart beats high and strong
 To bear from men or spleen or ruth;
 I've learned to steer my boat along
 By the sure chart of Truth.

Farewell! companions in my joy,
 I feel my heart stays with you there;
 For sore it dreads the world's alloy
 Of solitude and care.

And thou, who last my hand hast pressed,
 True mould of man—an upright boy—
 To see thee great, to know thee blessed,
 Will be my proudest joy.

To you, my master, more than friend,
 Affection will not say Adieu!—
 Nay knows, though absent, thou wilt lend
 New love, instruction new.

All, all my friends, Farewell, farewell!
 E'en as I hasten from your sight,
 Your parting words sound as the knell
 Of a sweet day and bright.

But we shall meet again.—E'en thou,
 My School, in visions shalt return,
 As fair and loved as thou art now;
 And when the pains that burn

My manhood's strength shall final seem,
 To life, for which thou'st reared me well,
 Since to thee present in my dream,
 To it, as thee, Farewell!

Trinity College, Dublin.
July, 1847.

W. WALLACE.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

APRIL, 1875.

THE EASTER PRIMROSE.

[The Reader must understand an early Easter and a northern county.]

In sheltered nook of a narrow dale,
On Easter morn bloomed a primrose pale—
First child of the greening sod ;—
The flower looked up to the bright blue sky,
And listened to birds all singing nigh,
And breathed the breeze that was wafting by,
Like a breath new-breathed of God.

And said in her heart—the primrose coy—
'Oh ! how I shall this sweet world enjoy !
To joy shall my life be given !
And soon will companions round me throng,
And all our lives will be long—so long !
And passed unnumbered delights among—
For surely this earth is Heaven.'

But a girl that Easter morn, intent
With flowers God's House to ornament,
As pure she herself, and fair,
Had sought—for of old the spot she knew—
The dell where the spring's first treasures grew,
And lo ! its petals still steeped in dew,
One—just one—primrose there !

And pleasure beamed in the maiden's eyes,
At sight of her scarce-expected prize ;
'And yet,' sighed the girl, 'I grieve,

Indeed I grieve, thou little flower,
 To bear thee hence in thy natal hour,
 Away from sunshine and vernal shower;
 Ah, yes! thy young life I'll leave.

A thousand daisies bespice the plain,
 I'll gather of them for crown and chain,
 And violets white and blue;
 For fitly, on Easter morning, we
 May tribute ask of flower and tree,
 Pure emblems of "Risen Life" to be,
 A homage to Jesus due.'

'Then pass me not by,' the primrose said,
 With eagerness lifting her tiny head
 From the moss of the tangled sod;
 Yes! take me, take me! though glad the year,
 I would not stay unduteous here,
 To revel gaily amid the cheer,
 If but I may serve for God.'

And so it chanced (if chance there be!)
 Those Easter worshippers might see
 One primrose passing fair;
 It shone for God with a pallid gloss—
 The centre flower of central boss—
 Upon the sacred Altar Cross,
 Its life its offering there!

T. P. W.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

Now 'It is finished!' All the grief and fear,
 The soul's dark terror and the heart's sad fear;
 The tears of penitence, the yearnings, strife,
 Of all who taste the bitterness of Life.
 The sacrifice is paid, the struggle won;
 For sinning man has died the Only Son.
 Bloom! pretty flowers of the dawning Spring,
 All Nature wakes our happiness to sing!
 Roll far away! ye shadows from on high,
 And let God's sunshine gild the ransomed sky;
 The voiceless harmonies of Heaven and earth
 Shall hail the advent of the world's New Birth.

In Holy Church, glad grateful hands have placed
 The gold-eyed primrose, and with violets graced
 The sacred Font, upon whose marble breast
 They nestle 'midst green leaves, in sweetest rest ;
 There daffodils and lilies, dying, give
 Their perfumed breath to Him Who bade them live.
 Ah ! weary of Life's battles, fain would I
 My faded buds of Hope and Love lay by ;
 Their fragrant beauty, in such pure bright dew,
 Believe I might their scattered bloom renew.
 But '*Christ is risen !*' And, with Him, I must rise ;
 From Lenten sorrows turn my weeping eyes,
 And, in His promises of Love Divine,
 And Resurrection of a hope still mine,
 Rejoice and say, '*The Past is gone for aye ;*
The Present smiles, and so the Future may :
 Soon, in the watered gardens of long rest,
 A budding *faith* shall blossom unopprest.'
 Yes ! '*Christ is risen !*' and I can patient live !
 Now in Thy Glory, Holy One, forgive
 All human complaints of doubt and weak regret.
 Great Resurrection ! Teach me to forget
 The trifling losses, and the transient pain,
 Which erst have clouded my eternal gain.
 Help me to *know* and *keep* Thee as Thou art !
 Displace the shadows in my erring heart ;
 For all I love, let Easter Thoughts be near,
 Ah, then ! though risen, I still may feel Thee near !

BLANCHE C. MEDHURST.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

REVELATION NOT INCONSISTENT WITH REASON. (*continued.*)

My dear ———,

You will remember the question with which I ended my last letter—*Can Reason alone teach and enable us 'so to pass through things temporal, as finally to lose not the things eternal' ?* I propose now to consider the answer.

It is said that a late deeply-lamented Bishop was once rudely asked by a man who wished to perplex him—which was the nearest way to Heaven ! '*Turn to the right, and keep straight on !*' was the ready reply ;

and so obvious and simple is it, that it would seem to put an end to all difficulties.

Reason and the Bishop were of one mind; for Reason undoubtedly fully teaches us that, if we 'keep God's holy Will and Commandments,' those Commandments which are recognized by our moral sense, 'and walk in the same all the days of our life,' we may naturally expect, in another world as well as in this, to be rewarded by the favour and protection of the Being Who endued us with that sense.

The fact that what we term virtue tends ultimately to happiness, whilst vice as certainly tends ultimately to misery, is indeed in itself a sufficient indication to Reason, of what we have to expect in another world as the result of our conduct here.

But to *teach* is one thing—to *enable* another. You may shew a man his road, but if he is a cripple your instructions will be useless, for he will not be able to walk in it.

What says experience, with regard to the aid afforded by Reason towards *enabling* men to 'turn to the right, and go straight on'?

The inquiry demands no great leisure or study; it is open to us all. Yet I would not take the evidence of any individual conscience, for special short-comings may be deemed exceptional. But there is a period in the world's history, to which we may without difficulty refer for testimony upon this subject that cannot, I think, be disputed. It is the time immediately preceding, and accompanying, the Advent of Christ, when man was left to the guidance of Reason, cultivated to as high a pitch as it has ever since attained.

I am not myself learned in the details of this period. I have been warned that they are too gross for a woman's inspection; but I have seen them summed up briefly by one who was thoroughly acquainted with them, and who tells us that so far from Reason having led men to goodness, and therefore to happiness, it had proved utterly powerless; that she spoke, but was not listened to, and at last her voice was silenced, for mankind 'became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened; professing themselves to be wise, they became fools;' and the awful description of unutterable degradation which follows, is confirmed by the universal testimony of all students of classical literature.

This is the comment of history upon the assertion that Reason alone is sufficient for man's guidance; and for myself I confess it is quite convincing. I may indeed be reminded of the great improvement in morality since those days; but the argument is not to the point, because whatever change in this respect may have taken place, is distinctly traceable to the introduction of Christianity. The fact is one to which I desire particularly to draw your attention. Christianity claims to have done what Reason was incapable of doing, to have checked the downward course of the human race; to have given mankind new motives, new aims, new hopes—to be indeed the long sought-for,

earnestly desired Guide, that can not only point out the way to Heaven, but give strength to walk in it.

The truth of this claim is generally though vaguely admitted. The man who would dare to say that mankind has not marvellously improved in consequence of the teaching of Christianity, would be deemed ignorant and presumptuous; and though a plausible difficulty is sometimes brought forward, based upon the acknowledgement which all must make, that the improvement is not as deep, or as extensive, as might have been expected, the very terms which are used in stating it shew that the failure cannot be attributed to the teaching, the motives, and influences, of the Christian religion, but to the wilful antagonism with which the heart of man opposes it. If Christianity were not what it is, we should have no right to expect from it what we do: but a perfect Christian would be a perfect man; not perfect only as Reason would teach us to be perfect—avoiding all that is externally contrary to the moral sense—but perfect in thought and affections.

The more heartily any person gives himself up to Christian motives and influences, the nearer he attains to this absolute perfection; and that thousands have striven and are striving after it, and have in various degrees approached it, and by their example have raised the whole tone and standard of morality throughout the civilized world, is, I venture to assert, a fact absolutely unquestionable.

But the teaching which has thus influenced mankind claims, we must remember, to have a Divine origin—to be emphatically a Revelation; and to me, I must confess, the idea of such a Revelation is entirely consonant to the anticipations of Reason.

Granted a Creator and moral Governor of the world, it certainly seems to me more consistent with His attributes, to have interfered for the instruction and moral elevation of the beings whom He has formed, than to have left them to the guidance of a power within themselves, which has upon the whole proved totally inefficient; and if I am to reject Christianity, it must be upon other grounds than those of the sufficiency of Reason and the improbability of Revelation. Rather, looking to the natural craving of humanity, as well as to the instincts of my own heart, I believe that no so-called proof from the uniformity of natural laws, no assumed improbability of any interference with those laws, can possibly crush man's conviction that the great and wise Creator must have given to His creature some information as to his destiny—some instruction, as the means of fitting himself for it.

Like Galileo men may be silenced for a time by the dogmatic assertions of modern science—but, like him, they will surely again and again start up with the conviction of an indestructible truth, exclaiming, '*Eppur si muove!*'

The question as to whether Christianity is such a Revelation of the Creator's Will does not, therefore, I venture to think, rest upon antecedent improbability, but upon historical evidence, embracing the

history of the Jewish religion as the foundation upon which Christianity is built. The difficulties in the way of disproof of that evidence I have, in previous letters, plainly stated. They are to me insurmountable; and I find myself, in consequence, arriving at the following conclusions:—

I. That some kind of Revelation from God to man was naturally to be expected, Reason having proved an insufficient guide to holiness.

II. That there is undeniably strong historical evidence of the fact of such a Revelation having been vouchsafed.

III. That the improvement in the morality of the nations professing Christianity is distinctly traceable to the teaching of Jesus Christ, Who declared Himself to be the Divine Author of that Revelation, and the Messiah expected by the Jews.

You see I am taking very low ground, not entering upon the peculiar doctrines of Christianity,—man's fall, his need of forgiveness, the necessity of Atonement. The fact of a Revelation is one thing—the contents of the Revelation are another. With the latter I have at present no concern, except so far as they are connected with the improvement in the general moral tone of the Christian world, compared with that of the heathen world. But, allowing that there is such an improvement, traceable in its origin to the introduction of Christianity, I would ask, Is it reasonable—even apart from historical evidence of Christian facts—to assume, or suppose, that the Religion upon which the improvement is based is false?

Are we justified in believing that the All-wise Creator would, for more than eighteen hundred years, have stamped the sign of His highest approval upon a *lie*? Can we think that He would have permitted it (contrary to the law of nature by which falsehood carries with it the element of its own destruction) to work out the most beneficial moral and intellectual results, so that to make a man a perfect moral being you have but to make him a perfect Christian?

Reject Christianity, and this belief in the testimony of the God of Truth to falsehood, seems to me unavoidable. Can you answer the difficulty?

But I will ask you to go with me still farther.

We have received Christianity as our birth-right. For the most part we live by it, as we live by the air we breathe, and the bread we eat, without in the least realizing what it is to us. May it not be well for us to spend a few moments in endeavouring to understand what are the blessings which have been conveyed to us through it, that so we may the better appreciate the value of any arguments which would base such blessings upon a religion of falsehood!

Christianity is then first, the republication, and assertion under new sanctions, of those laws of natural religion which Reason has proved insufficient to enforce.* Take it away, and we lose at once all the aid which its motives and encouragements have given to virtue.

* See Butler's Analogy, Part II., chap. i.

This is a vast subject—far too vast for me to enter upon fully. I would only beg you to imagine every church in England pulled down, every Bible burnt, every school-master employed in teaching his pupils only just that amount of outward morality which Reason instructs us is necessary, in order that society should not become chaos.

Try and think it out for yourself. Try to realize what your own neighbourhood, your own home, your own life, would be, if no one was called upon to set any higher example before him than that of his fellow-creatures, and to act from no higher motive than what his own reason taught him was good. Where would be the effort (imperfect, I allow) to attain to inward purity, the denial of self, the discipline of the heart and the affections? Where would be the striving after the Charity which 'suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth'? Is this the teaching of human reason? or, supposing it to be so, in theoretic perfection, has it ever been carried out in the general instructions of preachers and moralists, except in Christian countries?

Were we to lose it, what would be the condition of society?

Again I must appeal to the witness of facts, not those of the present day, because unknowingly, we all—believers and unbelievers alike—derive our principles from the same source. Modern theoretic morality has, as it were, been saturated with Christian teaching. The Sermon on the Mount is unconsciously accepted universally. If we wish to know what the general tone of human morality, apart from Christianity, is, we must again go back to the evidence of those days when Reason was all. No doubt there are individual instances to be pointed out, of high moral wisdom, and personal virtue; but the principles of a nation cannot be judged by exceptions. Which of the ancient heathen philosophers leavened his country as Christ has leavened the civilized world? Socrates, Plato, Seneca, Marcus Aurelius—what was the extent of their influence? Put them by the side of St. Paul—what have they done? I feel it to be almost a waste of words to endeavour to prove the point. General consent would seem amply sufficient to shew the immeasurable value of Christian motives and influence; and if so, I again ask you to picture to yourself what it would be to be once more left without them?

You may dare to contemplate the probable state of society. I cannot.

But further. Besides the high influence of a pure morality, enforced by the most stringent motives not only of personal happiness, but of devoted love, we should in losing Christianity lose the consolation in this world, and the hopes centred in another, which we owe to Him Who 'brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.'

I really do not know how to enter upon this subject with the calmness which sound argument requires.

What persons mean who think to further human happiness, and human progress, by denying the light which Christianity claims to throw upon man's present and future destiny, is to me the most perplexing of all problems.

Life without hope—or with little more than the possible expectation of that objectless, vapoury, shivering existence, which Homer describes as the condition of his departed heroes—what an appalling prospect it is! No marvel that the Romans thought it brave to commit suicide.

Apart from Christianity—

‘The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.’

And to be in bondage to that fear, willingly—to bear it about with us, deep in our hearts, though it may never be suffered to appear in our intercourse with our fellow-creatures—to reject the hope of love and light in death, and beyond death, and deliberately, and without regret, to fall back upon loneliness, and ignorance, and helplessness—is it not an insane self-confidence, only to be accounted for by the fact of a nature intellectually as well as morally fallen?

Or—looking at the question differently—to carry with us to the verge of the grave the knowledge of right and wrong, and with it the consciousness which we all must more or less have of wrong doing—to think that possibly, probably, that consciousness of guilt will follow us into another world, and that in that world there may be a Righteous Judge, and a stern retribution! I do not know what you feel—but for myself, knowing what I do of myself, and seeing what I cannot but see of others, I could, with such a misgiving in my mind, and without the promises of Christianity, envy the condition of one who was described to me the other day, as having given up all belief in immortality; and now—blind and deaf—having reached the extreme point of earthly existence—to be sitting in silence and darkness, waiting for annihilation.

And if the loss of Christian hope would be so terrible, when we look at it in reference to our moral sense, what would it be with regard to our affections? Here, I think, there can be but one answer. If in this life only we love, we are indeed ‘most miserable.’

Better to be born unconscious, as the inanimate creation, or at best to be endued only with the transitory emotions of the brute, if we love but to part. You will tell me that Christianity does not remove this pang, that those who are all in all to each other here may, supposing Christianity to speak truly, be widely and fearfully distant from each other hereafter; and I grant it. Holiness and sin cannot inhabit the same world, but neither will they wish to do so. It is an awful consideration; one shrinks from facing it, but even Reason tells us that it must be so. Love which God blesses will be eternal. Love which has no such blessing must cease.

But take away Christianity, and the purest holiest affection is the most hopeless. Formed to be man's greatest joy, it becomes his greatest sorrow.

If I am not to look forward with confidence to the meeting, the recognition, and the eternal dwelling with those I love, in the 'blessed country where an enemy never entered, and from whence a friend never went away,'* let me have a deadened pulse, and an unthrobbed heart; let me live apart, with just that amount of companionship which shall serve to keep alive ordinary human sympathies; but let me never know the keen delight of intimate companionship, the perfect rest of unaltered and unalterable confidence, the sense of complete mutual affection and comprehension. They are the essence of love on earth; but when death shall bring hopeless separation, they will only intensify the misery of parting.

And lastly, (I am approaching a subject which can never be fully entered into by the sceptic, but which, I think, may still be acknowledged by Reason,) take away Christianity, and you take away the realization of man's ideal of perfection—an ideal which, until the coming of Jesus Christ upon earth, none had ever been able to depict. The God of the purest heathen was the Almighty Being, removed to an infinite distance from His creature, dwelling in the unimaginable bliss of His own glory;—perfect, doubtless—absolutely perfect; but with a perfection which no creature had ever been permitted to comprehend.

The Ideal that we have before us now, when we bow ourselves before the Triune God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—includes not only benevolence, justice, and truth—attributes compatible with the awful bliss which Reason teaches us to ascribe to the Divine Being—but also that which we more definitely recognize as *Love*, culminating, by the Incarnation of Christ, in marvellous self-sacrifice, courage, and fortitude, qualities which necessarily involve suffering, and in the contemplation of which we can but veil our eyes in deepest, wondering, thankful adoration.

Now suppose Christianity to be only a myth, we have before us an insoluble problem.

The mind of man will then have imagined for himself, and written down in the Gospels, a portraiture of Divine Perfection which has never been realized; and which, apart from the Incarnation, it would seem to us, could not be realized. The Christian will have lived in the belief of a Love, a self-sacrifice and heroism, which neither man nor Angel could exhibit, and which, if Christianity is false, are not to be found in the records of the Universe. Can this be? Can man dream of perfection greater than has ever been realized?

If Christ is not Christ—if He has not lived and suffered, died and risen again—if we are not one day to recognize Him as our Redeemer and our God—how is it that we have imagined Him?

* Bishop Jeremy Taylor. Sermons.

I ask the question earnestly; for the answer involves all that is nearest and dearest to a Christian's heart. You may look forward to happiness apart from Christ—but I cannot.

Were it possible to attain to Heaven without Him, it would surely seem but the land of exile to those who have in spirit striven to live on earth with Him. They may be happy in the re-union with the friends from whom they have been parted, joyful in the society of angelic spirits, dazzled by the rapturous sight of the glory of the Almighty Creator; but one joy—the completion of one hope—the most cherished, the most blessed of all, will be wanting:—the recognition of the Saviour, Who as God incarnate bridged over, as they believed, the gulf of separation between the finite and the Infinite, and brought them unspeakably near to God. Must not that be a grievous loss, even in Heaven?

Christ, and Christ alone, is surely the realization of all for which the soul of man yearns; and to suppose that the Almighty and All-wise God, Who formed us with those yearnings, has given us but a phantom of imagination for their satisfaction, is to me impossible.

Thrice blessed are we here in our belief—never can it be that hereafter we are to be thrice miserable in our disappointment.

I have written as I feel, and truly believe. You may be unable to agree with me, but I will ask you not to put the thoughts I have suggested aside, for my earnest prayer is that you may one day see these things as I do.

Yours, &c.,

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

*Ashcliff, Donchurch,
January 28th, 1875.*

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY SELINA GAYE,

XXX.—THE PEASANTS' WAR.

A. D. 1505 TO A. D. 1516.

ZÁPOLYA JÁNOS, the head of the most powerful family in Hungary, was now eighteen years old, and quite ready to adopt the ambitious views inherited from his father, and still cherished by his mother and her friends. The growing discontent of the nation with the King's government, and the intense dislike to Maximilian, were both turned to account; and with the help of his mother and Verböczi the jurist, he soon found himself at the head of a powerful party, who were bent on securing his succession to the throne. The King was seriously ill when the Diet met in February, and a proposition for Zápolya's marriage with the Princess Anna was formally made to him, it being

urged that the nation meant to have the young Magnate for her future King, and would never accept Maximilian, whom she regarded as her foe. It was a startling proposal; but Vladislav answered cautiously and evasively that it was premature to discuss the subject, as he hoped to live some time longer, and might yet have a son of his own to succeed him. He betrayed no displeasure, but Zápolya and his friends took the answer for what it really was—a refusal; and to their vexation may be attributed the fact that the Diet separated without coming to any decision. The resentment, not only of a party but of the whole Fatherland, was justly roused soon after, when it transpired that Maximilian had been asking the Princes of Germany for help against Zápolya János, Count of the Zips, ‘in order that Hungary might be annexed to the Empire.’ Henceforward, the small party which held with Maximilian, and the large, or, as it may be not improperly called, the national party, which held with Zápolya, were open enemies; but the hatred of the latter manifested itself more especially against the Bishops, who were regarded as the chief adherents of Austria, and had their tithes appropriated and lands wasted in consequence. The enmity of the two parties became so greatly embittered as the year advanced, that, to avoid the outbreak of actual hostilities, which seemed imminent, Vladislav called the Diet to meet again in September. The States deliberated for a fortnight, and then unanimously passed the following resolution: ‘Hungary,’ said they, ‘was blooming and powerful under her early national kings, but has sunk low under the rule of foreigners. Through their slothfulness and carelessness, their ambition and their selfishness, she has lost the provinces formerly subject to her, and is in danger of being herself over-run by enemies. For it is impossible for a foreign ruler, either to identify himself with a Scythian race, or to perceive that the Hungarian kingdom, having been founded by arms, can only be maintained by battles and victories. Therefore, in case their present sovereign King Vladislav should die without a male heir, the States unanimously decree that henceforward, whenever the throne is vacant, no foreigner, whatever his nation or language, shall be chosen; but a Hungarian, worthy of the crown, shall be elected by general consent, on the field of Rákos, and nowhere else. Everyone shall be bound to resist the pretensions of foreign princes; and whoever does not, or ventures to propose a foreign king, shall be held guilty of high-treason, and be condemned to perpetual servitude, from which neither King nor Diet shall be competent to release him.’

Vladislav received this resolution with the apathy from which it seemed that nothing could rouse him; while Bakács, whose interest in Austria had cooled considerably since he had become a cardinal, now joined Zápolya, Ujlaky, and others, in a league which, while remaining faithful to the King, should endeavour to win him over to the national party, and not only exclude Maximilian from the throne, but also prepare the way for Zápolya. There were others, however—and foremost among them

Pruisaz, who had just emerged from his cloister and reappeared at court—who were, meantime, doing their best to frustrate these designs. By their advice, Vladislav, who had no wish to have Zápolya either for his son-in-law or successor, concluded three separate marriage treaties with Maximilian, which must secure the Hungarian succession to his house, independently of the much hated and disputed Peace of Presburg. The treaties were confirmed by the King and Queen early in the spring; but not satisfied with this, Maximilian issued a proclamation to the Hungarian States, in which he claimed Hungary as his inheritance, not only in virtue of the Presburg treaty, 'but because Austria had originally been part of Pannonia, and he himself was a Hungarian, having been born in the Hungarian tower of Wiener-Neustadt.' He then proceeded to take further and more decided measures, which, though they may have been secretly sanctioned by the court, could only have the effect of making him more hateful than ever to the Hungarians. On the plea that certain sums were still owing to him under the Presburg treaty, and that the insult offered to himself and his successors at the last Diet could not be overlooked, he despatched troops across the frontier; and although Vladislav, acting doubtless by compulsion, declared him his enemy, and summoned the banderia for the defence of the country, still preparations went on so slowly, that while the troops were collecting, Presburg and Oedenburg opened their gates, and Schütt and Eisenburg fell into the hands of the Austrians. Maximilian, however, had only wanted to give the Hungarians a fright, and was now anxious to enter into negociations, either because his funds were exhausted, or because he feared that the hostilities would assume larger proportions than he intended; and he accordingly wrote to Vladislav, reminding him once more of the obnoxious treaty, and urging him to get it recognized without delay.

Meantime, on 1st July, 1506, the Queen gave birth to a son, who was named Louis, or Lajos, after her ancestor, St. Louis of France. This event entirely altered the aspect of affairs. Neither Maximilian nor Zápolya had now a chance of the throne, and peace was concluded without delay. But Vladislav's joy at the birth of the long-wished-for son and heir was grievously overshadowed by the loss of the wife whose spirit and discernment had been his mainstay and support. He shut himself up in the palace of Buda, gave way to profound melancholy, would see no one, and ceased to take the least interest in public affairs. As for the poor little ill-fated prince, his life seemed to hang upon a thread, and was only preserved by his being wrapped in the skins of freshly-slaughtered animals; while, to add to the evil auspices which surrounded him from his birth, he became the innocent cause of an insurrection among the Székels. From the earliest times the Székels had been bound to pay a tribute of oxen to the King upon the birth of a prince; but the custom had fallen into abeyance during the last hundred and fifty years, as only one prince, László V., had been born throughout

the period ; and at the time of his birth, Transylvania had been giving her support to Vladislav I. of Poland. When therefore the court now ill-advisedly demanded the tribute, the Székels, who were already hardly pressed by the Government and their own captains, refused it. The collectors drove away the oxen by force. The Székels resisted, rose against them, and even killed some of them ; then troops were sent, and after a sharp struggle the unfortunate Székels were subdued, and their oxen were taken from them.

The one wish of Vladislav's heart now was to secure the future prosperity of his children by secret treaties of alliance with Maximilian, and the coronation of his son in Hungary and Bohemia ; but the Diet, having got wind of the secret treaties, shewed its disapprobation of them, and increased aversion for Maximilian, by doing all in its power to thwart the King and curtail his power. None of his public acts were henceforth to be legal unless sanctioned by the Council of State ; and persons chosen by the Diet were always to be present at the meetings of the Council, to report any infringement of the law or liberties of the country. Zápolya was associated with the Palatine as Captain-General of the kingdom ; and the States postponed their decision as to the coronation of the little Prince until the next meeting of the Diet.

Meanwhile, Pruisz had successfully accomplished the negotiations entrusted to him ; and in the autumn of 1507, it was publicly announced that a double marriage had been arranged with the House of Austria. The Archduke Philip had died in the course of the year, leaving two sons and two daughters, Karl, Ferdinand, Maria, and Katharine ; and the Princess Anna was to marry whichever of his two grandsons Maximilian should endow with the Archduchy, while Lajos was to be united to Katharine, or if she died, to her elder sister, Maria. Vladislav signed the treaty on the 12th November ; and although, of course, highly distasteful to the States, it was suffered to pass unopposed, inasmuch as it contained no allusion to the succession : but he was not satisfied so long as his son remained uncrowned ; and his melancholy increased so much, that he not only refused to lay aside his mourning garments, but allowed his beard to grow, and spent his days in sighs and lamentations. In order to cheer him, his courtiers tried to persuade him that the States would certainly accede to his wishes at their next meeting ; and their hopeful augury proved correct, for when the Diet met in March, (1508,) they did, after much hesitation and with great reluctance, actually concede the point, on condition that Vladislav should promise in his son's name to respect the rights of the nation, and also should consent not to appoint Maximilian or any other foreign prince as his children's guardian. Promises were light matters with Vladislav, and he readily agreed to the conditions imposed ; whereupon the coronation ceremony was performed on the 4th June, and Hélié, the French ambassador, with the courtliness of his nation, predicted for the young Prince a reign as glorious as that of St. Louis of France and

Louis the Great of Hungary. Hélie had, however, other business on hand besides that of uttering happy auguries and attending court ceremonies; he was charged to invite Vladislav to join his master, Louis XII., Pope Julius II., Ferdinand of Spain, several of the Italian Princes, and Maximilian, in the celebrated League of Cambrai against Venice, whom they all envied and hated for one reason or another, and who had just given tangible cause of offence by declining to allow the Emperor elect to pass through her territories on his way to be crowned at Rome.

The prospect of recovering Dalmatia, which was the bribe held out to Vladislav, induced him suddenly to tell the Venetian ambassador one day, in the presence of the court, that he was resolved to make war on the Republic unless she restored the province she had unjustly seized; and having delivered himself of this startling speech, he withdrew to his own apartments without allowing the ambassador time for the reply he was anxious to make. However, as the treasury was empty, Venice had no need to be greatly alarmed at the threat; and although in the following year, after the victory of Louis XII. at Agnadello, Vladislav was invited to send an army to recover Dalmatia, the Hungarian Council of State preferred the certainty of the Republic's friendship to the uncertain chances of war.

The Diet was equally averse from entering upon hostilities; and although it did at length yield to the King's wish, on condition that the allies would bind themselves to furnish material assistance, still no result followed, for the Pope and Ferdinand of Spain, having gained what they wanted, had in the meantime made peace with Venice, and were eager to detach Vladislav from the League. In their anger at this defection of their allies, Maximilian and Louis called a Council to meet at Pisa, for the reformation of the Church; and the Pope retaliated by assembling an opposition Council in Rome, where Spain, Venice, and England united in the 'Holy League' for the defence of the Church. Hungary's countenance was desired both in Pisa and Rome; but by the judicious arguments of the Pope's Legate, her clergy and Diet were decided in favour of the latter, notwithstanding the alliance existing between their Sovereign and Maximilian. To Rome accordingly did the Cardinal-Archbishop Bakács set out; his ambitious heart filled with hope that the vast treasure he had scraped together by all manner of means, might aid him in putting the finishing touch to his career, and be instrumental in obtaining for him the triple crown.

Meanwhile, Zápolya János was pursuing his equally ambitious course at home. He had made a second attempt to obtain the hand of the Princess Anna; and although his suit had been again put aside with no direct answer, he was not without hope of ultimate success, for his fortunes were clearly in the ascendant. He himself, though only three-and-twenty, had been appointed Vajda of Transylvania, and his sister Barbara had become the wife of King Sigismund of Poland, who

willingly exerted all his power to promote the interests of his brother-in-law, and strove to influence Vladislav in his favour.

Zápolya burnt with eagerness for some opportunity of distinguishing himself in the eyes of the nation ; and before long an opportunity offered itself, which he was not slow to embrace. In the spring of 1512, Bajazet had been first dethroned and then poisoned by his son Selim, who had made himself Sultan in his room ; and the Turkish commanders in some of the border fortresses had taken advantage of the confusion consequent upon the change of rulers, to break the truce and make raids into the adjacent territories. Whereupon, quite against Vladislav's will, Zápolya retaliated by an expedition, which was so successful, that after despatching some of the booty to Buda as a trophy of his victory, he himself hastened thither at the head of a thousand horsemen, to seize what he thought was a favourable moment for renewing his suit. He found the gates of the castle closed ; but bursting through them, he forced his way into the royal apartments. Vladislav was at first too terrified to shew himself, but after a while was induced to come forward and greet the interloper with friendly words. Accept him as his son-in-law he did not, but he clothed his refusal in flattering terms, and tried to soften it by holding out fair though vague hopes as to the future. In reality, he did not at all approve of the attack on the Turks, as he was doing his best to prolong the truce, and his ambassadors at Constantinople were just then reporting that Selim was very well disposed to keep the peace. However, there had been other expeditions besides Zápolya's that summer, which made it exceedingly doubtful whether it would be possible to prevent a renewal of hostilities. The Pasha of Turkish Bosnia had been defeated by the Ban of Slavonia, Bishop Beriszló of Veszprém, as he was in the act of overrunning Croatia ; and now having revenged himself by the sudden assault and capture of four strongholds in Hungarian Bosnia and the desolation of Croatia, he had been again defeated. In spite, therefore, of the good dispositions at head-quarters, war seemed unavoidable ; and Vladislav called the nobility to arms, while at the same time he despatched an ecclesiastic to Rome to ask for assistance. There had been changes at the Holy See since Bakács had arrived there. Julius II. was dead ; and Bakács, who had been completely won over to the Austrian interest, had not been chosen to succeed him ; but Giovanni dei Medici, who now wore the tiara as Leo X., did his best to console the ambitious prelate for his disappointment, by making him his Legate for the whole of north-eastern Europe ; and as soon as the petition for help arrived from Hungary, he empowered him to return home and preach a crusade.

It was in 1514 that Bakács made his solemn entry into Buda, preceded by a crucifer bearing aloft a golden cross. At the Castle he was received, in the King's name, by Bishop Szathmáry, who declared that his arrival would strike terror into the hearts of the Turks and all other disturbers of the public weal. But it so happened that the

Legate's arrival had been preceded by that of the ambassadors from Constantinople, who brought the welcome tidings of the conclusion of a truce for three years. Welcome the tidings, no doubt, were to many, but not to Bakács, who was anxious to have some field for the exercise of his new powers, and haughtily insisted on proclaiming the crusade notwithstanding. The day after his return, he caused the Bull to be read aloud in the Council of State, and then made a speech, in which he promised to assemble a powerful army, at no cost to the State, and likewise to provide for it an able general. With his eyes fixed on the ground, Vladislav listened in unbroken silence to the Archbishop's liberal promises, which were received with great applause by the selfish luxurious members of the Council. Some few, however, emphatically denounced the enterprise, as fraught with the most serious danger; and among these none spoke with such forcible earnestness as the treasurer Telegdy.

'Unhappily,' said he, 'it is only too certain that the proclamation of the Bull will draw multitudes of people together; but what sort of people will they be? Chiefly beggars and vagrants without a roof to their heads, and fugitive criminals who will take the cross that they may commit fresh crimes. Country-folk and peasants there will doubtless be also; but certainly, only such as want to shirk their work, or escape punishment, or maybe take vengeance for the ill-treatment they have suffered at the hands of their masters. And then, supposing the nobility complain of losing their labourers, and having their estates neglected, and try to check the movement by forcing the men to stay at home, or imprisoning their wives and children if they persist in going—for, to tell the truth, this is the way in which we greedy avaricious lords are wont to treat them—do you think the armed multitude will patiently submit, and will not rather rise against the nobility? Do you think they will obey you or any other commander? won't they rather make common cause with the numbers which are sure to stream in from Bohemia and Poland, and join together for our destruction? Heaven grant I may be a false prophet! but my counsel is, that the Papal Bull should either not be published at all, or that the indulgence should be promised not to a set of riff-raff crusaders, but to those who shall subscribe gold, silver, and money, for the raising and equipping of an army. For the present, the country is in no danger, as the Sultan is in Asia, and it is secured by the truce from all attacks for the next three years; besides, the rumour that we are levying extraordinary forces will restrain the Pashas on the frontiers from making any raids. Meantime, let us prepare for the great task, by cleansing ourselves from the stain of covetousness, and consecrating our blood and treasure to the Fatherland!'

Thus spoke Telegdy, with sad foreboding, but he spoke in vain. The lesson of Varna was already forgotten; and at Easter, Bakács, with much pomp and ceremony, published the Bull, and not only promised

plenary indulgence to all who should take the cross, but even threatened with the ban of the Church all who should throw any obstacles in the way. The Archbishop's emissaries did the same wherever they went, and soon the whole country was aroused. The nobles looked quietly on, rejoicing in the prospect of seeing the country cleared of thieves, vagabonds, and malcontents; while they themselves were freed from the burthen of maintaining the costly banderia.

Meanwhile, the Bull had stirred up every county in the kingdom. All the peasants left their land and their work, converted their scythes and flails into arms, and assembled in thousands round Pest, Stuhlweissenburg, Kalócsa, &c., under the command of captains chosen by themselves, or appointed by Bakács. The numbers increased so rapidly, that the Archbishop himself began to be alarmed. What if this great multitude should think of attacking the nobles?

Ah! what would not a Hunyady have accomplished with such an army! he would have conquered half the world; and if Bakács had had the spirit of a Capistrano, he would have put himself at their head, and, with the cross in his hand, would have led them against the crescent. As it was, however, the masses waited without a leader. Not one of the nobles would take the command; some because they scorned the peasant host, others because they shrank from the responsibility, for already the undisciplined hordes were beginning to commit wild excesses. Moreover, a peasant army required a peasant leader.

Now, it happened that, while they were thus waiting for a general, there came to Buda a Székel warrior, named Dózsa György. He had distinguished himself by slaying in single combat the leader of a band of Turks; and had been summoned to court to be rewarded with double pay, a small estate, a gold chain, sword, spurs, a coat of arms, and patent of nobility. With his own hand the King fastened the sword at Dozsa's side; and as the knightly-looking soldier, in his scarlet robe, with golden spurs and jewelled belt, stood there unabashed before the throne, the thought suddenly struck every one, 'This man would make a good peasant leader!'

A bold brave man he was, of martial aspect and commanding voice; and to him Bakács committed the leadership of the crusaders. On the 30th of April, before the High Altar of the Castle Chapel, the Archbishop presented him with the white banner, blazoned with a large blood-red cross, which had been consecrated in Rome, and then led him out to the camp of Rákos, where the people received him with acclamations of delight, as one who had risen from their own ranks, and the captains took an oath of fidelity to him. The most distinguished of these latter, were Dozsa's own brother Gerő, the priests Laurentius and Barnabas, a citizen of Pest named Szalercs, and a few others, none of them men of birth or position.

The rumour—exaggerated, no doubt—of Dozsa's gallant deeds, together with his humble origin, attracted larger and larger multitudes to the

camp. Not only did the peasants leave their villages in masses, but they were accompanied or led by priests of the lower class, needy nobles, and discontented townsmen, each and all of whom had real or fancied wrongs to redress. In a short time there were forty thousand crusaders beneath the walls of Pest alone, while there were nearly as many in the other camps. As the numbers increased, there arose a dearth of provisions, for such multitudes had been neither expected nor provided for; and this soon led to plunder and robbery, while the crusaders daily gained in courage as well as in numbers, and began to burn with eagerness to rid themselves of their oppressors.

And now the nobles began to consider seriously what was to be done. The labourers had left their ploughs and their hoes; the lands were untilled, the flocks and herds untended, tithes and rent were alike unpaid, and the service due from vassals to their lords was equally unrendered. Unfortunately it did not occur to them to try and stem the tide, until it had gathered strength sufficient to burst all barriers. Now, however, they began to detain by force those who were on the point of joining the crusade; fugitives were captured and cruelly punished; and the wives and children of those who refused to return home, were thrown into prison. Such proceedings as these, however, only served to increase the evil they were intended to check. Day by day fresh bands came into the camp, shewing the marks of blows, or even wounds, inflicted on them by their tyrannical masters, and bringing news of the horrible vengeance taken by the nobles on their unhappy comrades. The mob sharpened its arms, and gave vent to its feelings in low angry murmurs; but the priest Laurentius went farther than this, he openly attacked the nobles in his sermons, directed attention to their evil lives, and their treachery to the country, and boldly asked why the people should not break the galling yoke from off their neck. He called upon Dozsa to perform a great work by freeing the peasants from their bondage, and exterminating the nobility; but for the present, Dozsa's brother Gerö succeeded in restraining him from following the dangerous counsel.

Meanwhile, the nobility and clergy trembled at the spirit they had themselves evoked; and in the middle of May Dózsa received orders from the King to refuse admission to any more crusaders, and to proceed at once into Bosnia against the Infidel. Fancying that this was but a preliminary to removing him from the command, he led his wild troops against the suburbs of Pest and Buda, where they burnt down the houses of the nobility, and tortured the inhabitants to death. Bakács, who had entertained the presumptuous hope of guiding the crusaders as he would, now found himself utterly disregarded. It was all in vain that he declared Dózsa and his hosts to be under the ban of the Church, unless they either obeyed the King's command or laid down their arms. Dózsa responded by ordering Szalercs to take up his stand on the field of Rákos, and cut off the communications of the capital; while he sent Laurentius to Bács, and Barnabas to Eger, to bring up the multitudes

there assembled to Szegedin, whither he himself set out. Then he issued an appeal to all the citizens and peasants of the kingdom, calling on them to unite with him in a war of extermination against the nobles; nor had he long to wait for an answer. In a few days the whole kingdom was desolated with fire and sword; castles were set on fire, their owners murdered; and the sky, which glowed night and day with the flames of the burning houses, told only too plainly to the dwellers in the capital, what was going on around them. The dark tale was told still more plainly by the wretched fugitives, who from time to time made their appearance in Buda. Four hundred nobles had been murdered, their property plundered, and in some cases whole families had been rooted out; and yet still, the King and the Cardinal, the prime cause of all the mischief, sat quietly in the Castle of Buda, doing nothing, and quite at a loss how to put a stop to the terrible havoc.

The Palatine Perényi was laid up with gout at Valpó, and the members of the State-Council were so terrified, that some of them even suggested calling in the help of a Bohemian army, and praying Maximilian, the Pope, and the King of Poland, to send assistance. But at last, one descendant of the old Magyar heroes was ashamed of himself, and drawing his sword, exclaimed, 'Shall we cry, like miserable cowards, for help, while the house is burning over our heads? can we no longer wield the sword for ourselves? there is no time to consult, we must act. We must order the Vajda of Erdély to come up with his soldiers and intercept the progress of the insurgent-leader, until we are ready to join battle with him; and now, whoever calls himself a noble, let him shew that he has deserved the name.' Bornemisza's brave words saved the nobles beyond the Danube, and infused something of his own spirit into the Council. Báthory István received command of the army, Bornemisza was commissioned to drive the insurgents from the neighbourhood of Pest, and an urgent call to arms was issued to the nobles and counties in the north. Bornemisza, at the head of whatever troops he could collect in the capital or adjacent counties, began his operations by offering the King's pardon to all who would lay down their arms; whereupon Szalercs and some others surrendered; but the rest, being determined to try the issues of a battle, were utterly defeated after some hours fighting, and fled in the utmost disorder. Of the prisoners, five were impaled, eight beheaded, and the rest dismissed to their homes, with noses mutilated, or ears shorn off; but these cruel punishments, instead of striking terror into the people, only increased their fury. Fresh bands of crusaders sprang up in all directions; and many of the lower nobility, who had suffered at the hands of the Magnates, made common cause with the peasants, and joined them in plundering and firing towns and castles, and in the commission of not a few murders. Still, Bornemisza's victory had infused some courage into the nobles and citizens, and some of the smaller bands in the north were dispersed.

Meanwhile, after an ineffectual attack upon Szeged, which was bravely defended by its inhabitants, among whom three thousand fishermen were especially prominent, Dózsa crossed the Tisza and led his army against Csanád; but before he could surround the town, he found himself face to face with the troops which Báthory had hastily brought up to the Bishop's assistance. From morning till evening the battle raged; and during the night Báthory's army found itself completely hemmed in by the insurgents, who had greatly the advantage in point of numbers, though far inferior in discipline, arms, and equipment. Without much difficulty, Báthory broke through the line and escaped to some of the low marshy meadows in the neighbourhood of the Tisza; but the bushes and beds of reeds, with which the ground was covered, offered insuperable obstacles to his mounted troops, while the insurgents, who were on foot, found exactly the shelter they required. Here the battle was renewed, and again Báthory was surrounded, this time without the possibility of escape, for fresh bands of insurgents seemed to rise from the ground whichever way he turned. At last, being severely wounded, he fell from his horse, and was soon buried beneath the heaps of slain, while his army was almost annihilated, and the Bishop of Csanád, with a few others, fled to his castle on the right bank of the Maros, whither they were soon pursued by the enemy, who proceeded to use the cannon he had captured, with fatal effect. The town was taken, the Cathedral plundered, and the principal citizens put to death. Speedy flight was the Bishop's only chance of escape, and under cover of the darkness he rowed across the Maros, hoping to make his way into the woods; but on the banks he was seized by the crusaders, and at Dózsa's command was impaled in his episcopal robes. Báthory fared better. When the tide of battle had rolled over him, and subsided in the distance, he emerged from his place of concealment, crept down to the banks of the Maros, and there falling in with a riderless horse, mounted it, swam the river without being discovered, and safely reached Temesvár.

Soon after, the priest Laurentius came into the camp with thousands more crusaders, and his arrival, together with the victory, increased the madness of the fanatics and their leader. They went about plundering and burning, and torturing to death every person of distinction who fell into their hands. Telegdy, who had done all in his power to oppose the publication of the fatal Bull, was one of the victims who fell into their hands; and Zólyomy had his castle fired over his head by Laurentius, who looked on in triumph, while the old man, his three brothers and their families, perished in the flames.

Dózsa next determined to do away with the monarchy, root out the nobility, divide the land equally, do away with all class-distinctions, re-constitute the State, and place himself at the head of it; but as he had not yet a single stronghold in his possession, it was rather premature to dream of power; and he therefore turned his attention to the capture of Temesvár, which was defended by Báthory, with guns against which

the fury of the crusaders was of no avail. After being repulsed several times, Dózsa conceived the idea of diverting the course of the Béga, a river which protected the weakest part of the town, into the Temes; and at once thousands set to work digging trenches and throwing up earth-works, day and night, not in the least disconcerted by the sallies from the fortress, which repeatedly destroyed all the labourers. The work grew apace, and Báthory soon saw that Temesvár must either be taken by assault, or reduced by famine. In vain he had appealed, each time in more urgent terms, to the King. No help came; and at last, in his extremity, he resolved to humble himself so far as to call on his adversary Zápolya to come to the rescue. And Zápolya, by the advice of Verböczy, obeyed the call. Having collected a tolerable army at the Iron Gate, he came up by forced marches to Temesvar by the end of July, when the siege had already lasted nearly six weeks. Dózsa at once attacked the wearied troops with his overwhelming numbers, and a bitter conflict ensued. On one side were the nobles, in their gold and silver armour; on the other, the wild and ragged swarms of crusaders—each and all animated by a thirst for vengeance. On they fought, while victory inclined now to one side, now to the other, until Zápolya gave orders for the advance of the cavalry in his rear-guard. Down thundered the horsemen upon the uncouth masses, bursting through their lines with a mighty shock, and scattering them on all sides in terror and confusion, while all who came within reach of their swords were mown down indiscriminately. Many found death in the waters of the Béga and Tisza; many were taken prisoners; and the rest, throwing away their arms, fled in all directions. In vain did Dózsa try to rally them; in vain too, finding this impossible, did he rush into the thickest of the fight, hoping to die a soldier's death on the battle-field; his armour shielded him from any severe wound; and at length, after a desperate resistance, he was captured alive, together with his brother Gerö, and many of his generals. The victory was complete; but the nobles brought eternal shame upon themselves by their inhuman treatment alike of fugitives and prisoners, all of whom were scourged, branded, and mutilated, wherever they were found; but nowhere was more utterly diabolical cruelty shewn than in Zápolya's own camp, and by Zápolya's own orders. Dózsa's one petition, when he was brought before the Vajda, was, that he would be merciful to his brother; and, as Gerö seemed to have joined the crusade on compulsion, and had continually used his influence in behalf of peace and moderation, he was simply beheaded.

Dózsa and some forty leaders were thrown into prison, where they were left to starve until most of them had perished. The wretched survivors were then brought out to be the witnesses of an awful spectacle. On a throne of glowing iron sat the miserable 'King of the Crusaders;' a crown of red-hot iron was on his head, and the gypsy-executioners were pouring boiling oil over him, and tearing his flesh with red-hot

pincors. Zápolya ordered the famished prisoners to satisfy their hunger with the roasted flesh of their late leader. Three refused, and were impaled for their disobedience; and the rest complied with the loathsome order. Dózsa still lived; but not a cry nor a groan escaped his lips though all the dreadful torture. Silent he sat on the burning throne, only once opening his mouth to say, with a ghastly smile, 'I see I have been rearing dogs, not warriors.' Death came at last; but even then his enemies were not satisfied without quartering his mutilated body, and affixing it to the gates of Buda, Pest, Stuhlweissenburg, and Nagy-Várad. Zápolya was six or seven-and-twenty years old when, with a barbarous ingenuity worthy of some Eastern despot, he inflicted this horrible torture. Even his contemporaries condemned him for the inhuman vengeance he had taken for Dózsa's deeds of blood, terrible as they had been; and a rumour sprang up that, from this time, whenever he went to Mass, Zápolya lost his sight at the elevation of the Host, because he had rendered himself unworthy to behold the Sacred Mysteries. Tradition says that the miraculous chastisement lasted for two years, and was only then removed by the intercession and pious acts of his mother and sister.

It was September before the insurrection was entirely stamped out; and, during the few months it had lasted, it had cost the nation seventy thousand souls. To how much better purpose this enormous sacrifice of life might have been made, the dark days which followed shew but too clearly; for the wound inflicted on Hungary by the Peasants' War went on smarting for three hundred years.

Meantime, after the victory of Temesvár, Báthory and Zápolya not only laid aside their former enmity, but entered into the closest alliance. Zápolya was everywhere extolled as the saviour of the Fatherland, while Bakács and the King were angrily accused of being the cause of the whole terrible disaster. The question of raising the Vajda to the throne was even publicly discussed, and the general excitement was so great, that Bakács thought it prudent to double the garrison of Gran; and Vladislav's counsellors kept the ten thousand Bohemian troops who had just arrived to quell the insurrection, in and around the capital as long as the Diet lasted.

The Diet met on the 18th October, and recognizing the poverty of the exchequer as the prime source of all the misfortunes, took vigorous measures for recovering all the royal property which had of late years been mortgaged, stringently forbade such mortgages in the future, and decreed that whoever should henceforth lend money on the royal estates and mines, should not only forfeit the loan, but be made to pay a fine as well. This Diet, however, is chiefly remarkable for the cruel and revengeful spirit it shewed towards the unhappy peasants.

It was declared that all who had risen against their lords deserved death; but as the nobles could not well dispense with their services, the punishment would actually be inflicted only on the chief offenders. The

rest would have to pay a fine, even if it swallowed up all they possessed and had to be extorted from them by force of arms. But that the remembrance of this insurrection might endure for ever, the punishment was to be prolonged for generations; and that their remotest posterity might see the full magnitude of the crime of which they had been guilty, henceforth the peasants were to lose the little liberty they had had, and were to be degraded to the condition of serfs, bound to the soil, and entirely subject to the lord on whose property they lived. Every peasant found with a gun in his possession was to lose his right hand; and the same punishment was to be inflicted on all nobles who had taken part with the crusaders. It was also decreed that no peasant-born priest should henceforth become a Bishop; whereby the nobles pointedly intimated their detestation of Bakács and the Bishop of Vác, both of whom were of humble origin. It was at this Diet that Verböczy produced his *Opus Tripartitum*, a collection of the common law of the country, on which he had been engaged for several years by the command of the States. *Legum copia, justitiæ inopia*, says an ancient Hungarian proverb; and it is significant that it was a period of such anarchy as this which gave birth to the famous law-book.

In the following year, 1515, Vladislav and his brother Sigmund had a meeting with Maximilian at Vienna, where the marriage treaties were renewed, and the Princess Anna was left at the Austrian court to be brought up as the bride of one or other of Maximilian's grandsons, or failing them, of the Emperor himself! Moreover, it was agreed that if either House became extinct, the other should inherit all its territorial rights; and if Prince Lajos died, the kingdom of Hungary should pass to his sister.

The family compact was made public a few days later, and the secret treaty relating to the succession also oozed out, and excited great indignation in the mind of Perényi the Palatine, who, though prevented from going to Vienna by an opportune fit of gout, was carried through the streets of Presburg, loudly proclaiming that the treaty was illegal and invalid. However, Vladislav gave him the Castle of Siklós, and Maximilian made him a Prince of the Empire; and by these means he was induced to sign the treaty, excusing himself by the miserable subterfuge that he did it as a private Magnate, not in his official character.

On the 13th March, 1516, Vladislav died, leaving his children under the guardianship of Bakács, Bornemisza, and Georg von Brandenburg.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DRIVE TO BACKSWORTH.

She was betrothed to one now dead,
Or worse, who had dishonoured fled.

Scott.

THE party set out for Backsworth early in the day. It included Julius, who had asked for a seat in the carriage in order to be able to go on to Rood House, where lived Dr. Easterby, whom he had not seen since he had been at Compton.

'The great light of the English Church,' said Rosamond gaily; while Anne shuddered a little, for Miss Slater had told her that he was the great fountain-head of all that distressed her in Julius and his curates; but Julius merely said, 'I am very glad of the opportunity;' and the subject dropped in the eager discussion of the intended pastimes, which lasted beyond the well-known Wilsbro' bounds, when again Julius startled Anne by observing, 'No dancing? That is a pity.'

'There, Anne!' exclaimed Rosamond.

'It was out of kindness to me,' said Anne; and then, with a wonderful advance of confidence, she added, 'please tell me how you, a minister, can regret it?'

'Because I think it would be easier to prevent mischief than when there has to be a continual invention of something original. There is more danger of offence and uncharitableness, to speak plainly.'

'And you think that worse than dancing?' said Anne thoughtfully.

'Why is dancing bad at all, Anne?' asked Rosamond.

Anne answered at once, 'It is worldly.'

'Not half so worldly as driving in a carriage with fine horses, and liveries, and arms, and servants, and all,' said Rosamond from her comfortable corner, nestling under Miles's racoon-skin rug; 'I wonder you can do that!'

'The carriage is not mine,' said Anne.

'The worldliness would be in sacrificing a duty to the luxury and ostentation of keeping one,' said Julius. 'For instance, if I considered it due to my lady in the corner there to come out in this style, and put down a curate and a few such trifles with that object. To my mind, balls stand on the same ground; they are innocent as long as nothing right is given up for them.'

'You would not dance,' said Anne.

'Wouldn't he?' said Rosamond. 'I've seen him. It was at St.

Awdry's, at a Christmas party, in our courting days. No, it wasn't with me. Oh no! That was the cruel cut! It was with little Miss Marks, whose father had just risen from the ranks. Such a figure she was, enough to set your teeth on edge; when, behold! this reverend minister extracts her from the wall-flowers, and goes through the Lancers with her in first-rate style, I assure you. It had such an effect, do you know, that what does my father do but go and ask her next; and I heard an old lady remarking that there were only two gentlemen in the room, Mr. Charnock and Lord Rathforlane. So you see, it was all worldliness after all, Anne.'

'I suppose it was good-nature,' said Anne.

'Indignation, I fancy,' said Julius.

'Now, was he very wicked for it, Anne?'

'N—no, if dancing be not wrong.'

'But why should it?'

'All the bad people danced in the Bible.'

'Miriam—King David. Eh?'

'That was part of their religious service.'

'The welcome to the prodigal son?' further suggested Julius. 'Does not this prove that the exercise is not sinful in itself?'

'But you would not do it again?' repeated Anne.

'I certainly should not make a practice of it, nor go to balls, any more than I would be a sportsman or a cricketer, because I am bound to apply my whole self to the more direct service; but this does not shew that there is evil necessarily connected with these amusements, or that they may not safely be enjoyed by those who have time, and who need an outlet for their spirits, or by those who wish to guard these pleasures by presiding over them.'

'Don't persuade me!' exclaimed Anne. 'I gave my word to Mr. Pilgrim that nothing should induce me to dance or play at cards.'

'Mr. Pilgrim had no right—' began Rosamond; but Julius hushed her, saying, 'No one wishes to persuade you, Anne. Your retirement during Miles's absence is very suitable and becoming.'

'Till we live in the Bush, out of the way of it all,' said Anne.

'I wish you could have seen one of our real old Christmas parties; but those can never be again, without Mother herself or Mrs. Douglas.'

'Do tell me about those Douglasses,' said Rosamond. 'Cecil hinted at some romance, but seemed to think you had suppressed the connection because he was an attorney.'

'Not exactly,' said Julius, smiling; 'but it is a sad story, though we have no doubt he bore the guilt of others.'

'Something about two thousand pounds?'

'Yes. It was the year that my mother and Raymond were abroad. She had been buying some property near, and sent home an order from Vevay. It did not come, and was inquired for; but as it was an order, not a draft, it was not stopped at the bank; and in about a fortnight

more it was presented by a stranger, and paid without hesitation, as it was endorsed "Proudfoot and Moy." Old Proudfoot was away at Harrowgate, and came home to investigate; young Proudfoot denied all knowledge of it, and so did his brother-in-law Moy; but Raymond, working at the other end, found that the waiter at the hotel at Vevay had forgotten to post the letter for more than a week, and it was traced through the post to Wilsbro', where the postman remembered delivering the foreign-looking letter to Archie Douglas at the door of the office. It came alone, by the afternoon post. His account was this. They were all taking it rather easy in old Proudfoot's absence; and when a sudden summons came to take an old farmer's instructions for his will, Archie, as the junior, was told off to do it. He left George Proudfoot and Moy in the private room at the office, with Tom Vivian leaning over the fire talking, as he had a habit of doing in old Proudfoot's absence. As he opened the office door, the postman put the letter into his hand; and recognizing the writing, he ran back, and gave it in triumph to George Proudfoot, exclaiming that there it was at last; but he was in danger of being late for the train, and did not wait to see it opened; and when he came back, he was told that it had been merely a letter of inquiry, with nothing in it, and destroyed at once. That was his account; but Proudfoot, Moy, and Vivian, all denied any knowledge of this return of his, or of the letter. The night of this inquiry he was missing. Jenny Bowater, who was with an aunt in London, heard that a gentleman had called to see her while she was out for a couple of days; and a week later, we saw his name among the passengers lost in the Hippolyta off Falmouth.'

'Poor Jenny! Was she engaged to him?'

'On sufferance. On her death-bed, Mrs. Douglas had wrung from Mr. Bowater a promise that if Archie did well, and ever had means enough, he would not refuse consent; but he always distrusted poor Archie, because of his father, and I believe had sent Jenny away to be out of his reach. If any of us had only been near, I think we could have persuaded him to face it out, and trust to his innocence; but Raymond was abroad, Miles at sea, I at Oxford, and nothing like a counsellor was near. If Jenny had but seen him!'

'And has nothing happened to clear him?'

'No. Raymond hurried home, and did his best, but all in vain. George Proudfoot was indeed known to have been in debt to Vivian; but Moy, his brother-in-law, an older man, was viewed as a person whose word was above all question, and they both declared the signature at the back of the order not to be genuine. Archie's flight, you see, made further investigation impossible; and there was no putting on oath, no cross-examination.'

'Then you think those three had it?'

'We can think nothing else, knowing Archie as we did. Raymond shewed his suspicion so strongly, that old Proudfoot threw up all

agencies for our property, and there has been a kind of hostility ever since. Poor Vivian, as you know, came to his sad end the next year, but he had destroyed all his papers; and George Proudfoot has been dead four or five years, but without making any sign. Moy has almost risen above the business, and—see, there's Proudfoot Lawn, where he lives with the old man. He claims to compete with the county families, and would like to contest Wilsbro' with Raymond.'

'And Jenny?' asked Anne. 'Did she bear it as a Christian? I know she would.'

'She did indeed—most nobly, most patiently. Poor girl! at her own home, she knew she stood alone in her faith in Archie's innocence; but they were kind and forbearing, and kept silence, and the knowledge of our trust in him has bound her very close to us.'

'Was that call, when she did not see him, all she ever heard of him?'

'All! except that he left a fragment of paper with the servant, with the one pencil scrawl, "A Dieu!"—a capital D to mark the full meaning. She once shewed it to me—folded so as to fit into the back of a locket with his photograph.'

'Dear Jenny! And had you traced him on board this ship?'

'No, but his name was in the list; and we knew he had a strong fancy for South Africa, whither the Hippolyta was bound. In fact, he ought to have been a sailor, and only yielded to his mother's wishes.'

'We knew a Mr. Archibald Douglas once,' said Anne; 'he came and outspanned by us when he was going north after elephants. He stayed a fortnight, because his waggon had to be mended.'

'O Julius! if we could but find him for her again!' cried Rosamond.

'I am afraid Archibald Douglas is not much more individual a name than John Smith,' said Julius sadly.

'That tells as much against the Hippolyta man,' said Rosamond.

'Poor Archie would not be difficult to identify,' said Julius; 'for his hair was like mine, though his eyes were blue, and not short-sighted.'

'That is all right, then!' cried Anne; 'for we had a dispute whether he were young or old, and I remember Mamma's saying he had a look about him as if his hair might have turned white in a single night.'

'Julius! Now won't you believe!' cried Rosamond.

'Had he a Scotch accent?' asked Julius.

'No; I recollect Papa's telling him he never should have guessed him to be a Scot by his tongue; and he said he must confess that he had never seen Scotland.'

'Now, Julius!' pleaded Rosamond, with clasped hands, as if Jenny's fate hung on his opinion.

'How long ago was this?' asked he.

'Four years,' said Anne, with a little consideration. 'He came both in going and returning, and Alick was wild to join him if he ever passed our way again. My father liked him so much, that he was

almost ready to consent; but he never came again. Ivory hunters go more from Natal now.'

'You will trace him! There's a dear Anne!' exclaimed Rosamond.

'I will write to them at home; Alick knows a good many hunters, and could put Miles into the way of making inquiries, if he touches at Natal on his way home.'

'Miles will do all he can,' said Julius; 'he was almost broken-hearted when he found how Archie had gone. I think he was even more his hero than Raymond when we were boys, because he was more enterprising; and my mother always thought Archie's baffled passion for the sea re-acted upon Miles.'

'He will do it! He will find him, if he is the Miles I take him for! How old was he—Archie, I mean?'

'A year older than Raymond; but he always seemed much younger, he was so full of life and animation—so unguarded, poor fellow! He used to play tricks with imitating hand-writing; and these, of course, were brought up against him.'

'Thirty-four! Not a bit too old for the other end of the romance!'

'Take care, Rosie. Don't say a word to Jenny till we know more. She must not be unsettled only to be disappointed.'

'Do you think she would thank you for that, you cold-blooded animal?'

'I don't know; but I think the suspense would be far more trying than the quiet resigned calm that has settled down on her. Besides, you must remember, that even if Archie were found, the mystery has never been cleared up.'

'You don't think that would make any difference to Jenny?'

'It makes all the difference to her father; and Jenny will never be a disobedient daughter.'

'Oh! but it will—it must be cleared! I know it will! It is faithless to think that injustice is not always set right!'

'Not always here,' said Julius sadly. 'See, there's the Backsworth race-ground, the great focus of the evil.'

'Were racing debts thought to have any part in the disaster?'

'That I can't tell; but it was these races that brought George Proudfoot under the Vivian influence; and in the absence of all of us, poor Archie, when left to himself after his mother's death, had become enough mixed up in their amusements to give a handle to those who thought him unsteady.'

'As if everyone must be unsteady who goes to the races!' cried Rosamond. 'You were so liberal about balls, I did expect one little good word for races; instead of which, you are declaring a poor wretch who goes to them capable of embezzling two thousand pounds, and I dare say Anne agrees with you!'

'Now, did I ever say so, Anne?'

'You looked at the course with pious horror, and said it justified the suspicion!' persisted Rosamond.

‘That’s better,’ said Julius; ‘though I never even said it justified the suspicion, any more than I said that balls might not easily be overdone, especially by *some* people.’

‘But you don’t defend races?’ said Anne.

‘No; I think the mischief they do is more extensive, and has less mitigation than is the case with any other public amusement.’

‘Hm!’ said Rosamond. ‘Many a merry day have I had on the top of the regimental drag; so perhaps there’s nothing of which you would not suspect me.’

‘I’ll tell you what I more than suspect you of,’ said Julius; ‘of wearing a gay bonnet to be a bait and a sanction to crowds of young girls, to whom the place was one of temptation, though not to you.’

‘Oh, there would be no end to it if one thought of such things.’

‘Or the young men who—’

‘Well,’ broke in Rosamond, ‘it was always said that our young officers got into much less mischief than where there was a strait-laced colonel, who didn’t go along with them to give them a tone.’

‘That I quite believe. I remember, too, the intense and breathless sense of excitement in the hush and suspense of the multitude, and the sweeping by of the animals—’

‘Then you’ve been!’ cried his wife.

‘As a boy, yes.’

‘Not since you were old enough to think it over?’ said Anne eagerly.

‘No. It seemed to me that the amount of genuine interest in the sport and the animals was infinitesimal compared with the fictitious excitement worked up by betting.’

‘And what’s the harm of betting when you’ve got the money?’

‘And when you haven’t?’

‘That’s another question.’

‘Do you approve it at the best?’

‘It’s a man’s own concern.’

‘That’s arguing against your better sense.’

‘Can’t be helped, with two such solemn companions! There would be no bearing you if I didn’t take you down sometimes, when you get so didactic, and talk of fictitious excitement, indeed! And now you are going to Rood House, what will you be coming back?’

Rood House stood about two miles on the further side of Backsworth. It was an ancient alms-house, of which the mastership had been wisely given to Dr. Easterby, one of the deepest theological scholars, holiest men, and bravest champions of the Church, although he was too frail in health to do much, save with his pen, and in council with the numerous individuals who resorted to him from far and wide, and felt the beautiful old fragment of a monastic building where he dwelt a true court of peace and refreshment, whence they came forth, aided by prayer and counsel, for their own share of the combat.

Julius Charnock had, happily for himself, found his way thither when

his character and opinions were in process of formation, and had ever since looked to Rood House for guidance and sympathy. To be only fourteen miles distant had seemed to him one great perfection of Compton Poyntsett; but of course he had found visits there a far more possible thing to an unoccupied holiday son of the great house than to a busy parish priest, so that this opportunity was very valuable to him.

And so it proved; not so much for the details as for the spirit in which he was aided in looking at everything, from the mighty questions which prove the life of the Church by the vehement emotion they occasion, down to the difficulties of theory and practice that harassed himself—not named, perhaps, but still greatly unravelled.

Those perpetual questions, that have to be worked out again and again by each generation, were before him in dealing with his parish; and among them stood in his case the deeper aspects of the question that had come forward on the drive—namely, the lawfulness and expedience of amusements.

Granting the necessity of pastimes and recreation for most persons, specially the young, there opened the doubtful, because ever-varying, question of the kind and the quantity to be promoted or sanctioned, lest restraint should lead to reaction, and lest abstinence should change from purity and spirituality to moroseness or hypocrisy. And if Julius found one end of the scale represented by his wife and his junior curate, his sister-in-law and his senior curate were at the other. Yet the old recluse was far more inclined to toleration than he had been in principle himself, though the spur of the occasion had led him to relaxations towards others in the individual cases brought before him, when he had thought opposition would do more harm than the indulgence. His conscience had been uneasy at this divergence, till he could discuss the subject.

The higher the aspiration of the soul, the less, of course, would be the craving for diversion, the greater the shrinking from those evil accompaniments that soon mar the most innocent delights. Some spirits are austere in their purity, like Anne; some so fervent in zeal, as to heed nothing by the way, like Mr. Bindon; but most are in an advanced stage of childhood, and need play and pleasure almost as much as air or food; and these instincts require wholesome gratification, under such approval as may make the enjoyment bright and innocent; and yet there should be such subduing of their excess, such training in discipline, as shall save them from frivolity and from passing the line of evil, prevent the craving from growing to a passion, and where it has so grown tone it back to the limits of obedience and safety.

Alas! perhaps there lay the domestic difficulty of which Julius could not speak; yet, as if answering the thought, Dr. Easterby said, 'After all, charity is the true self-acting balance to many a sweet untaught nature. Self-denials which spring out of love are a great safe-guard, because they are almost sure to be both humble and unconscious.'

And Julius went away cheered as he thought of his Rosamond's wells of unselfish affection, confident that all the cravings for variety and excitement, which early habit had rendered second nature, would be absorbed by the deeper and keener feelings within, and that these would mount higher as time went on, under life's great training.

Pleasant it was to see the triumphant delight of the two sisters over their purchases. Such a day's English shopping was quite a new experience to Anne; and she had not been cautioned against it, so her enjoyment was as fresh and vivid as a child's; and they both chattered all the way home with a merriment in which Julius fully shared, almost surprised to see Anne so eager and lively, and—as her cheeks glowed, and her eyes brightened—beginning to understand what had attracted Miles.

Mrs. Poyntsett had not had quite so pleasant a day; for Cecil knocked at her door soon after luncheon, with an announcement that Lady Tyrrell wished for admission. Expecting an exposition of the Clio scheme, she resigned herself, looking with some curiosity at the beautiful contour of face, and drooping pensive loveliness, that had rather gained than lost in grace since the days when she had deemed them so formidable.

'This is kind, dear Mrs. Poyntsett,' said the soft voice, while the hand insisted on a pressure. 'I have often wished to come and see you, but I could not venture without an excuse.'

'Thank you,' was the cold reply.

'I have more than an excuse—a reason, and I think we shall be fully agreed; but first you must let me have the pleasure of one look to recall old times. It is such a treat to see you so unchanged. I hope you do not still suffer.'

'No, thank you.'

'And are you always a prisoner here? Ah! I know your patience.'

'What was the matter on which you wanted to speak to me?' said Mrs. Poyntsett, fretted beyond endurance by the soft caressing tone.

'As I said, I should hardly venture if I did not know we agreed—though perhaps not for the same reasons. We do agree in our love and high opinion of your dear Frank!'

'Well!' repressing a shudder at the 'dear.'

'I am afraid we likewise agree that, under all circumstances, our two young people are very unfortunately attached, and that we must be hard-hearted, and let it go no further.'

'You mean your sister?'

'My dear Lena! I cannot wonder! I blame myself excessively, for it was all through my own imprudence. You see, when dear Frank came to Rockpier, it was so delightful to renew old times, and they both seemed such children, that I candidly confess I was off my guard; but as soon as I had any suspicion, I took care to separate them, knowing that, in the state of my poor father's affairs, it would be most unjustifiable to let so mere a youth be drawn into an attachment.'

‘Frank is no prize,’ said his mother, with some irony.

‘I knew you would say that, dear Mrs. Poyntsett. ‘Pecuniarily speaking, of course he is not; though as to all qualities of the heart and head, he is a prize in the true sense of the word. But alas! it is a sort of necessity that poor Lena, if she marry at all, should marry to liberal means. I tell you candidly that she has not been brought up as she ought to have been, considering her expectations or no expectations. What could you expect of my poor father, with his habits, and two mere girls? I don’t know whether the governess could have done anything, but I know that it was quite time I appeared. I tell you in confidence, dear Mrs. Poyntsett, there was a heavy pull on my own purse before I could take them away from Rockpier; and without blaming a mere child like poor dear Lena, you can see what sort of preparation she has had for a small income.’

It is hard to say which tried Mrs. Poyntsett’s patience most, the ‘dears’ or the candour; and the spirit of opposition probably prompted her to say, ‘Frank has his share, like his brothers.’

‘I understand, and for many girls the provision would be ample; but poor Lena has no notion of economizing—how should she? I am afraid there is no blinking it, that, dear children as they both are, nothing but wretchedness could result from their coming together; and thus I have been extremely sorry to find that the affair has been renewed.’

‘It was not an unnatural result of their meeting again.’

‘Ah! there I was to blame again; but no one can judge whether an attachment be real between such children. I thought, too, that Frank would be gone out into the world, and I confess I did not expect to find that he had absolutely addressed her, and kept it secret. That is what my poor father feels so much. Eleonora is his special darling, and he says he could have overlooked anything but the concealment.’

‘Maternal affection assumed the defensive; and though the idea of concealment on the part of one of her sons was a shock, Mrs. Poyntsett made no betrayal of herself, merely asking, ‘How did it come to light?’

‘I extorted the confession. I think I was justified, standing in a mother’s position, as I do. I knew my vigilance had been eluded, and that your son had walked home with her after the skating; and you know very well how transparent young things are.’

The skating! The mother at once understood that Frank was only postponing the explanation till after his examination; and besides, she had never been ignorant of his attachment, and could not regard any display thereof more or less as deception towards herself. The very fact that Lady Tyrrell was trying to prejudice her beforehand, so as to deprive him of the grace of taking the initiative towards his own mother, enlisted her feelings in his defence, so she coldly answered, ‘I am sorry if Sir Harry Vivian thinks himself unfairly treated; but I should have thought my son’s feelings had been as well known in the one family as in the other.’

'But, *dear* Mrs. Poyndsett,' exclaimed Lady Tyrrell, 'I am sure you never encouraged them. I am quite enough aware—whatever I may once have been—of the unfortunate contrast between our respective families.'

Certainly there was no connection Mrs. Poyndsett less wished to encourage; yet she could not endure to play into Camilla's hands, and made reply, 'There are many matters in which young men must judge for themselves. I have only once seen Miss Vivian, and have no means of estimating my son's chances of happiness with her.'

Her impenetrability ruffled Lady Tyrrell; but the answer was softer than ever. 'Dear Mrs. Poyndsett, what a happy mother you are, to be able so freely to allow your sons to follow their inclinations! Well! since you do not object, my conscience is easy on that score; but it was more than I durst hope.'

To have one's approval thus stolen was out of the question, and Mrs. Poyndsett said, 'Regret is one thing, opposition another. Sir Harry Vivian need not doubt that, when my son's position is once fixed, he will speak openly and formally, and it will then be time to judge.'

'Only,' said Lady Tyrrell, rising, 'let this be impressed on your son. Eleonora cannot marry till she is of age, and my father cannot sanction any previous entanglement. Indeed, it is most unfortunate if her affections have been tampered with, for me, who have outgrown romance, and know that, in her position, a wealthy match is a necessity. I have spoken candidly,' she repeated; 'for I like Frank too well to bear that he should be trifled with, and disappointed.'

'Thank you!'

The ladies parted, liking one another, if possible, less than before.

Mrs. Poyndsett's instinct of defence had made her profess much less distaste to the marriage than she really felt; she was much concerned that another son should be undergoing Raymond's sad experiences, but she had no fear that Lady Tyrrell would ever allow it to come to a marriage, and she did not think Frank's poetical enthusiasm, and admiration for beauty, betokened a nature that would suffer such an enduring wound as Raymond's had done.

So she awaited his return, without too much uneasiness for amusement in Rosamond's preparations. One opening into the conservatory was through her room, so that every skilful device, or gay ornament, could be exhibited to her; and she much enjoyed the mirth that went on between the queen of the revels and her fellow-workers.

Cecil did not interfere, being indeed generally with her friends at Sirenwood, Aucuba Villa, or the working-room, in all of which she had the pleasure of being treated as a person of great consideration, far superior to all her natural surroundings, and on whom hinged all the plans for the amelioration of Wilsborough.

Sometimes, however, it happens that the other side of a question is presented; and thus it was on the day before the entertainment, when

Rosamond had taken her brother Tom to have his hair cut, and to choose some false moustaches, and the like requisites, for their charades.

They went first to Pettitt's, the little hair-dresser, where Tom was marvellously taken with the two Penates, and could hardly be dragged into the innermost recesses, where, in the middle of a sheet, with a *peignoir* on his shoulders, he submitted to the clipping of his raven black locks, as Mr. Pettitt called them, on the condition of his sister looking on.

Presently they heard some feet enter the outer shop, and Mrs. Duncombe's voice asking for Mr. Pettitt; while his mother replied that he would wait on her immediately, but that he was just now engaged with the Honourable Mr. De Lancey. 'Could she shew them anything?'

'Oh no, thank you, we'll wait! Don't let us keep you, Mrs. Pettitt, it is only on business.'

'Ay!' said the other voice—female, and entirely untamed. 'He's your great ally about your gutters and drains, isn't he?'

'The only land-owner in Wilsbro' who has a particle of public spirit!' said Mrs. Duncombe.

Whereat good-natured Lady Rosamond could not but smile congratulation to the hair-cutter, who looked meekly elevated, while Tom whispered, 'Proverb contradicted.'

But the other voice replied, 'Of course—he's a perfumer, learned in smells! You'd better drop it, Bessie! you'll never make anything of it.'

'I'll never drop what the health and life of hundreds of my fellow-creatures depend on! I wish I could make you understand, Gussie!'

'You'll never do anything with my Governor, if that's your hope—you should hear him and the Mum talking! "It's all nonsense," he says; "I'm not going to annoy my tenants, and make myself unpopular, just to gratify a fashionable cry." "Well," says Mumsey, "it is not what was thought the thing for ladies in my time; but you see, if Gussie goes along with it, she will have the key to all the best county society." "Bother the county society!" says I. "Bessie Duncombe's jolly enough—but such a stuck-up set as they all are at Compton, I'll not run after, behaving so ill to the Governor, too!" However—'

'There's a proverb about listeners!' said Rosamond, emerging when she felt as if she ought to hearken no longer, and finding Mrs. Duncombe leaning with her back to the counter, and a tall girl, a few degrees from beauty, in a riding-habit, sitting upon it.

They both laughed; and the girl added, 'If you had waited a moment, Lady Rosamond, you would have heard that you were the only jolly one of all the b'iling!'

'Ah! we shall see where you are at the end of Mrs. Tallboys' lectures!' said Mrs. Duncombe.

'To what?' asked Rosamond. 'Woman's rights, or sanitary measures? for I can't in the least understand why they should be coupled up together.'

‘Nor I!’ said Miss Moy. ‘I don’t see why we shouldn’t have our own way, just as well as the men; but what that has to do with drains and gutters, I can’t guess.’

‘I’m the other way,’ said Rosamond. ‘I think houses and streets ought to be made clean and healthy; but as for women’s rule, I fancy we get more of it now than we should the other way.’

‘As an instance,’ said Mrs. Duncombe; ‘Woman is set on cleansing Wilsbro’. Man will not stir. Will it ever be done till woman has her way?’

‘Perhaps, if woman would be patient, man would do it in the right way, instead of the wrong!’ quoth Rosamond.

‘Patient! No, indeed! Nothing is to be done by that! Let every woman strive her utmost to get the work done, as far as her powers go, and the crusade will be accomplished for very shame!’

Just then Tom, looking highly amused, emerged, followed by Mr. Pettitt, the only enlightened landlord on whom Mrs. Duncombe had been able to produce the slightest impression. He had owned a few small tenements in Water Lane, which he was about to rebuild, and which were evidently the pivot of operations.

At the door they met Cecil, and Rosamond detained her a moment, in the street, to say, ‘My dear Cecil, is *that* Miss Moy coming on Wednesday?’

‘Of course she is. We greatly want to move her father. He has the chief house property there.’

‘It is too late now,’ said Rosamond; ‘but do you think it can be pleasant to Jenny Bowater to meet her?’

‘I know nothing of the old countrified animosities and gossippings, which you have so heartily adopted,’ replied Cecil proudly. ‘Firstly, I ignore them as beneath me; secondly, I sacrifice them all to a great cause. If Miss Bowater does not like my guests, let her stay away.’

Here Mrs. Duncombe stood on the step, crying out, ‘Well, Cecil, how have you sped with Mrs. Bungay?’

‘Horrid woman!’ and no more was heard, as Cecil entered Mr. Pettitt’s establishment.

‘That might be echoed,’ said Tom, who was boiling over at the speech to his sister. ‘I knew that ape was an intolerable little prig of a peacock, but I didn’t think she could be such a brute to you, Rosie! Is she often like that, and does your Parson stand such treatment of you!’

‘Nonsense, Tom!’ said Rosamond; ‘it doesn’t often happen, and breaks no bones when it does. It’s only the ignorance of the woman, and small blame to her—as Mrs. M’Kinnon said, when Corporal Sims’s wife threw the red herring’s tail at her!’

‘But does Julius stand it?’ repeated Tom fiercely, as if hesitating whether to call out Julius, or Mrs. Charnock Poyntsett.

‘Don’t be so ridiculous, Tom! I’d rather stand a whole shower of

red herrings' tails at once, than bother Julius about his brother's wife. How would you and Terry like it, if your wives took to squabbling, and setting you together by the ears? I was demented enough to try it once, but I soon saw it was worse than anything!'

'What? He took her part?'

'No such thing! Hold your tongue, Tommy, and don't talk of married folk till you're one yourself!'

'Papa never meant it,' repeated the indignant Tom. 'I've a great mind to write and tell him how you are served!'

'Now, Tom,' cried Rosamond, stopping short, 'if you do that, I solemnly declare I'll never have you here again! What could Papa do? Do you think he could cure Raymond's wife of being a ridiculous little prig? And if he could—why, before your letter got to Meerut, she will be gone up to London; and by the time she comes back we'll be safe in our own Rectory. Here, come in, and get our string and basket at Mrs. Bungay's.'

'I'll pay her out!' muttered Tom, as he followed his sister into Mrs. Bungay's shop, one of much smaller pretensions, for the sale of baskets, brushes, mats, &c.

The mistress, a stout red-faced woman, looked as if she had been 'speaking a bit of her mind,' and was at first very gruff and ungracious; until she found they were real customers; and moreover, Tom's bland Irish courtesy perfectly disarmed her, when Rosamond, having fixed her mind on a box in the very topmost pigeon-hole, they not only apologized for the trouble they were giving, but Tom offered to climb up and bring it down, when she was calling for the errand-boy in vain.

'It's no trouble, Sir, thank you; I'd think nothing of that for you, my Lady, nor for Mr. Charnock, which I'm sure I'll never forget all he did for us at the fire, leading my little Alferd out like a lamb! I beg your Ladyship's pardon, Ma'am, if I seemed a bit hasty; but I've been so put about—and I thought at first you'd come in on the same matter, which I'm sure a lady like you wouldn't ever do—about the drains, and such like, which isn't fit for no lady to speak of! As if Water Lane weren't as sweet and clean as it has any call to be, and as if we didn't know what was right by our tenants, which are a bad lot, and don't merit no money to be laid out on them!'

'So you have houses in Water Lane, Mrs. Bungay? I didn't even know it!'

'Yes, Lady Rosamond! My husband and I thought there was no better investment than to buy a bit of land, when the waste was enclosed, and run 'em up cheap. Houses always lets here, you see, and the fire did no damage to that side. But of course you didn't know, Lady Rosamond; a real lady like you wouldn't go prying into what she's no call to, like that fine decked-out body, Duncombe's wife, which had best mind her own children, which it is a shame to see straving about the place! I know it's her doing, which I told young Mrs.

Charnock Poyndsett just now, which I'm right sorry to see led along by the like of her, and so are more of us; and we all wishes some friend would give her a hint, which she is but young—and 'tis doing harm to Mr. Charnock Poyndsett, Lady Rosamond, which all of us have a regard for, as is but right, having been a good customer, and friend to the town and all before him; but we can't have ladies coming in with their fads, and calling us names for not laying out on what's no good to nobody, just to satisfy them! As if Wilsbro' hadn't been always healthy!

Tom was wicked enough to put in a good many notes of sympathy, at the intervals of the conjunctive *whiches*, and to end by declaring, 'Quite right, Mrs. Bungay! You see how much better we've brought up my sister! I say—what's the price of that little doll's broom?'

'What do you want of it, Tom?'

'Never you mind!'

'No mischief, I hope?'

(*To be continued.*)

ODDS AND ENDS OF WEATHER WISDOM AND FRAGMENTS OF FOLK LORE.

LENT.

MARCH 'many weathers,'—which was first under the protection of Mars, and then of Minerva, was at one time held to be the first month in the year. Indeed, till 1752, 'the year of the Lord in that part of Britain called England began on the 25th day of March;' and Philippe de Thaun, who wrote in the early part of the twelfth century, gives the reason for this quaintly enough:—

'In March the year ought always to begin;'

according to that explanation that we find in the book—

'That in the 12 kalends of April, as you understand,
Our Creator made the first,
Where the sun always will begin his course:
But at all times we make the year begin in January,
Because the Romans did so first;
We will not unmake what the elders did.'*

A praiseworthy resolution, certainly. The idea that the world was created at this particular season must have been wide-spread, since Sir Thomas Browne brings many arguments to confute this 'vulgar error,' and to prove that this was by no means necessarily the case;

* Livre de Créatures. Hist. Soc. of Science, p. 48, tr. Wright.

though the reasons for its being chosen most probably 'lay in the fact of its being the first season after the dead of the year, when decided symptoms of a renewal of growth takes place.'

March had several other names. 'Hlyd,' or 'stormy month,' seems peculiarly appropriate, when we remember its windy propensities, and how that 'March hack ham (whatever that may mean) comes in like a lion, and goes out like a lamb;' while 'Rhede' or 'Rethe month' has, according to some writers, something the same meaning, for the word Rede signifies rough or rugged. Others, however, think that this derivation is wrong, and that the name came from the sacrifices which were offered to the goddess Rheda at this time of the year; while it has also been thought to bear some reference to *ræd*, the Saxon word for counsel—'March being the month wherein wars or expeditions were usually undertaken by the Gothic tribes.' However this may be, the name that was most common was Lenct Monat—that is, according to our now orthography, Length Moneth, because the days do then first begin in length to exceed the nights. And this moneth being by our ancestors so called when they received Christianity, and consequently therewith the antient Christian custom of fasting, they called this chiefe season of fasting the fast of Lenct, because of the Lenct Monat, whereon the most part of the time of this fasting alwaies fell; and hereof it commeth that we now call it Lent, it being rather the fast of Lenct, though the former name of Lenct Monat be long since lost, and the name March borrowed instead thereof; but though Verstegen settled this point entirely to his own satisfaction, other writers are not so well agreed. Camden thought that Lent meant springing, because it falleth in the spring, for which our progenitors the Germans use *glent*.* Wachter does not notice this word, but gives four different etymologies instead:—firstly, the same as Verstegen, from *length*, because at the season of Lent the days begin to lengthen; secondly, from *lenitas*, because then the air becomes mild and lenient; thirdly, *glentzen*, to shine or glisten, because it is the most brilliant and beautiful season; and lastly, from the Dutch *lenten*, to dissolve, because the severity of winter is then dissolved. None of these derivations seem quite satisfactory, however, because none of them apply to any other fast than that which is now kept; whereas several Lents used formerly to be observed—namely, the Lent of Easter, the Lent of Pentecost, and the Lent of Advent, to which the Greek Church added two more, those of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

Lent has a few sayings of its own independently of the month in which it principally falls.

'Marry in Lent,
You'll live to repent,'

* Camden's Remaines, p. 84.

is a piece of advice which one often hears given. Lent marriages were forbidden by the Church at the Council of Laodicea, as early as 366; and even at the present time few people care to transgress the warning, though of course the motive is not always the same. In some parts of England it is thought that the children, or at any rate the eldest child of such a marriage, will be deaf and dumb; and consequently, a deaf and dumb person is often called 'a Lent,' or 'a Lent child,' though it is thought that the same fate will befall the children of those people who are in church when their own banns are published, or as the Sussex people elegantly express it, 'hear themselves church-bawled.' It is curious that the root of the daffodil, or 'Lent lily,' is thought to be a remedy for deafness; but I fancy that this is in a great measure owing to the name 'Lent,' which was given to this plant because it flowered at this time of year—for the daffodils

'come before the swallow dares,
And take the winds of March with beauty;'

and certainly nothing can be more lovely than a bed of wild single daffodils, the real 'Lents,' growing as I have seen them grow, deep in the heart of one of the purple woods of Sussex; the mere sight of them making one feel with Wordsworth, that

'Then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.'

The anemone is also sometimes called 'The Little Lent,' or 'The Lent lily,' why I cannot imagine, excepting that school-children have a provoking habit of calling every flower, from a rhododendron to a stock, a lily; and it flowers much about this time—for a variety of this flower, which is also indigenous in England, is called the Pasque-flower.

'Spend in Lent, and you will come to want;' and the north-country—'Eating in Lent, makes sair shent' (ashamed)—both advise against over-indulgence; and the latter certainly dates from before the Reformation; while the Spaniards have a proverb, 'The jail and Lent were made for poor people,' either because neither in prison nor at this season could much money be required, or perhaps because the ancient Christians used to keep a black fast in Lent, and give the value of what they saved in this way to the poor.' The English people generally did not fast in this manner, unless it was during Passion Week; but they fasted nevertheless, for even as late as 1590, Tusser wrote:—

'Watch therefore in Lent, to thy sheepe goe and look,
For dogs will have vitail by hooke and by crooke;'

and his commentator, Hilman, makes a note to this: 'Now from Salt-Fish, Furmity, Gruel, Wiggs,* Milk, Parsnips, Hasty-Pudding,

* Wiggs are what we now call Yeast Dumplings, made of Flour, Butter, Yeast, Milk, Eggs, and Sugar.

Pancakes, and twice a week Eggs, the Farmers' Lenten diet, there is produced very little dogs' meat; and a mort Lamb now and then doth but whet their appetite to mutton, which if they once take to there is no remedy but hanging; '*—so that it would appear from this that the dogs were perforce obliged to imitate their betters, and did not find it much to their taste.

Fuller, writing thirty years later, strongly urged the benefits of fasting, or rather of fish eating, on the ground of expediency if nothing more. 'Nor can Fishermen be kept up, except the public eating of Fish at set times be countenanced—yea enjoined by the State. Some suspect as if there was a Pope in the belly of every fish, and some bones of superstition which would choke a conscientious person, especially if fasting-days be observed. But know that such customs grew from a treble root of Popery, Piety, and Policy; and though the first be plucked up, the others must be watered and maintained; and Statesmen may be mortified and wise, without being superstitious. Otherwise, the not keeping of fasting-days will make us keep fasting-days. I mean, the not forbearing of flesh for the feeding on fish for the good of the State, will in process of time prove the ruin of Fishermen, they of Seamen, both of Englishmen. . . . Nor is there any hope of redressing this but by keeping up fasting-days, which our Ancestors so solemnly observed. I say our Ancestors who were not so weak in making as we are wilful in breaking them.'

Fuller's contemporary, Herrick, however, takes a truer view of the subject in his beautiful little poem, 'To Keep a True Lent,' which I have quoted here, because I do not think it is nearly so well known as it deserves to be:—

'Is this a faste, to keep
The larder leane and cleane
From fat of veales and sheep?
Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still to fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to faste an hour,
Or ragg'd to go, or show
A downcaste look and soure?
Nay, 'tis a faste to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat and meat
Unto the hungry soul;

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate and hate,
And circumsise thy life;
To shew a heart grief rent,
To starve thy sin, not bin—
And that's to keep thy Lent.' †

* Hilman's Tusser Redivivus, 1710.

† Noble Numbers, Vol. II., p. 280.

The Sundays in Lent are all (excepting the first) named in the following distich—

‘There’s Tid, Mid, and Misery,
Carling, Palm, and Paste Egg day.’

The first three names are taken from the beginning of the *Te Deum*, *Mi Deus*, and *Miserere Mei*, this last being the Psalm from which the neck-verse, or verse which was read by a malefactor in former days (in order to prove that he could read, and was therefore entitled to claim the benefit of the clergy) was taken. William of Deloraine was evidently thinking of this when he said,

‘And better by none may thy errand be done,
Than, noble Dame, by me;
For letter or line know I never a one,
Were’t my neck-verse at Haribee.’

The Fourth or Mid-Lent Sunday was sometimes called *Dominica Refectionis*, or Refreshment Sunday, from the Gospel of the day, which gives the account of our Lord’s feeding the five thousand, while the First Morning Lesson told of Joseph’s conduct to his brethren, and Benjamin’s mess. The most common name, however, and one which still holds its own among us, is Mothering Sunday. This name originally took its rise from the sentence *Jerusalem mater omnium*, which came in the fourth chapter of Galatians, the Epistle for the day. In the good old times it used to be the custom for people to visit their mother or parish church on this day, and make an offering at the High Altar for the benefit of the priest; and as in nine cases out of ten the heads of the family would still remain in their own parish, however much the younger members might stray, the house-mother would also be visited at the same time. So that it seemed a natural and easy sequence, when the former practice was discontinued, that the latter should take its place. Anyway, the mother always had a present brought her on this day; and a peculiar kind of cake, which was partly boiled and partly baked, called a simnel, was eaten.

Bury seems to have had a *spécialité* for this delicacy, judging by the following lines on ‘The Good Rounde Sugarye King of Cakes, a Burye Symnelle.’

‘It speakes of deareste familye tyes,
From friende to friende in Lent it hyes;
To all good fellowshype it cries,
I’m a right trew Burye Symnelle.’

Mid-Lent Sunday had yet another name, *Dominica Rosa* or Rose Sunday, because this was the Sunday on which the Pope blessed a golden rose,* which was first carried in procession and then given to the

* This rose was the emblem of silence; and in 1526 the consecrated rose was put over the principal confessional at Rome, in order to denote the secrecy that was to be observed there; Italian writers say that this was the origin of the phrase *sub rosa*, or under the rose.

principal person then at Rome, though it was occasionally sent to some foreign king. Fulk, Count of Anjou, was the first prince to whom it was sent, by Urban II., in 1096 ; while in 1524 Clement VII. sent Henry VIII. the consecrated rose, which was a tree of pure gold half a yard high, and with branches, leaves, and flowers, set in a flower-pot of the same material. The custom (which seems to have been grafted on the still older custom of blessing two keys that had been rubbed with the filings of St. Peter's chains) dates from 1049, when Pope Leo IX. gave certain privileges to the Convent of St. Croix at Wolfenheim in Lorraine, which had been founded by his father Hugh, and his mother Heilvige, and his brothers Gerard and Hugh.

‘Il la mit sous la protection spéciale du SS. en sorte que nulle personne de quelque qualité qu'elle soit n'y exerce aucune autorité mais qu'elle jouisse d'une pleine liberté ; et qu'après la mort de Kuenza qui en était abbesse les religieuses choisissent de leur communauté ou d'ailleurs celle qui leur paroîtra la plus propre, réservant toujours au Pape le droit de la bénir et en reconnaissance d'un privilège si singulier l'abbesse donnera tous les ans au SS. une rose d'or du poids de deux onces Romaines.’ *

Carling, Carrying, or Care Sunday, had a rhyme of its own :—

‘Care Sunday carry away,
Palm Sunday and Easter Day.’

In many parts of England, peas, after having, been steeped a night in water, were fried in butter and given away and eaten on the Fifth Sunday in Lent, which was called Care or Carle Sunday. For this reason the peas were called Carlings, and in this way the Sunday itself got the name of Carling Sunday, the original word having been derived from the German Care or Karr, which means a satisfaction for a fine or penalty.† A writer in Notes and Queries‡ says that ‘in the old Roman calendar a dole of beans used to be made on this day. (the 12th March.) It was usual among the early Catholics to give away beans in the doles at funerals ; and this was also a rite in the funeral ceremonies of heathen Rome. There is a great deal of learning in Erasmus' Adagia concerning the religious use of beans, which were thought to belong to the dead, for which cause they were also used in the Parentalia. Ridiculous and absurd as these observations may appear, it is yet certain that our carlings§ deduce their origin from thence.’ One would like to trace the intermediate links in the chain.

Everyone knows Palm Sunday, and most people have some pleasant associations connected with it : perhaps the name brings back the

* Histoire de Lorraine, par R. P. Dom. Calmet, Nancy, 1745.

† Good Friday is called both Gute Freytag and Carr Freytag in Germany.

‡ Vol. V., First Series, p. 611.

§ It is curious that the First Sunday after Easter is called Bean Sunday in Switzerland.

remembrance of the little sprigs of yew, willow, and hazel, by courtesy called palms, stuck about the church; at any rate, it must bring to mind one or more hunts in the wet willow beds and hazel copses for the catkins and pussy palms; and then the delight of telling one's fortune—'This year, next year, now or never!'—with the pussys, this being the less sentimental (and English) version of poor Marguerite's experiment with the daisy in Faust. Palm Sunday has many other names, Yew Sunday, (yew trees are called palms in Kent,) Branch and Flower Sunday, being the most common. In country places the little branches of willow which are brought to church are called palms, and the resemblance between the palm of the hand and the plant is marked and pointed out by the belief that if you have not a palm in your hand on Palm Sunday you will lose your hand. Sunday-school children are careful that their special favourites shall run no risk of this, for the supply with which they furnish you is usually much more than you can conveniently carry in both hands; and as the greatest slight you can offer is to refuse to take the palms or to throw them away after you have accepted them, you are often at your wits' end to know how to dispose of them during service.

Brand says that willow was taken as a substitute for the palm,* because it is generally in bloom at this time; but I have heard another reason given for the willows being chosen. Palm Sunday corresponds with the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, when the Jews were bidden to dwell in booths in remembrance of their wanderings in the wilderness, and these were to be constructed of branches of palm, olive, and willow. Of these the willow is the only one obtainable in any quantity in England, and therefore it represents the other two, and bears the name of the principal one.

The ceremony of bearing palms on Palm Sunday was retained in England after many other old customs were dropped, and was one of those which Henry VIII. declared in 1536 were not to be condemned or cast away, but the people were to carry their palms discreetly.

Palm Sunday is also called in the West of England Fig or Figgy Sunday. The name must have come from a remembrance of our Lord's desire to eat figs on the way to Bethany on the Monday following; and figs or raisins (which in Devonshire are called figs,† a plum-cake being a figgy cake) are eaten in consequence.

Besides the Sundays, many of the days in Lent had special names of their own, which were taken from either the miracles or parables: thus the fourth Wednesday was *L'Aveugle né*, while the second Saturday was *L'Enfant prodigue*, and the third Thursday *Le malade de 38 ans*. Monday and Tuesday in Holy Week are (I believe) nameless, but

* That the catkins were called palms is shewn in the monastic verse—

'Albescit palmæ coma, ramus ejus osanna,
Audit Christicola vociferante viro.

† A raisin is a fig, and a common dried fig is a broad fig.

Wednesday is called Spy Wednesday, because Judas made his compact with the Sanhedrim on that day; and the Spaniards say that it always rains, because on that day it was that Peter went out and wept bitterly, and they think that it behoves the heavens to weep after this manner, as if in commemoration of his tears.*

Thursday is called Shere and Maundy Thursday. It is called Shere 'for that in old Fathers' time the people would that day shere theyr hedes and clyppe theyr berdes and pool theyr hedes, and so make them honest ayent Easter Day;' for the same reason Palm Sunday used to be called Capitilavium, because the heads of those persons who were to be baptized were washed on this day, baths having been forbidden during Lent. Johnson gives two derivations for Maundy; either from *dies mandati*, this being the day on which our Blessed Lord gave His great mandate, that we should love one another, or from *maund*, a hand-basket, in which the kings were wont to give alms to the poor; † but the maund or basket is now thought to have taken its name from instead of having given it to the day.

The kings of England used to wash the feet, and give food, clothing, and alms to as many poor people as they were years old. The custom was begun by Edward III. when he was fifty, and the practice of almsgiving is still continued; but James II. was the last king who actually washed the feet, though the ceremony was performed by deputy for some little time longer. In the Netherlands it is thought that eggs laid on Maundy Thursday (Witten Donderday) are good against thunder and lightning; while in Denmark, and also in Germany, the peasants put nine kinds of herbs into their soup on this day, which is called Hvid Torsdag, ‡ though I do not know what is the reason given for this practice.

Good Friday with all the sacred associations that the very name brings to mind seems too solemn a day to be mentioned here; and yet there are so many superstitions connected with it, that it is impossible to pass it by unnoticed. Customs differ in different countries, but most unite in the endeavour to express utter abhorrence of Judas Iscariot. In all Roman Catholic parts of the world the bells are forbidden to be rung; and the bells of the Convent of Santa Theresa at Madrid alone have the privilege of tolling on this day. The Maltese at Valetta jangle the church bells in execration of Judas, § while the children at Boppard on the Rhine make a horrible noise with rattles, which they call breaking the bones of Judas, which it is well known will not rest in his grave; and at Naples the lazzaroni throw broken pieces of crockery violently down the steps on which they sit, for the same reason. In some of the

* The Doctor. Southey, p. 204.

† Some of the great noblemen used also to give alms on Maundy Thursday. See the Earl of Northumberland's household book, 1512.

‡ Thorpe's Northern Mythology, vol. iii., 328.

§ It is curious that in the south of England a cracked church bell is spoken of as a regular Judas.

northern towns in Italy it is hardly safe for a red-haired person to venture out of doors, since 'everybody knows' that Judas had hair of this colour; and Shakespeare alludes to this belief in 'As you Like it, when Rosalind says of Orlando,

'His very hair is of the dissembling colour.
Cel. Something browner than Judas's.' *

Nares says that it has been conjectured that the odium attached to red hair originated in England, from the aversion there felt to the red-haired Danes, 'which may or may not be true;' but this would hardly account for the general dislike, for Thiers in his *Histoire des Perruques*, gives it as one of the reasons for wearing wigs—'*Les rousseaux portèrent des perruques pour cacher la couleur de leurs cheveux qui sont en horreur à tout le monde parce que Judas à ce qu' on prétend était rousseau;*' and there is a German proverb, '*Rother-bart, Teufels art,*' which also seems to point to the same belief.† An effigy of Judas Iscariot used to be burnt at Athens; but the Greek Government, out of respect to one of the Rothschilds, who happened to be there in 1847, forbade Judas to be burnt in any of the Greek churches, and a riot consequently took place.

The Portuguese and South Americans have another curious custom, that of flogging Judas Iscariot. Last Good Friday, it was solemnly performed by the crews of the various ships of these nations, lying in the London dock. At day-break, a roughly carved block of wood was clothed in an ordinary sailor's dress, and hoisted by a rope round the neck into the fore-rigging. The crews of the various ships then went to chapel; and on their return the figure was first ducked, then kicked round the deck, afterwards lashed to the capstan and flogged; and finally, about one o'clock, taken with much ceremony to the galley amidships and burnt. The paper in which I saw this account, mentioned a curious fact: that at Easter-tide 1277, during the reign of Edward I., seven Portuguese sailors were hung at Dover, for setting fire to the shipping in the harbour while burning a figure of Judas; and an Act was then passed, which, while excusing itself from any imputation of admiration or concurrence with the conduct of Judas, stated that such exhibitions were fraught with dangers to shipping, and not being conducive to good morals, were therefore to be abolished.

I am afraid that the accusation, that one so often hears made, that Englishmen have no way of expressing their feelings except by eating,

* Act III., scene 4.

† The tradition about the colour of Judas's hair did not come from the East, but is of German origin; no allusion to it is found in the works of the Fathers of the Church or of other early ecclesiastical writers.—*Kelly's 'Indo-European Traditions,'* p. 297. It is curious that the Bretons declare that Judas was born in Normandy, between Caen and Rouen. They say, '*Judas était Normand. Tout le monde le dit. Entre Caen et Rouen, le malheureux naquit. Il vendit son Seigneur pour triente marcs contants, au diable soient tous les Normands.*

must be true in the main ; for the hot cross bun is now *our* only national observance—and even the significance of that seems lost.* There is a nursery rhyme :—

‘ One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns ;
If you have no daughters, give them to your sons ;
If you have none of these little elves,
Then you must eat them, eat them, eat them all yourselves ;’

and a Good Friday bun is often preserved as a charm against ague, thunder and lightning, and fire.

There is a Lincolnshire rhyme :—

‘ A wet Good Friday and Saturday,
Bring plenty of grass, but little hay ;’

and the Germans have an idea that if it rains on Good Friday, the turf will be parched three times during the year. Also that you must not go into the garden on that day, for it will bring caterpillars ; but at the same time, the Devonshire folk hold that it is lucky to sow anything—but more especially peas—on Good Friday, as this ensures a good crop.

England certainly once had a custom peculiar to herself and to no other nation ; for Good Friday was the day on which rings were blessed by the Kings of England, and afterwards given away as remedies for the cramp, fever, and falling-sickness. These ‘*medijcinable*’ rings were held in high favour, and even recommended by the physicians of the day ; for Andrew Boorde, in his ‘*Breviary of Healthe*,’ (1557,) says, ‘*The kynges majesty hath a great help in this matter in hollowing crampe ringes, and so given without mony or petition.*’ These rings must certainly have been the progenitors of the broad ‘*rheumatical rings*,’ that one so often sees worn by the cottagers—more especially the men, though even the children are sometimes adorned with them ; for only a day or two ago, I saw a little girl in the village school, with a ring on her finger ; and the school-mistress told me that the child’s mother had sent a message, to beg that she might be allowed to keep it, as it was ‘*good for fits.*’

The original rings were, as we see by the household books of Edward VI. and Henry VI., made of either gold or silver, according to the metal which formed the king’s Good Friday offering. The king used to go in state to chapel ; and after creeping to the cross as a token of humility, solemnly blessed the rings, which were placed in a silver bason beside the

* Hot cross buns are the ecclesiastical Eulogiæ or Consecrated loaves bestowed in the Church as alms, and to those who could not receive the Host. They were made from the dough from which the Host itself was taken, and were given by the priest to the people after Mass, just before the congregation was dismissed. They were kissed before they were eaten, and marked with a cross, as our Good Friday buns are.—*Hone’s ‘Year Book,’* vol. i., 405. Other writers have, however, traced our hot cross buns to the Pagan custom of worshipping the Queen of Heaven with cakes.

crucifix, using a certain form of prayer which had been appointed for the occasion. The custom arose from the veneration in which the ring of Edward the Confessor was held. This ring, which was sometimes called the wedding-ring of England, was kept at Westminster Abbey, and was thought to be a sovereign remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to; and the story connected with it, as told in the 'Golden Legende,' is curious enough to be worth noting. Edward the Confessor being one day asked for alms by a certain 'fayre olde man,' the King found nothing to give him except his ring, with which the poor man thankfully departed. Some time after, two English pilgrims in the Holy Land having lost their road, as they travelled at the close of the day, 'there came to them a fayre auntyent man wyth whyte heer for age. Then the olde man axed them what they were, and of what regyon. And they answered that they were Pylgryms of Englonde, and hadde lost their felyshyp and way also. Then this olde man comforted them goodly, and brought them into a fayre cytee; and when they had well refreshed them, and rested them all night, on the morn this fayre olde man went with them, and brought them into the right way again. And he was glad to hear them talk of the welfare and holynesse of theyr kyng, Saynt Edward; and when he shold depart fro them, then he told them what he was, and sayd, I am Johan the evangelyst; and saye ye unto Edward your king, that I greet him well by the token that he gaaf to me this rynge with his one hondes, whych rynge ye shalle delyuer to hym agayne; and when he had delyuered them the rynge, he departed from them sodenly. He further told them that the kyng should soon after receiving the rynge depart this life, and remain with him for ever; which thing came to pass.' St. Edward received and recognized the ring, and shortly after was taken ill on Christmas Eve, and died on the Eve of the Epiphany.

There are a great many traditions connected with the Cross of Our Blessed Lord—more particularly of the wood of which it was made. The most common belief in England is, that it was made of aspen, (*Populus Tremula*) and that the leaves have trembled ever since at the recollection of their guilt; but there is another legend too—that 'At the awful hour of the Passion, from the loftiest tree to the lowliest flower all felt a sudden thrill, and trembling bowed their heads—all excepting the proud and obdurate aspen, which said, "Why should *we* weep and tremble? we trees and plants and flowers are pure, and never sinned!" Ere it ceased to speak, an involuntary trembling seized its every leaf, and the word went forth that it should never cease, but tremble on to the day of judgement.' There is also a tradition in the West of England, that the Cross was made of mistletoe, which up till then had been a stately forest tree, but was condemned to lead a parasitical existence thenceforth; but it has been suggested that this superstition may be in some way connected with the myth that mistletoe formed the arrow with which the blind Hodur, at the instigation of Lok, the spirit of evil, killed

Baldur—Frigga having exacted an oath from everything to spare Baldur, except one little shrub that grew on the western side of the Valhala, which was called mistletoe, and which she thought too young and feeble to crave aught from. The Gypsies believe that the Cross was made of ash; and that the ivy, holly, and pine, being innocent, keep alive all the winter, and look green all the year; but the ash, like the oak, made a cross against Him, and they have to remain dead all through the winter. * While in 'Notes and Queries' (vol. vii., p. 177.) it is said that the Cross was made of elder,† and that woodmen look carefully into the faggots before they burn them, for fear there should be any of this wood in them; though in Gerarde's Herbal it is said, that the vulgar believed that Judas hanged himself on the elder tree, and not on the Judas tree, (*Cereis siliquastrum*.) as is generally thought.

But the most common mediæval belief was, that the Cross was made of three different woods—cedar, cypress, and olive; and the legend that was most commonly accepted was: When Adam felt his end approaching, he sent Seth to the gate of the Garden of Eden to beg for some drops of the oil of mercy, that distilled from the Tree of Life; but the Angel told him that he must wait five thousand years. He gave him, however, a cutting from the Tree, and he planted it on Adam's grave. It grew into a tree of three branches, from one of which Moses' rod was taken: and Solomon had it cut down to make a pillar for the Temple; but it was always either too short or too long, and would not fit; so it was placed aside, till the Queen of Sheba came, and foretold that it would one day cause the destruction of the Jews. King Solomon then had it removed, and buried on the spot where the Pool of Bethesda was afterwards made, and the tree communicated the power of healing to the water, till at the time of our Lord's Passion, the wood rose, and floated on the water, and was taken for the upright beam of the Cross.‡ The legends certainly remind us that 'Trees and woods have twice saved the world,' first by the Ark, and then by the Cross; making full amends for the evil fruit of the tree in Paradise, by *that* which was borne on the Tree in Golgotha.§

Nor are trees alone to be noticed; the *Arum maculatum* is called Gethsemane in Cheshire, because it is said to have been growing at the foot of the Cross, and to have received some drops of blood on its leaves.

' Those deep unwrought marks,
The villager will tell thee,
Are the flower's portion from the atoning blood
On Calvary shed. Beneath the Cross it grew.'

Though perhaps the most touching of all is that of the robin, who is said

* Leland's 'English Gypsies.'

† It is certainly curious that these three—the mistletoe, the ash, and the elder, were all held sacred by the Northern nations.

‡ Curzon's 'Monasteries of the Levant.'

§ Evelyn's 'Sylva.'

to have gained his red breast by trying to pluck a thorn from the Crown * of our Blessed Lord.

One cannot, however, help noticing the passion flower, 'the one great contributor of the Western hemisphere to the symbolical flowers of Christendom.' It was first made known in 1609, whilst Bosio was labouring over his ponderous folio, the Triumphs of the Cross; and he paused accordingly, half doubtful whether he ought to say anything about the *stupendo e maraviglioso fiore*, of which he had been told, seeing that it was a matter almost too *mostruosa e straordinaria* for belief, but quite unwilling to omit all notice of it, especially as he was daily receiving new confirmation of its wonders.† Can one not quite sympathize in the delight and astonishment caused to the old father, by the wonderful news. Bosio's chief authority was Father Emmanuello de Villegas, an Augustinian monk, and native of Mexico, who was at this time in Rome; but Father Emmanuel's wonderful account was confirmed by many persons, *di qualità e di gravità*, who had travelled in New Spain. It would seem, says Bosio, that in this marvellous 'flower of the five wounds,' (*flor de las cinco llagas*,) as the Spaniards called it, the Creator of the world had chosen to represent the principal emblems of His Son's Passion, so that it would in due season assist in the conversion of the heathen people in whose country it grew.‡ He then goes on to describe the flower—though the following description is not his, but one which I once met with in an old Roman Catholic Florist: 'The leaves represent the spear which pierced our Saviour's side; the tendrils, the cords which bound Him, and the scourge of small cords; the ten petals, the ten Apostles who deserted Him; the pillar in the centre of the flower, the column to which He was bound; the stamina, the hammer; the styles, the nails; the inner circle, the crown of thorns; the radius round the centre pillar, the crown of glory; the white in the flower, a type of purity; the blue, of heaven. It keeps open three days and then dies, denoting the death, burial, and resurrection, of our Lord.' Bosio further suggests that the close shrouding of the flower may have been designed by infinite wisdom, as an indication that the mysteries of the Cross were not to be revealed to the heathen people of those countries until such time as it seemed good to Him.

Easter Eve is sometimes called Shitten or Shut-in Saturday, because it was the day that our Blessed Lord lay in the grave. It is a common superstition, that if any one goes into the churchyard on Easter Eve, and listens at the graves, they will hear voices; but the listener will not be able to understand what is said, unless he asks a question. The

* The French peasantry believe that the Crown of Thorns was made of hawthorn, and that the May trees groan in sorrowful remembrance on Good Friday.

† Sacred Trees and Flowers, Quarterly, 114, 1863.

‡ Sketches and Studies, by R. T. King.

question will be answered, but he will die before the month is out. At the same time, nobody can expect to be fortunate during the following year, unless he passes through the churchyard on Easter Eve, though nothing can be more unfortunate than to do so at any other time. I have heard of a labouring man who always preferred to go nearly a mile out of his way going to and returning from his work, than to take the short cut that would lead through the churchyard.

In former days there was an old custom of making and watching the sepulchre on Easter Eve. The practice was founded upon an ancient tradition, that the second coming of Christ would be on Easter Eve. Its ceremonies varied in different places; but the watching the sepulchre during the whole day and two nights, between Good Friday and Easter Day, was invariable. The small low window which is frequently found on the south side of the church, under another window, is supposed by some to have been for the purpose of watching the light from the sepulchre.

The great feature of Easter Eve, however, was the eggs,* from which it took the name of Egg Saturday. Eggs have been given both in the Eastern and Western Church, as a token of the Resurrection, from time immemorial.

In former days these eggs were solemnly blessed by the priests, and being generally elaborately coloured, were carefully preserved; and certainly a nicely painted Easter egg is a very pretty thing, and one that is not at all easy to make, as most people know by sad experience—since, however carefully one may manage one's colours, they are tolerably certain to come in precisely the wrong place; or else, if they have been successful, the egg is sure to break when one has just succeeded in laboriously scratching out a long inscription.

In the North of England it is still the custom for boys to go Pace or Peace † Egging on Easter Eve. That is begging for eggs, or an equivalent in money—the custom being a kind of combination of the Christmas mumming and the Lent shroving. Two or three boys dress up as 'The Captain,' 'Little Devil Doubt,' 'Toss-pot,' 'Bessy,' and 'The Miser,' and go round to the different houses in the neighbourhood, singing a kind of dramatic song, each verse ending with a chorus.

'Whatever you give us we claim as our right,
'Then bow with our heads, and wish you good night;'

while, in conclusion, the whole company shout—

'Now, ladies and gentlemen who sit by the fire,
Put your hands in your pockets—'tis all we desire;
Put your hands in your pockets, and you'll find your purse:
We shall all be the better, and you sha'n't be the worse.'

* There is a curious book of emblems, with one hundred engravings of eggs with devices on them, called '*Ova Paschalia*, à Georgio Stengelio, Soc. Jesu, 1672.'

† From *L. pascha*, derived from the Hebrew word signifying a passage.

It is quite pathetic the efforts that the early writers have made to escape from the true derivation of the word Easter: some trying to trace it from the word *Eust* to *Eat*, when with the prothesis of the *f* to feast we had its name Easter, from the liberty restored of eating animal food after the tedious season of Lent! One cannot but admire the ingenuity of this derivation. Wheatly and others endeavour to trace it to the Saxon *oster*, to rise; a third party think it is connected with the East, because the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, and therefore may be considered a type of the Resurrection. This appears quite sufficiently far-fetched. Finally, *Urghstand*, or Resurrection, has been suggested. Most people, however, are contented to allow that the name originally belonged to the goddess Eostre, whose festival was celebrated in April.

But if the name was a difficulty, the time at which Easter was to be celebrated was no less so. Without mentioning all the disputes, which were endless, it may be worth while to note the one which affected the English Church alone. The quarrels between the Irish Catholic and the Roman Catholic Churches ran high, and were only settled in 664, when the King of Northumbria had the question discussed before him at Whitby, by St. Colman and St. Wilfrid, and finally decided to side with the Church founded by St. Peter, rather than that founded by St. Columba. Certainly, matters must have come to a point, when the Venerable Bede, speaking of the priests of the Irish Church, thought proper to imply, that though they were *conspicuous for piety and learning*, yet their sanctity and learning would prove unavailing, because they kept their Easter at the wrong time of the year! *

There was an old fancy that the sun on Easter Day used to dance for joy when it rose, and people used to get up early in the morning, and ascend some high hill, to see it perform these unaccustomed feats; in Scotland it was even more active, for there it was expected to whirl round like a mill-wheel, and give three leaps; though a peasant, of a practical turn of mind, rebuked his friend for being presumptuous enough to hope to see this, by saying, 'Fool! and dost thou think to see the sun rise, when she rises beyond Edinbro', and so many hills as there are in the way?' † In the South of England people find the same difficulty in seeing the wished-for sight; but they prefer to attribute it to supernatural, rather than to natural, causes; they hold that the devil takes care to put some obstacle in the way, out of spite.

There are many superstitions connected with Easter, which still linger among us. Here are a few of them: You must wear some new article of dress, if it is only a new pair of gloves, on Easter Sunday, otherwise the birds will be angry with you, and find some means of marking their displeasure. If the wind is in the east on Easter Day, it is good to draw

* As Easter cannot now fall earlier than the 22nd of March, or later than the 25th of April, these days are called Easter Bounds or Easter Limits.

† Campbell's Tales of the Highlands, vol. iv., 386.

water and wash yourself in it; by this means you will feel no ill effects from the east wind throughout the rest of the year: further, a good mistress of a house will take care to visit every room in the house before she eats her breakfast, and then no house-keeping troubles will afflict her for the next twelve months.

(To be continued.)

B. C. C.

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER X.

CECIL and Helen agreed that everything they ate tasted much better than usual, in consequence of the state of freedom in which they dined; and after dinner they equipped themselves rapidly, and went out into the pleasant bright cold day in high spirits. As they went out, Cecil sang, in her clear bird-like voice—

'If the sky was always blue,
And no fleecy clouds were there,
Rain might never fall, 'tis true—
But would heaven be as fair?

Every shadow brings delight,
Be it on the earth or skies;
If the world was always bright,
We should die with dazzled eyes.'

And Helen sighed, and said, 'Ah, dear me, how I wish I could sing!'

'No, you don't,' replied Cecil; 'for then Uncle James would make you sing at this penny-reading, and that would frighten you out of your wits!'

'And does it not frighten you, Cecil? I mean the idea of doing such a thing.'

'Yes, a little, not much; not more than I like being frightened. I expect rather to enjoy this penny-reading business, though Uncle James *does* approve of it.'

'Now see, Cecil—I am sure we have walked sixty yards.'

'Oh, let us return instantly, then,' cried Cecil, turning round with a little run; 'what *would* have happened to us, Helen, if we had walked sixty-one yards? I can't bear to contemplate such an idea—can you?'

But when they reached the turn of the road on the other side of the gate, Cecil went boldly on.

'Here we are, Cecil!' said her cousin. 'Now we must turn.'

'You silly child!' cried Cecil. 'You don't suppose we are going to observe those ridiculous bounds—nonsense! pray come on!'

'I think we had better not.'

'Don't be troublesome, my dear; do what your elders and betters tell you!'

'Well, I suppose there is no harm in a little way,' replied Helen, yielding as usual.

'No, nor in a great way either!' laughed Cecil.

And so they proceeded along the road.

'Don't you think we should turn back now?' asked Helen presently.

'No; on the contrary, I think we shouldn't,' replied Cecil, walking rather faster than before.

'But, Cecil, how far *do* you mean to go?'

'How far, dear? Oh, I am going into Byfield!' replied she, quite coolly.

'Into Byfield?'

'Yes, certainly. I want to buy gloves, and white riband to string my pearl necklace on; and you know I *can't* get either, nearer home than Byfield.'

'What a daring creature you are!'

'Oh dear me! am I? Then I am much to be pitied—to be daring with so little to dare. I should *like* to dare, Helen; but how can I? I am bound hand and foot.'

'Well, nobody would think so, who saw how your bound feet are making very rapid progress!'

'Yes—between Fernley and Byfield,' replied Cecil, with a contempt that was actually bitter; 'a liberty worth boasting of—is it not?'

'And you are really going to buy gloves and elastic, for the ball?'

'Yes, really!'

'But, do you intend to go? do you expect to go? I can't quite understand about it, Cecil; it seems impossible, out of the question, that you should either mean it, or do it; and yet you actually prepare, and make purchases, and talk as if you did.'

'I can't help myself,' was the impatient reply. 'I hardly understand my own meaning; only one thing is certain—if I don't prepare and have everything ready, I can't go; and if I do, I *may*.'

'Yes, perhaps you might,' answered Helen doubtfully; 'but do you think that you would really have courage enough? Not now—one has always plenty of courage beforehand—but when the actual minute comes. It is all very well to talk about it, Cecil; but just fancy *doing* it!'

'That's just what I *do* fancy beyond anything else,' replied Cecil coolly. 'Courage? Oh no—I shall not want courage! If that is all that is required, I should be quite content, and could wait patiently till the happy evening came.'

'You are a great deal braver than I am.'

'Well, I am not a coward, and Juliet is not a coward. I think we are a brave pair, and have pluck enough to carry out an adventure of this sort.'

‘If you were found out?’

‘I should not so much mind that, if it was over, and I had had my ball. I really am not afraid of Uncle James. What can he do to me, after all? He can only make himself very disagreeable; and he does that about every little trifle. I don’t see what he could do more about a great thing like this, than he does fifty times in a day about trumpery nonsenses. He can only *go on*, and I think we are used to *that* by this time, Helen.’

‘I don’t know,’ said Helen. ‘I think he *must* do something more for such a tremendous offence. His wrath would be fearful.’

‘He could only scold, and he scolds for everything *and* nothing, already. What *could* he do? Just reflect—he can’t kill me or put me in prison, or have me tried—not if I went to forty balls. He could only scold.’

‘If that’s really true,’ said Helen thoughtfully, ‘perhaps that’s why he does it so much. But I’ll tell you what, Cecil; he could send you to school!’

‘That would not be a punishment,’ was the calm reply. ‘I should *like* to go to school.’

‘Why, you would be kept more under control there than anywhere,’ cried Helen. ‘Of all the girls in the world, you are the least fitted for school.’

‘Oh *dear* no! I shouldn’t, and I’m not. There would be no petty tyranny, no impertinent interference. A few rules, and plenty of fun, and everybody on honour not to break the first or carry the last too far—that is my idea of school.’

‘Is it? It is not mine, nor anything like it. Such a walk as ours of yesterday or to-day would be out of the question. There is far too much surveillance for that. The only liberties the girls take are, getting in books they are not allowed to read, and cooking suppers in bed. And I am sure you would not care for either of those.’

‘No, indeed!’ cried Cecil, with a contemptuous curl of her lip. ‘I hardly think I should! I suppose you picked up all this information at Brighton, when you went there for your health.’

Helen laughed; and the conversation dropped here, as they had entered the High Street in Byfield; and Cecil, turning into Vellacote’s shop, bought her gloves and her white elastic.

While she was employed in choosing the former, she was accosted by Captain Feversham, who took the top of his stick out of his mouth to wish her good-day.

‘You’re not tired with your early rising, Miss Vaux,’ said he. ‘You’re as blooming as ever!’

‘Not at all,’ replied Cecil, blushing till she felt she must be looking very blooming indeed. ‘I am accustomed to *rise* early.’

‘I’m not,’ replied Captain Feversham. ‘And I don’t think it’s at all a good invention—I don’t indeed!’

‘We always get up by candle-light in winter.’

‘What an awful experience! I say, Miss Vaux, how’s Mademoiselle?’

‘She is not well, I suppose—we left her in bed.’

‘Hullo! in bed! Well, that is a shame! But are you quite sure you know? for you thought she was ill in bed this morning.’ And here Captain Feversham gave a sudden little burst of rapidly suppressed laughter.

‘I don’t know whether she’s ill,’ replied Cecil, rather abruptly; ‘but I know she is in bed.’ And even as she spoke the words, in at the shop-door daintily tripped Mademoiselle de Lys, charmingly dressed in her best hat and feather, her seal-skin jacket, and black-satin petticoat, with her eyes sparkling, with a sweet little pink colour in her cheeks, and her whole air and *mise* saying, ‘Here I am—quite perfect in my way—look at me, ye standers by, and admire with wonder!’

The two girls and Captain Feversham were facing the shop-door, so that there could be no mistake about what they saw. The astonishment evinced by the pupils and the governess at thus recognizing each other was unbounded; and during the first moments there was no attempt at concealment on either side. Captain Feversham sucked the head of his stick in unemotional silence, and stared his usual stare, guiltless of all expression.

‘Ah ciel!’ was what the Frenchwoman cried, starting back from the door of the shop as she uttered the exclamation.

‘Why, it’s Mademoiselle!’ said the English girls, rising from their seats, all flutter and amazement.

The elder lady recovered herself first. She gave a quick look at Captain Feversham, who, as if in reply to it, slowly withdrew the head of his stick from his mouth, and said ‘All right!’

After that, she advanced hastily towards the girls, with the advantages of authority and displeasure on her side. ‘And what means this?’ she exclaimed. ‘You who should be in your home places—here—in a shop—alone—is this like-lady behaviour? I ask you—is it?’

‘Why, Mademoiselle,’ replied Cecil, speaking for both, as Helen looked and felt quite out of countenance, ‘we thought you were in bed!’

But Mademoiselle had by this time got back her self-possession, and had no idea of making an *esclandre* in a shop. ‘You came too fast for me, young ladies!’ she said calmly. ‘I followed quickly as was possible, for your good papa likes it not that you do take the walks alone; but you came too fast for me.’

‘We have finished our business,’ replied Cecil coolly, ‘and will return home with you if you like.’

She bowed to Captain Feversham as she spoke, who returned the salute; but when they had left the shop they found that he was accompanying them. The girls felt this was not right, and glanced appealingly at Mademoiselle, who returned their uncomfortable looks by presenting to them the most serene countenance imaginable.

'Before we say good-bye,' said Cecil, suddenly stopping, 'I can ask you, Captain Feversham, how Mrs. Wyndham is this afternoon?'

'Mrs. Wyndham?' replied that brilliant young officer. 'Ah—yes—the Colonel's wife; I know who you mean. She's a deal better, Miss Vaux—going on swimmingly—she is indeed.'

'Walk quickly, Cecile,' cried her governess, 'I perish with the cold.'

Cecil and Helen obeyed her orders. They walked with as much speed as they could command, for they were chagrined and annoyed at the position in which they found themselves, and asked for nothing better than to get out of it as soon as possible. They walked on then, not looking behind them, and were hardly aware of how the distance increased between them and their companions, who followed at a decidedly slower pace.

'What is the meaning of it all?' cried Cecil impatiently; 'pretending to be in her bed, and then walking coolly into Vellacote's shop! Helen, is she not intolerable?'

'She might say the same of us, Cecil.'

'Why, we did not pretend to be ill in bed.'

'But she had as little idea of finding us there as we had of her coming in.'

'Why does she pretend to be ill? and what was she doing at the ivy gate before breakfast? and what brought her here now?'

'O Cecil, how can I tell? But I feel as if we had no more business here than she has; and I am quite sure she will turn the tables upon us, and make it appear as if it was all our fault.'

'Let her—who cares?'

'I do,' replied Helen, with rather a weary tone in her young voice. 'I feel as if we *were* wrong. Do you know, Cecil, I think we were really happier before you took up these notions that we needn't obey, and when we didn't do the sort of things that get us into scrapes.'

'O Helen, you can't mean that! then we should not have met Juliet.'

Helen reflected. 'We should not have missed that,' she replied sagely, 'if we had never known it; and it was *very* pleasant when we were ignorant of her name, and talked of her as the fair one with golden locks; here Helen gave a little sigh to the memory of the innocent pleasures of the past—'very pleasant, and so safe.'

'You always think so much about safety,' said Cecil, with some contempt. 'Now if there is anything in the world duller than everything else, it is being always safe.'

'I like it,' replied Helen.

'And you would really be contented never to have known Juliet,' said Cecil, and her voice was full of a mournful reproach, before which Helen's soft heart instantly melted.

'Oh no, Cecil, I didn't say *that*,' she cried, eager to make amends.

'I am glad you didn't,' said Cecil, but still in a melancholy manner.

‘Only,’ said Helen, quite apologetically, ‘I had rather, if we can help it, not actually disobey Papa—not do just the things he tells us not, you know.’

‘I wonder what Mademoiselle would rather,’ cried Cecil; ‘she obeys Papa nicely, doesn’t she? She seems to me to be always taking him in, and being different from what he thinks her.’

‘She and Captain Feversham are such friends,’ said Helen; ‘she likes him as much as we do Mrs. Wyndham, I think!’

‘She likes anybody she can chatter to,’ was the disdainful reply; ‘not Captain Feversham more than another. I don’t think she is *capable* of liking one person more than another. He happened to pass by when she was at the ivy gate; and he happened to be in Vellacote’s shop when she entered it, and so she vents herself on him; but what *I* want to know is—not why Mademoiselle talks to Captain Feversham, but what it was took her to the ivy gate, and to Byfield, when everybody thought she was in bed, pretending to be ill; for really and truly, you know, Helen, that is very odd.’

‘I wish she would go away,’ said Helen; ‘or that Papa might find her out, and send her away. Fancy what it would be to have a really nice governess—a lady we could like and respect!’

‘Fancy what it would be not to have a governess at all, I am much more inclined to say, Helen. I don’t like the species, and doubt whether a specimen of it will ever present herself at Fernley, to whom I shall take cordially.’

‘Well, I can fancy being very fond of one, and liking to have her; we want somebody, Cecil!’

‘We ought to be strong enough for ourselves now, Helen. We ought not to be always “wanting somebody,” at our age—that shews a weak character.’

‘Does it? I don’t know; you talk so much of our age, but after all, sixteen is young; and a good governess might be a great help to us!’

‘But we ought not to want help. We ought to be able to help ourselves.’

‘Here we are at home,’ said Helen, making a safe remark, as she did not feel as if she agreed with Cecil’s views, and yet was ignorant how to controvert them.

‘Now I know what I wish,’ cried Cecil, laughing; ‘not that we might have a good governess, but that our bad one might be found out. See what a long way she is behind; and how earnestly she and that ridiculous man are talking together. Now if Uncle James and Aunt Flora would only come home before she does, and interrupt her *tête à tête*—while the poor Uncle is anxiously fussing himself about his beloved friend’s illness, which confines her to her bed—if he would only drive up, and discover her out there in the dusk, it certainly *would* be very good fun, Helen, and worth anything, seeing his face—both their faces, indeed, I may say!’

These kind, if not unnatural, wishes of Cecil's were not destined to be fulfilled. Mademoiselle de Lys entered the school-room only a few minutes after the two girls. Cecil turned round on her at once with sparkling eyes, and extending her hand for half a moment towards her, with a gesture which was almost as if she was pointing at her, asked with extreme politeness, 'Are you better, Mademoiselle? how nice it is that you can get up; when do you think there is a chance of your being well enough to go out again?'

'Mees Cecile,' replied Mademoiselle with great dignity, 'and Mees Helen also—your behaviours is so very bad, that I have serious fear I shall have to relate them to Mr. Vaux. How dare you go to Byfield by yourselves, compelling me to leave my beds when I was not fit to leave them, to follow and return you? How dare you, I ask?'

'O Mademoiselle!' cried Helen.

'Do you really mean to pretend that you came to Vellacote's shop after us? as if we did not see your start of astonishment when you found us there!' said Cecil.

'I pretends nothing,' replied she calmly. 'I simply state that I found you had left the house during your uncle's absence, and contrary to his orders. That I came into the school-room, and discovering this—ill as I am, all unfit for exertions—I tracked you to a shop in the town, where I discovered you buying white kid gloves, and in the most lively talk with Captain Feversham. This, my young ladies, is the little story I have to regale your father and uncle with on his return to his home.'

'I do think you are really wicked,' cried Cecil, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes; while Helen began to cry.

'Least said, soonest mended, that wise English proverb did say,' continued Mademoiselle; 'perhaps I shall speak—perhaps I shall hold my tongue—who knows? it is all for an hereafter; it depends—it depends;' and she nodded her head emphatically, raised her delicately pencilled black eye-brows very slightly, and gave a little laugh.

'I shall not ask you to be silent,' replied Cecil proudly. 'You can tell what you like, and so can I!'

'Yes; but there are two ways of listening, you know, *ma chere*,' said Mademoiselle trippingly; 'we can both tell, and—which of us will be believed?'

Cecil bit her lip, and stamped her foot impatiently on the ground.

'Take my advice, *petite*,' said the governess, with patronizing tenderness; 'take my advice, and hold your little tongue.'

Helen dried her eyes. 'Of course,' she said, rather anxiously, to Cecil, 'there is no use in our saying anything. Papa would not believe us, and it would not be nice if he did; and he would never forgive us for taking that walk.'

'No,' said Mademoiselle solemnly, 'I do think he would never forgive you for taking that walk.'

'I never told of any one,' said Cecil coldly, 'and I shall hardly begin now; if I did, I should tell about our walk first.'

'And about your other walk this same morning?' asked Mademoiselle, with an air of the greatest innocence. 'Your *early* walk, *chère petite*? will you tell the wise uncle about *that* also? or will that be left for me to do my little best with?'

'You mean when I found you with Captain Feversham at the ivy gate?' cried Cecil, with flashing eyes.

'Hélas! yes,' answered the Frenchwoman; 'how, ill as it was known I must be, I left my bed at that earliest of hours, and in the rain went to search for you; just as I went again this second time—two times in one day—hélas! truly it is not respectable; what will the uncle say to it? what?'

Cecil looked down in moody silence. She despised herself for entering into this war of words, almost of threats, with Mademoiselle, and would have done so, even if she had not felt that at every turn she got the worst of it.

'I do not intend to say anything to my uncle about you,' she said at last, very coldly; 'it would be too mean. As for me, you are at liberty to tell him anything you choose.'

'You have no *intentions*, and I have no *wish*, *chère Cecile*,' said the Frenchwoman lightly. 'I say nothing, unless with your own lips and your own tongue you forces me to speak. For me—I only want the peace and the pleasure; let us do our studies and our works for which we are paid, and which, by means of the payment, becomes our duties; but after that—hey—after that—' and she snapped her fingers in the air—'the more enjoyments and liberties we all take, the better such as I am is glad—little walks and little talks—ah yes!—and little balls—if little balls may be—all these is sweet and natural, and only what I wish may be got.'

After this the three sat down to their studies, and pursued them with some industry till tea-time. With some industry, I say, for though Mademoiselle de Lys was as brisk and energetic in her teaching as ever, her pupils were not as attentive and as interested as was their wont. Helen was never fond of work, and required Cecil's usual eagerness to rouse her up and spur her on; and to-night Cecil was anything but eager. The fatigue of her early rising, her bad night, and long walk, weighed down her eye-lids, and made her feel more as if she was half asleep than anything else, while all the excitement she had undergone that day, filled her mind with thoughts and feelings that became wilder, and less and less under her control, the more she attempted to banish them, and to attend to the printed words before her eyes. At last she looked up with a sort of despair, and said, 'I can hardly see.'

The next instant Mademoiselle had closed the volume, and was attending on her with a gentle lightness that might have passed for tender care.

‘*Pauvre petite*—poor little!’ she cried compassionately. ‘It has been—it is—too much; we others are not strong and hard. Ah! how tired we get—how tired we get! ah, the world that it would be if we never were tired!’

Then she took hold of Cecil with both her hands, and leading her all unresisting to the sofa, made her lie down there, and covered her up with a warm shawl. ‘One—two—three—sleep!’ she cried, with a pleasant imperiousness, and making mesmeric signs above her in the air with a couple of brown shapely hands. ‘One—two—three—sleep!’

And Cecil slept.

Mademoiselle de Lys then placed one finger on her lips, nodded her head warningly at Helen, and glided noiselessly from the apartment into her own room, where, in an easy-chair, with her feet on a stool and the third volume of Edmond About’s novel in her hand, she soon forgot her pupils, and the great monotonies and small excitements of her present life.

Helen looked at her sleeping cousin with some surprise. It was indeed an unusual thing to see Cecil asleep, or even tired, in the day-time—Cecil, who was so strong and so bright, and so full of energy and life. Then Helen took up some fancy-work, of which she was very fond, and worked away busily at a caricature of a wild rose and its green leaves, which to her inexperienced eyes seemed lovely.

A feeling of dissatisfaction with her life as it was, took possession of Helen’s mind, as she worked in one shade of delicate colour after another; Mademoiselle was false, and she and Cecil were disobedient. Was it so in other families? Were the childhood and youth of all girls like hers? Were others always doing what their parents would consider wrong, and hiding these acts of theirs from them? How many mansions there were everywhere, large or small, containing within their walls families that made little worlds for themselves—and were they all more or less like the only one she really knew? She thought of her cousins, with whom she had stayed at Brighton; but then, they were all grown up, except one, who was the darling of the whole house, and never could be in disgrace with anybody. Then she thought of the Lesters, and somehow it did not appear to her that their household *did* resemble Fernley. Mrs. Lester seemed kind and affectionate, and *not* worrying or unreasonable; there was no governess—had there ever been one, she wondered? The girls studied together, and they attended church and classes, and all sorts of odd things. Then she could not, try as hard as she would, fancy them disobeying their parents, far less deceiving them; they all seemed friends together. Cecil did not like them, Adela especially; and Helen, as usual, had agreed to her remarks, and had felt when she made them—though a little doubtfully—that they were true; but on reflection now she could not but remember that while she was with the Lesters she had by no means received the same impression—that she had been pleased with them—had liked them, and that her first feeling, when

Cecil had begun running them down, had been to disagree with her and defend them. Cecil's flow of words had, as usual, first silenced and then convinced her; but now the bold idea came quite unsummoned into her mind—was it possible that she had been right and Cecil wrong? and were the Lesters—and above all, was Adela—really as good and as nice as they had appeared to her to be?

(To be continued.)

A YORK AND A LANCASTER ROSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JANET'S HOME.'

CHAPTER IV.

TWO REAL KISSES.

ALL the children, that is to say the five elder ones, Claude, Lionel, Rose, Maggie, and Florence, assembled in the drawing-room after tea, where they usually spent the last two hours of the evening ostensibly with their parents, though it often enough happened that bed-time came before more than a word or two had been exchanged between the father and mother and the children.

Mrs. Ingram was very tired that evening, and was resting on the sofa, till the Professor, with some friends who had dined at the house, should come into the drawing-room. She had had all the gas-burners but one at the far end of the room lowered; and when the children appeared, she told them to take their books and work to a distance, near the light, and amuse themselves quietly for half an hour. There was a good deal of noisy running backwards and forwards among the children, to collect what they wanted for their evening's amusement, before the quiet could begin.

Rose only stayed in the drawing-room, and occupied herself in covering Mamma's feet with a rug, and fetching a second cushion for her head. It was not nearly so good, to be sure, as giving one's mother an orange that she could not have bought for herself; but it won Rose a surprised look and a gentle warm kiss from Mrs. Ingram, that made it quite worth while to sit for half an hour afterwards, with nothing by way of entertainment but the pictures in Pilgrim's Progress to look at over again.

Mrs. Ingram was a gentle reserved woman, generally ailing, and not able to take any active part in the management of her household; and she had acquiesced in the notion instilled into her by other people, that after her children left the nursery, their time must be given up exclusively to learning, so as to leave nothing for her. Thus a habit of

estrangement had grown up; and it had actually become a matter of surprise to her, to receive from one of the school-room children such a little uncalled-for service as Rose had rendered to-night. Before she composed herself to sleep, Mrs. Ingram looked after Rose walking down the room, and thought with pleasure how tall she was growing, and that perhaps the many painful days when in the great busy house she felt lonely and neglected, might come to an end by-and-by; and when all the fuss and bother of the learning was over, she might begin to get some happiness out of her children for herself. Rose's kiss on her hot aching forehead had felt very sweet; to be tended hereafter by Rose was something to look forward to; and she went to sleep with more cheerful thoughts in her mind than she had known for a long time—not very different thoughts, perhaps, from those that had sweetened Mrs. Marshall's orange, eaten in a hospital bed, with her ragged little daughter watching each mouthful as it went down. Mothers' hearts are the same, let what circumstances will surround them.

Florence had been the first to get back to the drawing-room, when the others scattered to collect their evening's amusements; and she had seized the most desirable place at the far table, just under the gas-burner, which was not allowed to be turned up far enough to give a very available light; and at that end of the table least cumbered with knick-nacks. There she had secured a convenient place for herself; the large card she was illuminating, and her two precious saucers of gold and silver leaf, bought last Saturday with her weekly money, which was never in Florence's case diminished by fines. Claude came next, and shrugged his shoulders in disgust, when he saw Florence's arrangements. Then he settled himself in the next best place, put his elbows on the table, thrust his fingers through his hair, opened 'Feats on the Fiord,' and in two minutes had gone off to Norway, and was rowing down to Vögel Island with Rolf, so entirely absorbed in his book, that it would take a pretty loud noise, or a box on the ear, to drag him back out of it. Clearly he was not to be reckoned on as an ally in the task of keeping the children quiet while Mamma slept—that is to say, not when he had a new book on hand.

Maggie brought her bead-work as close under the light as Florence's drawing-board would allow her to get it; and last came Lionel, who always was last at work or play, with a heap of lesson-books under his arm, though it was well enough known that Mamma did not like lesson-books to be brought into the drawing-room at night. Rose had taken the seat at the table furthest from the light; she had only brought Pilgrim's Progress with her by way of amusement; and as she knew the illustrations almost by heart, she did not mind for once sitting nearly in the dark. She beckoned to Lionel to come next to her, whispering by way of bribe, 'I will help you to look out words, I can see well enough for that.'

Instead of answering, he stood still and growled, 'Claude, just look

what those girls have done—taken the best places for themselves, and filled the table with their trumpery rubbish, so that there's no room for us! Oh, I say!

'It's no use, Lionel—Claude won't hear unless you shout loud enough to wake Mamma. It's rather dark at this end of the table, to be sure; but if you'll come here quietly, I'll help you with your work.'

'A great deal of use your help will be in doing Greek!—Come, Maggie, move round to the other side, and give me your place at once. What does your work signify? I was down-stairs with Packer before tea, hunting a rat that had got into the cellar, and I've all my lessons to do for to-morrow. I must get to the light!'

It was not fair. Maggie was working at a bead pin-cushion she wanted particularly to finish by Lilly's birth-day; and Lionel ought not to have gone with Packer, or to be doing his lessons after tea; but as Claude said nothing, Rose could not interfere. She was very sorry, and it provoked her a good deal to see how complacently Florence went on dipping her brush into her saucers of gold and silver leaf, and painting her letters, just as if she were not the youngest in the room, and only kept her place because everyone knew she would not suffer herself to be dislodged quietly; and a commotion of her creating in the drawing-room, while their mother was resting, had once brought the Professor from his study, with consequences to the boys that no one liked to remember. Even with this danger hanging over them, Lionel's aggravation at Florence's *cheek* in taking the best place, would not let him keep quiet. A dumb-show quarrel went on between those two all the evening; Lionel pushing his books closer and closer under the lamp, and Flory watching opportunities when his head was buried in a dictionary, to shove them back, or drop grammar or exercise-book on to the floor, so as to give him the trouble of searching for them when he wanted them again.

'It's too bad!' Lionel burst out at last. 'Claude, it's a shame to stand it; I declare I won't much longer! a child like that to shove herself into the best place, and presume to play tricks on me. Won't I serve her out some day, soon!'

'No, you won't!' said Florence sharply, 'because you daren't. Claude would not let you; and if he did, I'd go to Papa.'

'O Florence!' cried Maggie, 'how nasty of you to say that! I would not be a tell-tale for anything in the world!'

'And I won't, unless they bully; and then I shall, of course.'

'But it's your fault! You *have* no right to take the best place from Lionel; he's older than you. We ought to give up to the boys.'

'No, we ought not. They ought to give up to us, because they're the elder and stronger; I'm sure I'm right about that, because I heard it in church.'

Claude, who happened to be just at that moment turning a leaf,

looked up suddenly. 'Oh, come, I say, you had better not repeat what you heard in church, when you're quarrelling, anyhow.'

His head was down over his book again before there was time for an answer; but Rose took advantage of the interruption, to strike in with 'We're all talking English, and it's the day for speaking German!'

'Bother the German!' said Lionel. 'What have we to do with your stupid school-room rules?'

'Papa said he wished you to speak German three evenings in the week.'

'Wished! he'll have to wait a long time before such reasonable wishes as that are gratified!'

Claude looked up again, to growl out, 'Can't you hold your tongue?' and there was an interval of quiet, broken, however, before long, by a loud crash.

Lionel and Florence, reduced to silence, had betaken themselves to a noiseless struggle, each trying to draw the table from the other, by twisting their feet round the centre pole, and pulling. A too successful twist on Lionel's part, lifted the table so far on his side, that the chief part of its contents, including Florence's saucers, glided with a loud crash on to the floor. Of course Mrs. Ingram sprang up at the noise, wide awake, and a good deal flurried at being roused so suddenly from her nap. When she had ascertained the cause of the disturbance, she did not scold the children—she never scolded—but she complained of them. She had been out shopping all day, she said, buying things wanted for the school-room and the nursery; and she did think it hard that she could not rest in peace a single half-hour in the same room with her children—especially when two of them were of such an age as Claude and Rose, who surely might have a little consideration for her comfort and care for her health. It did not encourage her to have the children more with her, as she often longed to do, and would certainly do, if she could see a little more thought and dependableness in any one of them.

Mrs. Ingram looked at Rose as she finished her speech; and Rose felt as if the words gave a sharp prick to her heart. Mamma's complainings had not hitherto given her pain. She had put them away from her, by saying to herself that she hated people to make a fuss; but to-day she heard them with fresh ears; and the discomfort they caused her, disposed her to feel very sore and angry against Florence, who had brought the reproof upon her. Eager words of self-justification sprang to her lips. It was not her fault. She must make Mamma understand that, at all events. Then something seemed to check her. She saw that her mother was frowning with the pain of a severe head-ache; and she remembered that it certainly would not lessen her suffering if she had to listen to a long explanation, and judge the question of who was most to blame between herself and Florence; who, everybody knew, was a little bit Mamma's favourite, from her having had a long illness when she was a baby. If Florence would only speak herself; but no,

she was picking up the pieces of her broken saucers, and crying over them, quite occupied with that. It was, perhaps, not harder for her to hold her tongue, than it had been for her namesake to refrain from mentioning Teddy, when she was looking up into Mother Ursula's face on Saturday night.

Rose pressed her lips together hard, and turning away, began to pick up the scattered books and knick-nacks, and re-arrange the table; divining rightly, that nothing would so help to soothe her mother's nervous agitation, as having everything set to rights before Papa came in and asked questions that might bring the boys into disgrace for want of consideration to her.

The rest of the evening passed like any other company-evening. Mamma sat back among the sofa-cushions, looking pale and tired; and Papa and his friends talked together. A word or two of their conversation now and then reached Rose. 'Coal fields,' 'fossil markings in the coal;' 'experiments on burning diamonds.' She wished she could get nearer, and discover whether anything was being said that fitted in with Mother Ursula's little parable. By-and-by, one of the gentlemen approached the sofa, and in the course of conversation with Mrs. Ingram, let fall a word or two that confirmed Rose's new idea, that grown-up people's conversation was occasionally worth listening to. Mrs. Ingram asked after this gentleman's daughter; and Rose learned, from his reply, that she was a girl about her own age, and lame.

'Don't you find it a great inconvenience for your daughter, being so far from the Parks?' Mrs. Ingram asked again.

'Not at all!' the gentleman answered. 'Walking is such an effort to my poor child now, that she never cares to go anywhere, but to visit a children's hospital, a few streets distant from where we now live. Since her illness, she has spent all her spare time in making clothes and dressing dolls, for the little invalids there; and the pleasure of carrying them there herself, is the one inducement strong enough to overcome her dislike to going out. I consider the neighbourhood of this hospital an advantage to my poor Edith, that over-weighs all other considerations.'

Might not this Edith be 'the other young lady with the bag'? Rose hoped the conversation would be kept up till she had made out something further; but an interruption came, and she could only make up her mind, that henceforth she would always in her own mind distinguish this gentleman from the other visitors to the house. She would call him the father of the 'young lady with the bag,' and take every opportunity of standing near him, and listening to him while he talked, for the chance of hearing more about the lame daughter, with whom she felt a sort of comradeship already. Something of this good-will must have shone in her face when she came up at the end of the evening to wish him good-night; for instead of merely shaking hands as usual, he held her fingers for a few minutes, and asked her a few questions.

‘Twelve and a half, are you, my dear?’ he said. ‘I have a little girl of thirteen; but she is not nearly so tall as you. I wonder whether I can persuade your mother to spare you, some day, to come and spend an afternoon with her. I think you are the sort of little friend she would like.’

It certainly was a Lancaster Rose, glowing and beaming with joy, that said in an eager voice, ‘Oh, thank you! thank you! I should so like to come;’ and when she had turned away, the gentleman strolled up to Professor Ingram.

‘What a sweet little daughter that is of yours, Ingram. I must have seen her before, I suppose; but I never noticed her particularly till to-night. What an uncommonly intelligent pleasant face she has! I must ask you to lend her to me for a few hours some day, to introduce her to my poor child; she is just the sort of companion I should like for her.’

The speaker was a literary man of very high repute, for whose opinion Professor Ingram had great reverence. He was decidedly pleased that his daughter Rose should have impressed him so favourably. He called Rose back just as she was leaving the room.

‘Come here, Rose; Dr. Daubeney is doing you the honour of asking you to come and see him some day. There are a great many people, older than you, who would give a great deal for such an invitation, I can tell you.’

‘But I have a better inducement than that,’ said Dr. Daubeney. ‘I want to introduce your Rose to my little daughter, and to my big microscope.—Do you care for such things, my dear? would you like to see a rotifer?’

‘She does not know what you are talking of, poor child! She is a sad little ignoramus, I am afraid, though her education costs me a little fortune; and she is kept so hard at work, that she never has time to take a walk with her father, or sit by her mother’s bed-side when she has a head-ache. I often wish I had time to take my daughter’s education in hand myself. So far, at least, as the laying a foundation for an intelligent interest in science goes.’

‘I should advise you to do so most strongly,’ was the answer. ‘You would reap an ample reward for such an outlay of time *here*, I should say;’ and Dr. Daubeney put a finger on Rose’s forehead.

‘What do you say, Rose? can you find time for another Professor among all your teachers, do you think?’

‘O Papa!’

Between puzzlement, awe, and pleasure, Rose could say no more, but stood looking up with earnest bright eyes into her father’s face.

‘Well, run off to bed now, my dear; your sisters have gone long since. We’ll see what time will bring. We shall astonish the Fraulein, some day, I expect;’ and Professor Ingram stooped and kissed Rose’s cheek—not absently, as if he did not know which of the children was

before him, as was his usual way of kissing ; but really as if he was pleased with her, and was thinking of her herself. It certainly had been a delightful evening, though she had had no story-book, and Flory had been unusually tiresome ; two real kisses from Papa and Mamma !

Florence was very doleful over the loss of her gold and silver saucers, while the little girls were being put to bed ; and she recurred several times to Rose's injustice in having induced her to spend her five shillings in doll's house furniture, when the only thing in the world she really cared for was a good paint-box.

'Why don't you ask Rose to lend you her illuminating-box ? I dare say she would let you have enough gold leaf to finish your picture,' said Maggie.

'No, she would not ; she said she would not do the next thing I asked of her, if I begged ever so, and I hate begging,' Flory answered sullenly.

Rose had knelt down by this time to say her prayers, and was vexed with the others for going on talking. She really wanted very much that day to think of what she was saying. When she had come to the end of the words, she knelt on in the dark corner of the room a few minutes longer, for she wanted to think. There seemed more than usual to think of to-night—more pleasant things to be thankful for ; yet the day had only been a common one, and had brought no special success or treat. How was it ? It seemed to Rose as if a great many little windows had been opened in her mind, through which she could look at interesting things and people she had not known of before ; and that from these a new light came in on all her occupations, and made them pleasanter. The Marshalls, their wants, and her hopes of supplying them—the other young lady with the bag—the new thoughts about the Fraulein, and Mamma, and Papa, that made her seem to have got nearer to them and love them better. Ah, how pleasant it was ! It was like what Mother Ursula had said, about drawing close to people, and feeling the love and the warmth that is to make us glow. But it ought to be nearer to every one ; no part of the fire ought to be left cold, or it would chill all the rest. The sort of love Mother Ursula spoke of, was different from the kind that flowed out only to pleasant people, and when they were kind to you. A loud sob from the bed to which Florence had betaken herself after hurried prayers, reached Rose's ears. Florence was such a sullen child ; and when she was once put out, did brood so over things. She would sob herself to sleep now, thinking over her fancied wrongs about the paint-box ; and for days and days to come, she would keep aloof from all the children, and silently follow her own devices. The others could do well enough without her ; but every one of these sulky fits left Florence more standing by herself, and strengthened the habit of regarding her as a disagreeable intruder, when she did wish to take part in anything. How could she be warm, left out like that ? how could she help spoiling the fire, by being dark-defiling smoke instead of flame ? A purpose awoke in Rose's mind

with these thoughts ; but it was not a very agreeable one, and at first she tried to put it away. No, it surely could not be necessary to do that ; it would be like rewarding Florence for her ill-nature ; and besides, it would be *such* a great sacrifice, and loss to herself. Of all her possessions, she really did care so much the most for that one. Ah ! but should one only take the pleasure of loving—the warmth, and the light ? must there not be pain, too, if it really was getting into the way ? must there not be some struggles—something of the cross, to make it real ?

Rose knelt a little while longer ; and when she rose from her knees, went and sat down on the edge of Florence's bed.

‘I have something to tell you, Florence,’ she said. ‘Do you know I really do begin to think it was too bad of me to make you spend your five shillings on doll's furniture, when you wanted a paint-box. I can't give you another five shillings to spend ; because, even when I do get more money of my own, I expect I shall want it all for the hospital bag ; but I'll do this—I'll give you the illuminating box I had at Christmas, for your own. I have used it very little, you know ; the gold and silver saucers have much more in them than those you broke to-night.’

Florence sprang up in bed. ‘Rose, you must be joking ; that beauty ! Oh no ; you don't really mean to give it me for my own !’

‘Yes, I do ; it is yours now. I'll put it on your shelf in the toy-cupboard before breakfast to-morrow morning.’

‘But *why* do you give it to me ?’ And even by the dim light of the nursery night-lamp, Rose saw a curious questioning eager look come into Florence's grey eyes.

‘Why—I don't know exactly ; to please you, Flory, for one thing !’

‘It's awfully odd of you,’ said Florence slowly, ‘to give away the very best thing you have just to me to-night, when I know I've been making myself hateful to everybody all day. It's awfully odd of you, Rose, but it's awfully jolly of you, too. I say, Rose, I'll never let the Fraulein say again that I am fitter to be the eldest than you are ; for if it's true what I heard about being “elder and chief” in the sermon on Sunday, you are a great deal more like that than I am.’

‘I should think it must be true, if you heard it in church.’

‘But when I wished to be eldest and first, I did not mean being the one “to serve,” as the clergyman said.’

‘Good-night, dear. Here's Nurse coming to see if we are asleep.’

Nurse Lewis carried off the night-lamp, with injunctions to the little girls to go to sleep at once ; but there was a streak of moonlight in the room, and by that light Rose saw Florence get up quietly, and kneel down again by the side of her bed. She must have gabbled over her prayers very quickly before, for she had hardly knelt three minutes ; but now that the cloud of ill-humour was removed from her mind, she felt she could not go to sleep so ; for Florence, though a disagreeable,

was at the bottom a conscientious child, and thought a great deal more about right and wrong, and took a more intelligent interest in the religious instructions given to them, than did most of the other children of the family. Rose turned her face to the opposite wall, not to seem to watch Florence ; but she was very glad to see what she was doing. That was the crown of joy that came to her at the end of an uneventful day. A very little cross had won it ; but the cross and the crown were precious in the sight of Him who had sent them to her, and were earnest of greater things.

(To be continued.)

SPEEDWELL.

CHAPTER X.

OWNED.

FRANK was very anxious about his friend during the week that succeeded Mr. Lettridge's cold consent to an interview ; for suspense, the desire to see his father, and the dread of how he might be received, told visibly upon him. He could neither eat nor sleep, and though he did not complain, Frank could see that the pain of the old bruise, from which he generally suffered more or less, was often extreme.

He hardly ever now spoke of his troubles or his sufferings ; he had lived so entirely alone of late years, that he had got out of the habit of expecting sympathy from anyone, and often provoked Frank by bearing unnecessary discomfort, simply because it never occurred to him that it could be remedied.

Whatever the actual interview might bring, it would at least be a relief to have it over ; and both friends counted the days with almost equal anxiety, although it was not a subject that would bear mentioning.

Saturday evening came ; and Mr. Lettridge was at his club by very nearly the appointed time, but no Osmond appeared. Mr. Lettridge did not know whether or not he was disposed to be conciliatory—probably not, as he felt very much flustered ; and he became very irate as time passed on, feeling that, under the circumstances, it was inexcusable of his son to be so late. At last, when he had waited half an hour, a note was put into his hand ; but as he did not know the handwriting, he did not see how it could throw much light upon Osmond's strange behaviour. He opened it hastily, however, and found that it was (or professed to be) from his son, saying that he was greatly troubled at breaking his engagement, and had hoped to the last minute that he might be able to come, but he had been so unwell all day with violent nose-bleeding, that he found himself obliged to give it up.

Mr. Lettridge sat down to his dinner in a still worse humour than before. He somehow thought Osmond might have come if he had tried—if he had not been afraid to meet him; at any rate, he might have let him know earlier that he was not coming. He did not choose to believe in the reality of his illness—it was an unpleasant idea, and Mr. Lettridge disapproved of anything unpleasant; besides, he was disposed to think Osmond must be under the influence of some of his Protestant friends, who dreaded his having any communication with his own family. Who had written the letter? Certainly only the first two sentences and the signature were in Osmond's writing; he wondered who had got hold of him.

By the time his hunger was somewhat allayed, he became more disposed to admit the possibility of there being some excuse for Osmond, and had made up his mind to go and see how far his story was true. If false, he would detect the imposture at once; whilst supposing it to be true, it would be slightly inhuman to take no notice. So he set out, with a comfortable conviction that he was doing the right thing, and going over in his mind the conversation it was his duty to hold with his son.

He found the drive a long one, and did not admire Osmond's choice of a neighbourhood, fearing he must have got into low ways, to live in such a mean-looking street; however, he knocked and rang at the right door, and awaited admittance, not without considerable agitation. An untidy and somewhat fierce-looking woman came to answer him; but when he asked for Mr. Lettridge, she seemed disposed to shut the door in his face, with the announcement that he was too ill to see anyone.

Mr. Lettridge, however, was not to be so turned away. Either the story was true, or the landlady was a party to the conspiracy; and he answered that he *must* see her lodger, whether he were ill or not.

The landlady resisted stoutly, and there is no knowing how long the war of words might have lasted, had not Frank Anstey appeared upon the scene. As he hastened down, he heard the loud tones of Mrs. Bolder's masculine voice, saying with the utmost scorn, 'Fiddle-sticks! hoity-toity! a likely story, indeed! Expect me to believe *that*! What next, I wonder?' and beheld the landlady barring the way up-stairs, with one arm akimbo, and the other hand brandishing a greasy tin candlestick, wherein a long tallow-candle, standing very crooked, was flaring full in the nostrils of the fastidious gentleman who stood just inside the door, looking singularly out of place in that dingy entrance-hall. Mr. Lettridge was extremely indignant at having *his* word received with anything short of the most implicit faith, however he might think fit to doubt that of his son; but before he had time to reply, Frank had come to the rescue.

It cannot be said that Frank Anstey regarded Mr. Lettridge with any sort of cordiality, or regretted that under the circumstances he should have found some difficulty in establishing a claim to force himself upon his son, after entirely neglecting him for years; nevertheless, he recognized him with distant civility, and pacifying Mrs. Bolder by telling her that her lodger had been expecting this gentleman, and could see him, though no one else, he led the way up the dark uncarpeted staircase.

‘I must beg you will say nothing to agitate him,’ Frank said anxiously. ‘He is so unwell, that by rights he ought to see no one; but—’

‘It appears he is not too ill to see *you*!’ Mr. Lettridge said bitterly, his temper not having been sweetened by the events of the evening.

For a moment Frank’s eyes flashed. He answered with self-control, ‘You probably do not know that I lodge here also;’ but he did not think Mr. Lettridge’s mood promised at all well, and it was with considerable uneasiness that he opened the bed-room door, and left him alone with his son.

Mr. Lettridge’s first feeling was of relief. Osmond was indeed lying on his bed, but he was dressed, and did not look much amiss in the dim gas-light. Expectation and pain had given him more colour than he had had for months, and there was an amount of animation about his face unlike his late dull oppression, as he raised himself on his elbow to thank his father for coming.

Mr. Lettridge smiled grimly. He was out of temper, and he meant to play the stern parent; but it was impossible to see his son with indifference, and he was touched in spite of himself.

The next move was not exactly an easy one for either side to make. After a few constrained common-places, Osmond let his head sink back on the pillow with such utter weakness, as would have told any woman, and most men, that he was unfit for anything like business; but Mr. Lettridge, who was looking round the room, did not notice the movement.

At last he spoke. ‘I cannot but suppose, Osmond, that your advances to me mean that you think you have been mistaken, and are willing to let yourself be led back to the truth. If this is so, you know how greatly we rejoice at it.’

Osmond had expected something of the kind, and yet it came upon him suddenly. His brain seemed reeling; and though he pressed his hand on his forehead, in the vain hope of steadying his thoughts, he had hardly an idea what his answer was, nor whether it might not be offensively defiant and disrespectful.

‘It does not mean that. I should never have written, if I had thought you had a right to take it so. I wrote, because it is so hard to be disowned by all I love, that I had a faint hope you might again acknowledge me as your son in spite of our differences. If this cannot be, I am sorry I wrote. I hope and believe *nothing* will shake my faith—my one happiness.’

Mr. Lettridge had no notion what he ought to say or do next; he felt he must have time to consider before any further action; and it was without an idea that he was cruel, that he rose.

‘That being so, it is no use to talk about it now, and I had better leave you. Good-night. I hope you will feel all right to-morrow.’

It was some comfort to Osmond that the last words were not unkindly spoken, and that in spite of his actual cruelty, his father bent down to kiss and cross, before leaving him. Perhaps that might mean that he had not altogether given him up; but he feared he had only driven him

away more hopelessly than ever: and the night that followed was full of such terrible suffering, both mental and bodily, that it was a hard matter to Frank to tear himself away from his friend, when early on Sunday morning a round of duties began, which would prevent his returning to him, even for a few minutes, until after the last service at night.

Osmond had expected to be alone all day, except for the occasional visits of his rough but pitying landlady. He had not attempted to get up, not feeling strong enough to move whilst alone; and was lying still, in a sort of dreamy state, conscious of very little except bodily pain and discomfort, and dreading to rouse the more terrible mental suffering by any attempt at thought, when Mrs. Bolder startled him by jerking open the door, and asking if he would be pleased to see the same fine gentleman as called last night. He was down-stairs, but she wasn't a-going to bring him up without leave. She didn't think he did him any good.

Osmond roused immediately, desiring her to let him come up at once; and with a feeling that he must be looking anything but sightly, he pushed back the disordered light locks that would hang over his forehead, and tried to make the bed-clothes look a little less tumbled and tossed.

Do what he would, however, and cheerfully as he spoke, his father was shocked as he had not been the night before, both by the extreme delicacy of his looks, and the poverty of his surroundings; and his first words were a really anxious inquiry about his health, instead of the speech he had prepared for the occasion.

Osmond said he was better—not that he felt so, but the bleeding had been stopped, and he knew of no other definite ailment. His father proceeded to inquire what doctor was attending him.

'None,' said Osmond, with a shudder; 'the first night, when we could not stop the bleeding, Frank got Mrs. Bolder to send for the one near, but he was such a horrid man, quite drunk, and swore so horribly, (besides doing no good,) that I feel as if I could not call him in again, even if my life depended upon it.'

'No, no, certainly not,' said Mr. Lettridge readily; 'but fortunately he is not the only doctor in London. Why don't you have Dr. Bruce?'

Osmond's only answer was a faint rather sad smile. His father knew very little about his circumstances, if he fancied he could afford the attendance of a fashionable West End physician.

Mr. Lettridge looked round the room once more. It was evident that its inhabitant was an ardent lover of the beautiful, and sometimes it looked quite pretty, thanks to the good taste of the prints on the walls and the books and ornaments lying about, though they did contrast strangely with the faded curtains and dingy paper: but this morning everything was in disorder, nothing had been dusted, nothing put back in place, and there was a most untidy heap in the corner, at which Mr. Lettridge may be forgiven for scowling. How could he know that it was Frank's extemporized bed? And there was an unmistakeable black bottle on the table in the next room, which shocked his prejudices.

‘You are not a brandy drinker, I hope, Osmond?’ he said anxiously.

‘Not generally,’ said his son; ‘only Frank made me have some last night and this morning, thinking I wanted it. Why did you ask? Does the room smell of it? I am very sorry; I hoped the window was wide enough open.’

‘It was not that, but I see the bottle on the table in the next room.’

‘Oh, is it there?’ said Osmond, trying to move so as to peer through the open door, but desisting with a frown of pain. ‘Frank was in such a hurry this morning, that I suppose he forgot to put it away after making the arrow-root.’

‘What has Frank to do with you?’ Mr. Lettridge asked sharply. ‘Is he your cook, or your confessor? I must own I cannot make out!’

‘He is my everything, Father,’ Osmond said, flushing, but speaking firmly, though in a low weak voice. ‘You do not know, you cannot think what his kindness is. I must not let him be sneered at even by you. As to the arrow-root, that was my fault. He made me have some this morning. I was dainty, I am afraid, and could not eat Mrs. Bolder’s, which was smoked.’

‘Why did you not send it down, and desire her to make some more properly?’

Again there came the quiet half smile. Mr. Lettridge had evidently no idea what it was to live in lodgings on small means.

Osmond had by this time exhausted what little strength he had, and the pain in his side becoming too bad to be concealed, alarmed his father, who, in spite of his assurances that it was no worse than it very commonly was, insisted on sending at once for Dr. Bruce. His son submitted without any demur. His father’s kindness, distant though it was, was the greatest possible rest to him; and he did not feel bound to trouble himself as to how Dr. Bruce was to be paid.

Dr. Bruce was not an agreeable man. Mr. Lettridge feared him, and he despised Mr. Lettridge; nevertheless, he was so clever, and understood the family constitution so thoroughly, that Mr. Lettridge always turned to him in an emergency. He was not a man given to church going of any sort himself, and although he had a special objection to Roman Catholics, was not supposed to have many religious opinions or practices; nevertheless he had a respect for Osmond Lettridge, and of late years had been curious to know what had become of him—how his family had contrived to hide him so completely.

He received Mr. Lettridge’s note with a sort of chuckle. ‘So you’ve starved him, I suppose! and now you’ve got into a fright, and want me to come and get you out of the scrape, eh? You don’t deserve it!’ he said to himself. However, as he had no more pressing claims, and a real interest in the case, he and his brougham were soon at the door of Osmond’s lodgings.

Mr. Lettridge, who had by this time become seriously uneasy, hailed the doctor’s coming gladly. He had set his heart on being told there was not

much amiss; and he had really made up his mind that so it would be, when after his examination, Dr. Bruce closed the door between the two rooms, and Mr. Lettridge found himself alone with him in the sitting-room.

Dr. Bruce was not a merciful man; and Mr. Lettridge was so fond of being spared, that he had not the least intention of sparing him. 'Well,' he said. 'In the first place, I suppose you don't expect he will get better *here*?'

'You think he ought to be moved?' Mr. Lettridge said nervously.

'Certainly, and at once. This is the only sensible thing I see here,' he added, pointing to the bottle which was such an eye-sore to Mr. Lettridge. 'If he is moved at once, and taken proper care of, he may perhaps rally; though I tell you plainly it is very doubtful. He has been allowed to get so frightfully low.'

Mr. Lettridge could not have told why he felt bound to defend himself. 'It is not my fault,' he had said, before he knew what he was doing.

'Maybe not,' said Dr. Bruce carelessly; 'and I know it is not mine. The question now is how to get him up. There is evidently serious mischief forming, and I don't see the strength that ought to meet it.'

Dr. Bruce talked in this way until he hoped he had succeeded in frightening his companion, and then made the practically useful offer of taking Osmond into his own house for the present, as he was anxious to watch him closely. He was a lone man with a large house, who did now and then receive a case in which he was interested; and Mr. Lettridge had so much faith in his skill and watchfulness, that the proposal relieved him of a heavy load of anxiety and perplexity. He would not bring himself to believe his son's condition as alarming as Dr. Bruce represented it; but at the same time he had been quite enough impressed by his suffering and weakness, to feel it would be cruel to refuse anything likely to be of service to him.

To Osmond, Dr. Bruce's proposal involved too great present exertion to be exactly welcome, but he felt he was not the best judge; as he was told he could move, he supposed it must be possible; and whilst his father spoke and acted so kindly, he could shrink from nothing that he wished. His great objection (for Dr. Bruce insisted on his moving into purer air that very afternoon) was to leaving Frank so suddenly, especially as he found himself unequal to the task of writing to him, when he attempted it. He was, however, somewhat comforted by Dr. Bruce (who seemed to him to remember his history wonderfully well, considering he was but one out of many hundred patients) recollecting Frank Anstey as a very sensible young fellow, when he had seen him at Alston years ago, and volunteering to leave a note for him, telling him what had become of his friend, and begging him to come to the Doctor's house in — Square, as soon as he could.

It needed all Frank's unselfishness not to feel grieved and injured, when, after his long tiring day, he hurried home, expecting to find Osmond, and found nothing but empty rooms, and Mrs. Bolder eager to inform him that 'the fine gentleman and another' had come and carried

her lodger away with them ; to which piece of information, she added the comfortable prophecy that he looked more like a ghost than a living creature, and they'd never see him there again.

Frank knew that it is a mark of affection when women of Mrs. Bolder's stamp doom their acquaintance to speedy death ; but though he did not think her predictions worth very much, they were not cheering, as he was extremely uneasy. Mrs. Bolder could give him no clue as to where they were gone, only assuring him that 'when she made a to-do, she must say the fine gentleman had come down handsome with the rent'—a point of more interest probably to her than to Frank, who had not suspected Mr. Lettridge of petty pecuniary dishonesty, although he was very uneasy at the idea of his having Osmond in his power, in his present helpless state. Finding he could get no more information, he slowly went up-stairs. The rooms looked very bare and empty ; but there was a letter for him on the table, which he opened eagerly.

Dr. Bruce was a valuable ally ; he had understood the state of the case, and wrote to assure Frank in so many words, that he had taken Osmond into his house, so as to make certain his father did not bully him. Mr. Lettridge had been desired to find a lodging for himself in the neighbourhood. He might see his son frequently, but Dr. Bruce thought it better they should not be in the same house. He told Frank as forcibly, but less harshly, than he had done Mr. Lettridge, that Osmond was alarmingly weak ; and explained the nature of the illness upon which he appeared to be entering ; and then, after telling Frank to come and see his friend as soon and as often as possible, he concluded with an assurance, rather from the man than the doctor, that no pains should be spared to save the life of one whom no one with sense could fail to respect.

Frank's mind was considerably relieved by this letter. Dr. Bruce might be a disagreeable man, but he would be a most efficient protector ; still, of course he was anxious to judge for himself ; and hard as was his work, and distant as was ——— Square, few days passed before he found himself at Dr. Bruce's door, and was with very little delay admitted to Osmond's room.

It was as different as one London bed-room can be from another, from the one where he had last seen him : there was every imaginable comfort in it ; and Osmond himself looked strangely more in his element on a luxurious sofa, in a black velvet and furred dressing-gown, than on the little hard bed at the lodgings. Osmond had never seemed as if he could be intended to bear hardships ; and even to Frank, who naturally despised luxury, it was a comfort to see him properly cared for.

'Well !' Osmond said at length, 'how much longer are you going to stare at me without speaking ? Are you so much disgusted by these pomps and vanities,' he added, touching the splendid dressing-gown, 'that you intend to make off again as soon as you have recovered your breath ?' Whereupon Frank laughed, and sat down, remarking that he seemed better.

'Oh yes, I think I am stronger ; (as indeed you would say I ought to be, if you knew the amount of brandy and champagne they make me

drink;) and it is a wonderful relief to be able to be more comfortable in little things. The actual pain one knows can but get worse for the present; but they seem to think that in a week or so there may be a remedy for that.'

'One that you shrink from very much, I am afraid,' said Frank, who had been prepared by Dr. Bruce's letter for the probable necessity of an operation.

'Yes,' said Osmond, with a sigh; 'I am a coward, as usual; but it is no use thinking about it—and I try not.'

'I am sure you had better not, if you can help it,' said Frank. 'Only one word more on the subject: you will let me be with you?'

'If you will, dear Frank; I had rather have you than anyone, but it is asking too much of you.'

'Not at all,' said Frank, with some of his old eager bluntness. 'I am only afraid of taking Mr. Lettridge's right.'

'I shall be most thankful to have him spared it,' said Osmond, smiling. 'To bear it for myself and him too, is more than I could do, I am afraid. Now I shall not trouble my head about you.'

'I should think not, indeed!' said Frank. 'By the way, how is he?' What Frank wanted to ask was, 'How does he treat you?' but he knew his friend would not like such a home question.

'Pretty well, thank you; but I am afraid he is getting rather worn and fidgetted, and he is anxious about Lady Mary, who is a good deal out of health, I am sorry to say. I want to get him to run home, if only for a day or so; I think it would do him good. I am afraid I am a very depressing companion. When the pain comes on, I cannot always hide it; and it troubles him more than there is any need it should. If I could but make him understand that his kindness makes everything else easy to bear! The knowledge that I shall see him every day, and that he will not be angry with me, is such unspeakable happiness, that there seems room for nothing else.'

Was it strange that these words, instead of drawing Frank towards Mr. Lettridge, as the speaker thought they must do, should have filled him with indignation against the father, who had let this tenderly loving spirit pine and hunger for all family affection (except his sister's) during five years? He knew better than to shew this to Osmond; but it was a daily struggle to feel himself anything like in charity with Mr. Lettridge. He saw the matter as an outsider, and had no notion how O'Brien's tactics had always forced *Osmond* to take the first decided step in differences with his father, so that Mr. Lettridge was perfectly convinced he was the injured party, and admired himself as an upright man, forgiving with great magnanimity the son who had brought all his misfortunes upon himself.

After a time, Osmond continued—'One thing I wish I could ask him. I want very much to know whether dear little Owen got into terrible disgrace for coming to me; but I do not like to open any subject where there is room for difference—this peace is such a blessing.'

Frank knew Osmond's ways so well, that he was allowed to stay with him for a long time, talking at intervals, and letting him rest between. It was a great pleasure to both friends, who had become so used of late to sharing everything, that each had been longing for the other, during the few days they had been separated; and there was so much to say, that they felt at least half of it unsaid, when it was time for Frank to go. 'I shall write to Mrs. Lockhart now I have seen you,' he said; 'have you any message?'

'A great many,' said Osmond, smiling; 'but you will not remember more than a limited quantity. Give her my love, and tell her how very happy I am. I am afraid I can't trust you to tell her *half* your goodness to me, I want to write to her myself; I believe I could, only Dr. Bruce will not let me do anything but lie quite still. He will not let me even have a book.'

'What a bore that must be!'

'I am afraid I am too lazy to object—except in one instance. I was obliged to stand out for it that I must either be allowed a Bible or be read to, and he would trust no one but himself not to read too much.'

'What an awful infliction!'

'I am afraid I hated it at first, though I accepted it as better than nothing. Now I really like it, for he is quite reverent; and I don't fancy he dislikes it himself. You don't half know him, Frank. I always rather disliked him till lately; but he is much nicer than he lets himself seem, and his kindness to me is wonderful. My father says, 'He's paid for it,' and thinks it worth very little; but somehow he never is at his best before my father. I am afraid he is rough with him sometimes, but he is always very gentle with me; and really, if I were his own brother, he could not take more trouble about me. He generally sits with me till one in the morning. (He sends off my father at ten.) He declares he always does sit up, in case of being called, and that he may as well be here as in his study; but I can't say I quite believe that, for I know he went to bed in good time the night I could sleep. One gets to know the man in this way, and—poor fellow!—I am so sorry for him. He told me some of his history last night: a short bright three years of married life, and then his wife died, and his child soon after; and since that he has had nothing to think about but success and money; and I dare say he is right in saying they have hardened his heart. Not that he is hard-hearted, as far as I am concerned. I think knowing him has taught me at last to be really thankful to have been spared the dangers of prosperity.'

'I don't think prosperity is always dangerous. Look at Helen and Leonard!'

'Ah yes! They *are* happy and good indeed. It is delightful to see how happy some people may be allowed to be. I am so very glad they have a son this time. By the way, are you *quite* sure you have not a letter for me from Leonard?'

'Not at all sure,' said Frank, producing it; 'only I had entirely forgotten it till you spoke.'

Osmond read it through with a somewhat painful smile, then handed it to Frank, with the words, 'Dear old Leonard! Will you answer it for me?'

'Certainly, if you tell me what to say.'

'Oh, my love—and say how glad I am, and that I am sorry I cannot fulfil the old promise to be Godfather to his son and heir.'

'Surely you need not decline? It will not be christened yet awhile.'

'I think it would be a mockery,' Osmond said quietly; 'but do as you think best. You may speak conditionally if you like.'

Frank left him, feeling he had received a blow. A few days ago, he had had the worst fears as to the termination of Osmond's illness; but now that he was taken every care of, he had become hopeful again. What startled him was the perception that Osmond hardly wished to recover—that his present calm happiness was in part a result of the conviction that the battle was nearly over—of a hope that death would follow before another bitter word had come to mar the peace between him and his father.

(To be continued.)

A WINTER STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ROSE GARDEN.'

To me my life seems as a haunted house,
The ways and passages whereof are dumb,
Up whose decaying stair no footsteps come;

* * * * *

Sometimes the arras rustle, and I see
A half-veil'd figure through the twilight steal,
Which, when I follow, pauses suddenly
Before the door, whereon is set a seal.

Philip Bourke Murston.

IV.

AFTER Mr. Oldfield had left Ben, wondering a little at the man's confused manner, he went up-stairs, and into his own room. It was quiet and cold there—a little quieter and colder for the dusk that deepened, and the damp air that crept through the window, and blew out the curtain like a sail. The room itself was low and large, like many others in the old farm; and with a little more wealth of furniture to fill up the hollow corners, and to carry off the sense of isolation conveyed by each chair and table, it might have impressed you with that kind of picturesque solemnity, which is not without its charm for some natures.

On a fine day, moreover, or even in the stormy weather, which is full of sudden and capricious lights and shades, the view from the window might have held you there for an hour. Three or four Scotch firs made a dark avenue in the foreground, through the gloom of which, and across a gate, the eye all at once leapt to a distance of blue hills, lying low and soft against the sky. But when Mr. Oldfield stood at the window and looked out, all beauty and grace were blotted from sight by a driving mist of chill rain; there was a wearisome drip of water from the roof; the sky was grey and monotonous. He knew nothing of Rachel and Ben saying their say about him and Hester Lyle in the old draughty shed, or of Hester herself brought nearer to him; but by one of those coincidences, as we call them, which are beyond reason or explanation, a secret sympathy was that day at work, so that the old times—the times he was for ever trying to bury out of sight—tightened their hold upon him, and compelled him to listen to their voices.

Eight years! Eight sorrow-laden solitary years!

Listening to the rumours afloat in the neighbourhood with regard to Mr. Oldfield, and his reasons for leading a life of scarcely unbroken solitude, so many contradictory assertions were made, that the hearer's imagination was reduced to an almost hopeless tangle. He was mad, and had become so ever since the lady he was to have married preferred another man! He had been imprisoned for forgery, and had fled from society! Worse crimes were darkly hinted at—indeed, nothing was wanted to elevate him into the position of a hero of romance, except the impossibility of agreeing as to the form the romance should take. As the years went by, and nothing stirred popular interest afresh, it began to flag; but it is always possible with a breath to re-kindle these popular rumours. It is, however, certain that if the truth had been known, sad story though it was, it would not have contented that strange thirst which craves for stimulants. Tragedies are, after all, more often built out of the dispositions and tendencies of those who act in them, than by the relentless heaping up of inevitable events. In some degree, at least, we weave our own sorrows and our own joys; and it is not a little pathetic at times to watch the pains people spend over the saddest of their works.

It will not take long to tell this story, yet it is always difficult, in tracing a beginning, to go back to days unaffected as yet by the shadows we feel to be approaching: it was next to impossible, in looking at Mr. Oldfield, a sad and stricken man, to conceive of him as young, bright, sunny-hearted. It seemed as if no cloud had touched his life. His father and mother died before he could miss their care, and he and his sister Isabel lived with an old grandfather, who bestowed all they wanted with a bountiful hand. Philip entered the army, spent six years abroad, and returned to find his sister married. His own love began as brightly and hopefully as all else in his life. The dearest friend he had in the regiment—Arthur Lyle, a friend to whom he clung as to a brother—had

his leave at the same time, and induced his family to take a house in the neighbourhood of the old manor where Philip's grandfather lived. The summer-time that followed was one of delicious enjoyment—the summer-time with its sunshine, its waving grass, and its sweet cool depths refreshing a thirsty world, like kind hearts we all know. Hester Lyle had one of these hearts, which send up glad little springs to help us on our way. It was not to be wondered at that Philip fell in love with her—indeed, it was only another proof of his smooth-running fortunes, for there were no hindrances, no difficulties, to be surmounted; and things went on apace, not only to the fixing but to the near approach of the wedding-day.

There had been some talk of the Lyles going to their London house for the wedding; but London is uninviting in August, and no one cared to face the dust and the heat and the disagreeables, except Mrs. Lyle, who was a little put out about the matter. She yielded, however, at last, although she made a point of keeping her family acquainted with the array of inconveniences which sprang up in consequence. The marriage was fixed for the twenty-first birth-day of Hester's sister Agnes, and a little extra rejoicing was to be thrown into it on account of this double festivity.

Just a week before the day, Philip was waiting in the verandah for Hester, when she came to him with a troubled face. 'I am afraid Arthur is not well again,' she said; 'but I can't get him to say so. Dear Philip, do go and find out.'

Mrs. Lyle had gone off in a hurry for two or three days—a sister of hers was starting for India, and there were some family difficulties which required her presence. Hester was always a little anxious over her responsibilities during their absences, for her mother had an idea that unless she were on the spot the world must all go wrong. The day had been infinitely lovely, full of the wealth which summer lavishes as she turns away—a flood of golden sunshine, a splendour of flowers, the ripe sweet luxuriance of things completed and crowned. There is a sadness about such days, after all, and a dread of what must follow; but that only steals upon us as we grow older.

Philip had no dread. He took Hester's hand, and looked into her kind eyes. 'So you are come at last. Do you know how long I have waited?'

In the happiness of this moment she forgot everything except his presence and his love. They stood in the pretty warm verandah, where the lights faded into soft duskiness, and glowed on broad-leaved creepers hanging round the posts, between which great roses flamed out. A night-scented stock was close by; a star was shining. To Hester there came a glad intense confidence. They were together—they were one; nothing could separate them. She was a good woman, and she did not, even at this moment, forget the shadow of death; but love is too conscious of immortality for death to check its triumphant joy.

Presently, however, remembering Arthur, she said, 'Do go. I believe he is afraid of making me anxious; and if you think he is not well, I should like to send for Mr. Turner before night. We should be so much more comfortable, with my mother away.'

Philip was too carelessly happy to suffer any dimness of fear to fall across the brightness; and they were all used to laugh at Hester for the tender womanish cares, for which they all loved her, nevertheless. It cost her much more coaxing to get him away to Arthur, and then he came quickly down again. Arthur had a head-ache; he would not hear of Mr. Turner. Philip had given him a composing draught; he was lying down, and if he were left in quietness, he promised to be well by the next day. Hester was not altogether satisfied, and yet there seemed nothing to dread. Once she went up and knocked at the door, but he did not answer; and thinking he was asleep, she brought her cup of tea away again softly. When, however, the evening was over, and Philip gone, she grew frightened at the silence, and went in.

He was dead!

I do not mean that she realized this at first. A vague and awful fear clutched her; but she still thought that he might move, speak, breathe. He was lying on the bed with closed eyes, as if he were asleep, and yet she knew in a moment that it was not sleep. What was it? She caught his arm, trembling herself so much, that a tremulous unearthly movement seemed to communicate itself to the motionless figure; she dropped on her knees, and laid her face by his, and tried to gasp out, 'Arthur! Arthur!' but the words became a shrill scream, which they all heard, and came running.

Death, which strikes in such a fashion, brings with it a terrible bewilderment. There has been no time to grow familiar with the pangs which take our hearts by storm, giving no knock of warning at the doors; so that looking at the face which sickness has not wasted, life and death are too sharply contrasted, and all the foundations are shaken. It was not Hester only who could not believe what had happened.

They sent in haste for the doctor; and when he drove up to the door, he saw Hester's white face through the summer darkness, watching and waiting, as if in spite of all he must bring them hope. The servant who went for him called at the Manor on his way back, so that Mr. Turner had not been there five minutes before Philip was in the room—that room out of which the dim shadowy hope had fled utterly, even before the doctor turned sadly away from the bed. 'Nothing can be done,' he said.

Poor old Mr. Lyle caught at his arm. 'The boy's not dead!' he said hoarsely. 'Don't tell me he's dead! Why, Sir, he wasn't even ill! And his mother not here!—O Arthur, Arthur!' he cried suddenly, with a despairing feebleness which pierced their hearts. Hester crept out of Philip's hold, and put her arms round her father.

Philip was trembling, and his face was very pale, for all pain had a peculiar effect upon his sensitive nature, and, shrinking from the very sight of it, the burden of sorrow in the room was almost unendurable to him. His own loss in Arthur's death did not affect him so much as the dull oppression of misery which was all about him.

Meanwhile, the doctor was again stooping over the bed. 'What has he been taking? Do you say he was not feeling ill?' he said at last, standing upright, and speaking slowly.

No one answered him directly. There had as yet been no time for them to collect their thoughts, or to lose the overwhelming horror of the fact in any questionings about it. When Hester's voice broke the silence, it sounded so strained and so unreal, that after the first few words she stopped, and waited a moment before going on again.

'There was very little the matter,' she said—'at least, so it seemed to us. He felt the heat, I think, and was restless towards evening. But he would not let me—' Hester broke down again, and forced herself to end the sentence with trembling sobs—'he would not let us send for you—Philip was the last—Philip came up, and persuaded him to lie down—and gave him the draught you had left.'

'Ah!' said the doctor quietly. 'I should like to see the bottle and the glass.'

'I suppose they are in that cupboard,' said Hester, her eyes wandering to Philip. And then, as if there were desertion in the look, she knelt down beside her father, and laid her head against his arm.

'Here are two,' said Turner, coming back gravely. 'One is full, and the other—'

'There was but one draught,' said Hester wearily, without moving. It seemed to her cruelty that he should ask questions, or try to make the past clear. Arthur lay there dead, and his mother did not know. The horror of it swallowed up all else.

'You gave it in this glass?' said the doctor, suddenly turning upon Philip.

'Yes,' Philip answered, with a shudder.

Mr. Turner was a blunt man, very much shocked at the sight before him, and not thinking much of Philip. He said, in a voice that sounded stern in the tender hush that falls about the dead, 'Do you know what you have done? You gave him morphia, and it has killed him!'

Have words such an awful power?—are they living immortal avengers, that can strike the very life out of man, and change everything in a moment? Even the doctor was appalled when he saw what he had done, and Philip's look haunted him for many a long day after the grey face on the pillow had died out of his remembrance, it was so terror-stricken, and yet so terrible in its agony.

Hester rose up and tottered toward him. 'Oh no, no!' she cried out. 'Philip, you did not, you could not!' and then she turned away, and fell down in that unconsciousness which sometimes saves from death.

Old Mr. Lyle had not seemed to hear, but he must have done so, for he put out his hand, and said feebly, 'His mother will be here. Don't let him stay; don't let her see him.—Arthur, my boy!'

Philip moved a step forward, and looked round drearily at them all. He had not spoken a word since the doctor's accusation, never doubting its truth, and his spirit sinking with the despairing conviction that this was indeed the thing which had been. It seemed to him almost as if he had died with Arthur, and were in another world; but not for a moment did a hope lighten the horror. He looked at them all, walked across the room—past Hester whom they were trying to lift, past the old man rocking himself to and fro in his bereavement—and with dull mechanical steps went along the passage, and out into the darkness.

'Poor fellow!' said the doctor, looking after him with a feeling of compunction. After all, however, it was the others for whom the shock was to be dreaded; and he soon forgot the man who had caused all this grief, and himself had gone away.

The wretchedness seemed to intensify itself, when Mrs. Lyle came in the morning. She was a woman of strong character, so disposed to be incredulous of anything happening against her will, that at first she utterly refused to believe that her son was dead; and when the truth forced itself upon her, she cried out passionately that Philip had murdered him, and forbade them to name his name. Hester—whose faithful heart, after the first revulsion, went out pitifully to poor Philip—did not dare speak of him. He did not come near the house. There was, of course, an inquest; but Mr. Oldfield was too ill to attend, and his deposition was taken at his bed-side. Hester, torn by a double grief, could only wait, and trust that by-and-by something must come to lighten their terrible burden. It is long before we can believe that there is nothing to be sent to us except time, and that faith which is not hope, but a gift as divine.

As for Philip, the absence of trouble, which hitherto had characterized his life, now seemed as if it had been rather a curse than a blessing. It is possible that with such a nature there had always been a temptation to escape from pain, by yielding to which he had lost not only the acquaintanceship with sorrow, which is in itself a training, but also the feeling of brotherhood that grows out of it, and which God has given us for a support when the storm breaks upon ourselves. At any rate, Philip felt inconceivably, horribly lonely. The two beings in the world most dear to him were cut off from him for ever, as he argued, and by his own act. Remembering that dead face, Hester's sudden turning away, Mr. Lyle's mute gesture of abhorrence, he had but one desire—to hide himself for ever from their sight. And strangely enough, the tie, which would have made departure a difficulty, was removed at this very time; for his grandfather, whose health had been failing, was seized with apoplexy, and died at the end of the week. It was a fresh grief—one, moreover, which, to Philip's morbid ideas, hung and followed so sharply upon that other, that he conceived it to have been connected with the shock

of hearing what had befallen the Lyles, although it is improbable that the old man's senses were keen enough to have been deeply affected by it. Nevertheless, it added only too forcibly to the already deep impression.

The after pages of Philip's life might, perhaps, have been different, if he had met with or sought a friend at this period. But he was singularly alone in the world. Isabel's husband was in a state of health which prevented her leaving him; in the immediate neighbourhood of the Manor, Philip had concentrated all his friendship upon the Lyles; the clergyman was a shy man, who did not invite confidence; there was, as it seemed, no one to stretch out a helping hand. Hester, who would fain have done so, had been forbidden by her mother; nor, indeed, was she at all aware of the workings of his mind, which amounted to something like madness, or she might have braved all displeasure to bring him comfort. She only thought, that since it was his own choice, silence for a time might best heal this terrible wound.

Philip's first impulse prevailed. He threw up his commission—feeling it an impossibility to return to the regiment, of which Arthur had been the favourite—paid off the old servants, placed the Manor in the hands of agents, and left England. For two years he wandered about, writing no letters, making no effort to shake off the gloom which had hold of him—refusing, indeed, to admit those soft influences which time and change will gradually bring. Nothing could have been more forlorn. The remembrance which dogged his footsteps grew so disproportioned and extravagant, that it took to his mind the form of a crime. He accused himself of worse than carelessness, and more than once dreamed that he was actually murdering Arthur, awaking with an agony of remorse, which seemed as if it must belong to reality. And if his wandering thoughts brought Hester before his eyes, he turned away shuddering, for between him and her there interposed always a filmy face, unutterably sad and stern.

It would not be explaining his return to England truly, to say that he grew weary of this life, for all life seemed beyond help wearisome; but some impulse brought him back at the end of two years, and that with a half-formed purpose. He resolved to bury himself in a farm in one of the southern counties; and the only mark he shewed of clinging to a slender connection with the past, was finding out an old servant of his grandfather's, who had married, and bringing her and her husband to the Pollard Farm. His sister was a widow, and would have gladly come to him, had he not refused all her offers. It was, perhaps, a longing to heal his own sorrows by the means she had found most efficacious for her own, which made her entreat, on her death-bed, that Ronald might go to his uncle's farm; and it was perhaps the fact that the boy was unconnected with his past grief, which induced Mr. Oldfield to yield to her entreaty, and admit a new inmate to his solitary home.

(To be continued.)

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

X.—DIVISION OF LABOUR.

As the utility of an active Sisterhood consists mainly in those qualities of superior organization and permanence which give it an advantage over isolated workers, it follows that the next step to be taken after distributing the three chief offices of the new Society, is to define their limits accurately. For we must always bear in mind that a Sisterhood of this sort has two quite dissimilar aspects—that of a guild for joint prayer and emulation in holiness, and that of a business establishment. It is with this latter that we are at present concerned; and unless the Society be put on a sound working basis at the very outset, its usefulness will be very seriously hampered. Now, in all large and thriving mercantile concerns, efficiency is secured by the distribution of labour under general superintendence. Thus, one person will be cashier, perhaps alone, perhaps with subordinates; another will be foreign corresponding clerk; a third, home correspondent; a fourth, warehouseman; a fifth, buyer; a sixth, principal salesman; and so forth. Each of these is selected because of peculiar aptitude for figures, languages, judgment of goods, and so on; and the working of the machine would be much impeded, were they either interchangeable in their duties, or in the habit of interfering in each other's departments. But each and all, though practically supreme in their allotted sections, are responsible to the head of the concern, or to his manager, if he have one. It is therefore most desirable, if not quite necessary, that this head should not merely hold in his hands all the threads together, but that he should be thoroughly capable of forming a practical judgment on the quality of each subordinate's work; nay, of shewing him how it ought to be done, if he fail through inexperience or neglect. And consequently, a great merchant prince who desired that his son should carry on his undertakings after him, would take care to make him spend some time in each of the departments, that he might acquire competent knowledge of the manner in which all of them should be worked, so that he might not be misled or deceived by any *employé* who chose to trade on his presumed ignorance. It is exactly the same with a Sisterhood. Unless each member's duties be clearly laid down, some tasks will have several volunteers engaged on them at once, merely to mutual hindrance; while others will be neglected or forgotten, as being no one's concern in particular. And as in a mercantile establishment, such as that sketched just now, each member helps the others best by doing his own share of the work thoroughly, and not by offering to leave his department to assist for a while in another; so it is, as a broad general rule, in a Religious House. That there must be occasional exceptions, in case of unusual pressure in one department,

while another is comparatively disengaged, is sufficiently obvious; but the *normal* working of the machine ought to be systematic. Accordingly, so soon as the ladies have agreed amongst themselves which is to be Superior, which Sacristan, and which Housekeeper, and so forth, (if there be enough at starting to allow of further distribution,) they ought to draw up, more formally than before, a detailed list of each one's duties, for the execution of which she is to be responsible to the Superior, but not to anyone else; while any assistants each may have in her department are responsible directly to her, and only indirectly, so far as that department is concerned, to the Superior. Unless this rule be observed strictly, there will be endless confusion and unnecessary wear and tear. It ought to be no part of the Superior's work to have to overlook her own officers in order to see that they fulfil their duties; because that simply means doing all their work as well as her own, without even the direct command over the work which she would have if she kept the office in her own hands. And the Sisters should avoid interference with work lying outside their several departments. If anything go wrong, if a subordinate in any department have omitted a duty, and a Sister observe it, the proper course to pursue is to point out the omission to the head of that department; and if the person in fault be that very head, to notify the fact to the Superior, but not to undertake its correction herself, unless it be something that must needs be done at once if at all, and there is no one else to do it. And in all cases, such interference should be restricted to grave matters. There should be no petty meddling tolerated.

In order to insure methodical discharge of duties, it will be found very expedient to draw up, at this stage of the proceedings, a general timetable for the entire household, and separate time-tables for each inmate, just analogous to those in use at schools. The general time-table will prescribe the hours of rising and retiring, of prayers, of meals, and of recreation, which regulate the entire household. The separate time-tables will assign to each inmate, not merely their general duties, but will define the hours of the day which are to be devoted to each of them. It is not wise to make them over-minute, nor to break up the day into very small portions, since the multitude of details that have in that case to be remembered becomes a burden instead of a help; because the real use of the table is to avoid waste of time. by seeing that a clear space shall be left daily for every task which a Sister has to execute. The general table ought not, however, to be a very exacting one at first, in its demands upon either strength or devotion. That is, there should be as much time allotted to sleep as a healthy and active woman usually requires; there should be no *hurry* over meals; and the daily Offices are much better brief and frequent, than long and few. To adopt, for instance, the Prayer-Book Morning and Evening Prayer as the household Offices, is not always practicable, because of their length and the strain they involve; while the same period of time required for their recitation, distributed over half a dozen services, instead of two, would cause no

strain at all. Moreover, where the Sisters attend the parochial services daily, it is well that their own private Office should not be the mere reiteration of these. But where the Sisterhood is in a parish where the daily service is not said, it will be found very expedient to adopt the Prayer-Book Offices for conventual use; partly in reparation of clerical neglect, and partly to accommodate parishioners who desire more frequent opportunities of common worship, and who need the intellectual bracing which the Prayer Book admirably provides. It must be remembered that the very order, method, and quiet of the house, will necessarily prove a little depressing at first to many temperaments, (though some will gladly welcome its peacefulness,) and it is not well to be over-rigid at starting. When more prayers, and a larger measure of asceticism, are felt to be a help, and are desired by the inmates, it will prove easy enough to tighten the reins of discipline; but if the tone of the House is not to become forced and unreal, the standard ought not to be fixed too high for beginners, though it may and should be higher, even at first, than that of ordinarily pious households.

There ought to be a report made by each head of a department at stated intervals to the Superior. These intervals will vary in duration according to the needs of each part of the work, but ought in no case to be rarer than monthly; while weekly, and in some cases even daily reports, will be found expedient. For instance: as the Superior will know before anyone else if guests or members be coming or going, it is part of the Housekeeper's business to learn each day how many inmates have to be provided for in the matters of food and lodging.

Further, there ought to be a frequent consultation of the members together on the general needs and prospects of the House, as enjoined by the Rule of St. Benedict. For it is to be borne in mind all along that the Sisterhood is a commonwealth, with elective officers, and co-ordinate responsibility. This consultation, or meeting, or conference, should have a stated time set apart for its occurrence, so as not to be left to hazard nor suffered to drop into disuse. Once a week may prove enough; and it is well to make the time brief, and wedged in between two other pieces of duty in the time-table which cannot be omitted or shortened; because then the members will have to come to the point at once, instead of diverging into irrelevant and discursive talk, which is not in the least the object to be aimed at. By this means, not only will the Superior know what is going on in every department, but each other Sister will learn it too, and acquire an intelligent interest in all the affairs of the Society; whereas, under the system of rigid separation which is sometimes adopted, the sudden loss of hands which may befall any section, leaves that part of the work paralysed, because there is no one competent to take it up. This too, as will be urged later, is a reason for changing a Sister's work every now and then, in order that she may acquire sufficient knowledge of every department to be able to assist in it if necessary; or to superintend it generally, should she be

elected Superior, or detached to the temporary headship of a branch and exterior work.

It is not well to begin, through an erroneous view of asceticism, without any inferior domestics to do the roughest part of the household work. The oldest and best organized Roman Catholic communities, from very early times indeed, have delegated tasks of this kind to a secondary order of their members, styled 'lay brothers or sisters,'—in Latin, *conversi* and *conversæ*. But it is quite impracticable, owing to the ideas and habits of the class from which such assistants would have to be recruited amongst us, to begin with any such organization in a new Society. Lay Sisters require very careful training, and a Community which has to train itself cannot undertake this difficult task at the same time. Of course, the arguments in favour of making the Sisters do all the rough work themselves are obvious and plausible; that servants are a luxury, and work is a religious duty, so that women who have voluntarily adopted a life of poverty and toil cannot consistently keep domestics, since by so doing, they put themselves at once on an easier footing than countless thousands of other women, who make no profession whatever of religious zeal. And it will be added by some persons, that rough coarse work is mortifying to pride, and therefore ought to be steadily enjoined upon all as a corrective.

I will take the last objection first, and reply that in a tolerably wide experience, I have very seldom—I might almost say never—found it true in fact. As a general rule, gently reared women make no difficulty at all about rough work, and instead of mortification, feel a certain amused surprise at first at the incongruity of the thing, and then genuine pleasure in doing it better than an ordinary servant. The women who 'object to anything menial,' are about the last to offer themselves as candidates for admission to a Sisterhood, or to stay there a week if they do come without knowing very clearly what awaits them. And as these people are seldom, if ever, true ladies, they are not the necessary material for our purpose. Rough work, in their case, may serve as a useful 'labour-test' to deter them from proceeding. But there is another and better reason than even this, answering the earlier objection. It is that it is sheer waste of power to put workers, capable of doing skilled and difficult work, at tasks which any unskilled person with sufficient physical strength can do as well or better. And wastefulness is unlikeness to God, Who never wastes anything. Further, the amount of physical exhaustion which brain-work induces, is computed by physiologists as about three or four times greater than that caused by an equal period of bodily labour; *e.g.* a conscientious teacher who has been busy with a class of pupils for three hours, has suffered as much bodily wear and tear as an unskilled artizan or labourer undergoes from ten or twelve hours' continuous toil. Consequently, by setting people to do brain-work, or any other work involving considerable exercise of the thinking faculties, we get very much more labour out of them than we should by employing them to

scrub floors, to black grates, or to carry loads about the house. For these reasons, it will be wise to start with a small but efficient staff of servants—a cook, a housemaid, and a portress, who may also be under-housemaid; all of whom should have their time-tables as well as the Sisters, and be responsible to the same authorities. Care should be taken to enforce great neatness, order, punctuality, and good manners; nor should any neglect or slovenliness be passed over on the ground that Sisters ought not to be too particular. On the contrary, Sisters should bear in mind that Christ is the Master of the House, an unseen Guest at every meal, an unheard sharer in every conversation; and everything throughout the household should be as delicately refined as possible, however poor it may be, just as though it were that cottage in Bethany, where He was wont to visit as a friend.

(To be continued.)

R. F. L.

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XV.—DRESS.

TAKE it for all in all, I suppose dress is the greatest temptation to the greatest number of women in existence.

The subject is the more difficult, because the taste is to a certain degree instinctive, and there is no reason to think that it ought to be totally repressed. Abstinence from all adornment is a part of asceticism—a token of repentance and mortification. Those who seek the counsels of perfection, become rigidly heedless of personal attire, alike from conviction of its worthlessness, from contempt for the flesh, and from the desire to waste nothing on it that can be devoted to better purposes.

But there will always be two schools of thought in the Church. Just as in worship one seeks the spiritual and severely simple, and another looks ‘for glory and for beauty;’ so one school views, like St. Francis, the body as *l’ânesse*, to be forced down, starved, and slighted as an enemy; another looks on it as the Temple of the Holy Ghost, to be honoured as such, and as belonging to Christ, and therefore to be decked with whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report. And wisdom is justified in all her children, provided they be truly the children of wisdom, whether with Dr. Watts they say—

‘The art of dress did ne’er begin,
Till Eve, our mother, learnt to sin;’

or with Mr. Keble—

‘The very weeds we daily wear,
Are to faith’s eye a pledge of God’s forgiving might.’

The garments given by God were skins of animals, no doubt sacrificed, and thus an emblem of the robe of righteousness given to the members of Christ. Surely thus to ennoble our views of our raiment, and making them to the glory of God, is a better safe-guard against their temptations, than it can be to denounce them as badges of guilt, and deliver them over to the category of evil! There is all the difference between the wedding garment and the convict dress.

That the women of the Old Testament were dressed with Oriental richness there is no doubt, nor are they censured for so arraying themselves. The virtuous woman clothed her household in scarlet; and the denunciations in the third chapter of Isaiah are rather directed against the priestesses of Ashtaroth than against the ladies of Judah. It is the Apostolical rule of St. Peter that seems to go the most strongly against ornament in dress: 'Whose adorning let it not be that outward of plaiting of hair, and of wearing of gold or putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.'

It has been held from all time, that St. Peter does not mean to forbid the plaiting of hair, or wearing of gold; but merely to shew that the woman's adornment is not to lie in these things, so much as in her meek and quiet spirit, which will of course shew itself in her whole person.

Person, as is well known, means a mask—our human frame being the guise in which we act our part in the scene of this world; and the individuality of our souls is so strong, that not only have they the power to mould the features, gestures, and expression of this permanent mask of theirs, but likewise to give each one's apparel a character of its own; so that a familiar eye can discern individuals with full security, even when uniformly clad; and we all of us know people to whom varieties of dress make no difference—some who look dowdy, tumbled, and washed-out, in the newest and gayest clothes; and others who infuse into the shabbiest and oldest an air and a grace of their own.

What then are the great requisites and duties of dress? Let us try to define them. Modesty, refinement, suitability to circumstances and means; and incidentally, truth, charity, self-denial, and honesty.

Modesty, then, to begin with—since it was the first and original object of dress. The standard, like everything else connected with this subject, is a variable one, as is shewn by the contrasted feelings of the Eastern and Western woman as to uncovering the face or the feet; and there are sometimes fashions which become indecorous merely from persons who have brought them into ill repute, like the yellow ruff in which the poisoning Mrs. Turner was hung.

Two temptations beset the sense of modesty—namely, slovenliness and fashion. The first is more the trial of those who have either weak health or indolent natures, and yet are forced to work hard. It is an act of charity to excite the self-respect of such as these, by treating them with courtesy such as may prevent the hopeless dejection of self-neglect.

Fashion is a much more subtle temptation, because the eye and taste get gradually demoralized. Some periods are worse than others in this respect; but there will always be tendencies to be guarded against—either those that are actually to indecency, or merely to indecorum: *e. g.* the quietest bonnet of the fashion of 1875 would have been most indecorous in 1830, and could have been worn by no respectable person, though now the ‘cottage bonnet’ would be an enormity. But when in the beginning of the century, ladies, trying to be classical, wore hardly two petticoats, and backed out of the room like Nixies for fear their fathers and aunts should be horrified by the statue-like outline of their torsos, fashion went a good way beyond the simply indecorous. And the same may be said of the height of the corsage, and probably always will be; for some women will unfortunately always be found, who are sufficiently lost to modesty, as to be willing to attract by display of themselves; and there are others who thoughtlessly imitate them, because they will not be outdone; and thus a public fashion is formed, which absorbs the thoughtless, and makes others afraid of the suspicion of pruding.

Once for all, exposure is always wrong; whatever be the fashion, it is a Christian woman’s duty to perceive when indecency comes in, and to protest against it by her own example and influence, though not by censoriousness.

Relative indecorum should also be guarded against. The first entrance of a fashion that tends to a bold appearance, ought to be resisted. Mannish dresses are undesirable, on this account; and it is well to cultivate the shading of the face as much as possible—not wearing such hats as are barely endurable because others have them. Exposure of the face is one of the great tendencies of the time; and though it is not exactly indelicate in itself, yet the bold confronting of notice that is involved in going out with a totally unprotected countenance, thrown into prominence by the head-dress, cannot be modest in itself; nor does a veil coming close over the nose materially alter the matter. Many perfectly retiring quiet girls adopt it simply from custom, and their refined faces cannot be entirely spoilt by it; but when the same hat is perched on a coarse face, the evil of the example is apparent. It is one of the incidental ways in which charity can be borne in mind—never to promote a fashion which is bad for the lower classes. And however prevalent a mischievous fashion may be, if good women will only stand by one another, they can always prevent non-compliance from being painfully singular. Crinoline was only absurd, not indecorous, therefore it was not worth while to go against the stream; but the low corsage, and tight skirt, and some kinds of head-gear, should be avoided at any cost of singularity.

Colours likewise are involved in the matter of modesty. What is obtrusive is never fit to put on, for it brings eyes upon the wearer. There is no need to give instances. Most of us understand that there is a difference between brightness and gaudiness; and if, unfortunately, we

are born without the eye to see what is appropriate, observation from others will generally teach it. To be conspicuous is the special thing to be avoided. Glaring contrasts, hasty adoption of fresh modes—all that challenges observation—are inconsistent with the soberness and ‘shamefastness’ which form part of the Christian woman’s adorning.

Refinement comes next—nay, is a part of modesty; since in it is included all the purity which is called for by the sense of the dignity of our bodies—all the refinement which cleanses that which is within as well as that which is without, and would rather go through much additional fatigue than submit to any disorderliness. Hair as neat alone as in company—scrupulously brushed, not surface smoothed—is one token of such a spirit; and to our mind, certain fashions which seem to revel in untidy arrangement or non-arrangement thereof, scarcely are consistent with the dainty niceness of true womanhood. The associations of the loose unkempt locks of Sir Peter Lely’s portraits, are not those of pure and dignified maidens or matrons. Hair is the woman’s glory; but it is often her torment in the earlier years of her youth, when she has to contend with unmanageable tresses, and her toilette is a struggle with them, especially when there is any weakness of health, or extra chill of weather. But it is well if she bravely meet this minor misery, and reduce the hair to well-ordered obedience—not wasting time in needless elaboration, but obtaining the fresh sensation of a head thoroughly brushed, and securely and neatly arranged. Tumble-down hair, falling dishevelled on the shoulders, sounds grand in fiction, but it is disgusting in real life; and when once the melancholy moment of ‘turning up the hair’ has come, no girl whose life is to be spent without a maid, should be content till she has learnt to make her edifice firm, and as graceful as nature will permit. But refinement—as well as truth—will forbid her eking out her own tresses with other people’s, or changing the colour. This is finery—that very different thing; though it is one of the great difficulties to draw the line between the two, especially when dealing with classes below us; and nothing is more undesirable than to check aspirations for refinement by treating them as mere ambition and vanity: *e. g.* gloves, white pocket-handkerchiefs, muffs, parasols—nay, even the umbrella when first introduced—have in their turn been viewed by Ladies Bountiful as mischievous innovations; yet they have no small effect in refining the village girl. They become finery, and not refinement, if the needful under-garment be sacrificed to them, or worn dirty and ragged, or not at all; but, though we may laugh at the idea, it is only exceptionally that a woman can be perfectly refined over hopeless plainness of apparel, where she is allowed no exercise of taste. Even Quakerism reacted in exquisite fineness of material and beauty of work; and conventual garbs are apt to lapse sometimes into slovenliness, and sometimes into the little niceties which reforming abbesses so sternly condemned. You can hardly expect to get a lady’s sentiments into your maid or school-girl, unless you freely permit her to fulfil her ideal of a

lady in matters that are not all foolish ornaments, but absolute comforts and refinements. Story-books for the poor have created a most impossible set of heroic girls and mothers, neat as new pins in the dullest imaginable wearing apparel, which, by-the-by, they could never procure. If an elderly lady wishes for the patterns of her prime, she has to pay highly for them at her milliner's. Poor people's shops have only the popular extreme of the fashion.

The really kind thing to do by young girls at service or at school, is to train their natural taste for embellishment, not to quash it and treat it as an offence, so as to give every compliance with fashion the zest of a victory over authority. What is really becoming and convenient, let us accept for her as we would for ourselves, and acknowledge that it is as much in the course of nature for a maiden to enjoy arraying herself, as for a bird to plume itself. And let us not be unreasonable enough to expect in the most uneducated part of the community, an indifference to ornament that is scarcely to be found in the most educated, and not always for good there!

The hard mannish woman, who runs into harsh eccentricities in dress, is not commendable on that score. It is but an uglier kind of vanity. No rule for female dress was ever better than that of the adviser of Marie Therèse de l'Amourous, when he told her that whatever attracted notice in dress, whether too much or too little, was an error.

Suitability to circumstances and means brings in all the question of expense as well as taste. The matter of expense is one of those questions with a sliding scale, on which it is so hard to lay down rules. The ascetic and even the philosopher might say, 'Spend not a farthing needlessly on the perishable body;' but other voices, especially while there are those around us who love us, bid us think that the raiment of our station fitly arranged is a part of the character of the virtuous woman, and enhances the dignity and sweetness of her portrait.

It is right, then, that the costliness of each person's dress should be in keeping with her means. Even very large means do not, however, justify wanton and wasteful expenditure—such as that of paying for the destruction of a pattern, that the dress purchased may be unique; or the inordinate desire for change and novelty, which pays a fancy price for some new invention. Freaks like this are the insolence of wealth and fashion, and are unjustifiable on any score; but chiefly because money is a stewardship, and there are thousands of objects for it, which make squandering it away a sin of omission. Besides, the example of extravagance is most contagious and mischievous. Are we not still suffering from the expensive style begun in the Second Empire, and since upheld by American taste? Economy is now shewn in the choice of wretched cheap material, instead of in the durability and simplicity of the garment. Instead of one handsome dress, simply made, and capable of being turned and altered, half a dozen trumpery ones, with material not worth making up, are called for; and if good stuff be employed, it is so cut to pieces by

the present fashion as to be incapable of being used again ; and we think of Petruchio's indignation—'I told you to cut the gown, I told you not to cut it to pieces.'

'A good silk made as simply as possible, and fitting perfectly, is the most lady-like of dresses, and moreover does the least harm. Nine times out of ten, trimmings are only useful to conceal bad fit, or bad work, or sometimes wear ; *pour cacher la misère*, as the Frenchwoman cleverly said. When they are to hide honest wear, and to 'gar auld claites look amaist as weel as new,' they are highly respectable and ingenious. But when, as Mrs. Whitney puts it in 'We Girls,' they are merely a fidget, and a means of spending as much time and money with a sewing-machine as with a needle, they are utterly unprofitable waste, and but that the eye is vitiated, we should not be able to endure them.

The duty of most girls with regard to dress is to be always ready to appear in some garb, quiet yet fresh, and pretty, according to the occasion, but without vain expenditure. Forethought and good sense will generally make this possible. Parents calculate allowances according to what they expect of their daughter, and according to whether she has the use of a maid's needle, or depends on her own. When she has to make, alter, or mend for herself, questions of expense often resolve themselves into questions of time, and she has to decide whether such and such a trimming is to be paid for, made by herself, or dispensed with. It is a matter only to be decided by the preponderance of the duty of saving money or time ; and sometimes indeed it is the truest way of being charitable, to employ some needy and industrious fingers to make it. But with this proviso. Never employ such workers at a sum below the proper price, or you are as bad as the worst slop-shop. Economy is not economy but cheating, if you do not render to every man, and still more to every woman, their due. Running after cheap advertising shops, and buying fabulously cheap ready-made garments, is encouraging the cruel oppression of the poor workers. The money spent in the absurd advertising system must come out of someone, either the buyer or the worker ; and advertisements of the same article running down a whole column of a paper, or flaring on every wall, ought to be a warning to every reasonable creature against the purchase. The better sort of shop only advertises in a moderate degree, when there is anything expedient to be made known. Everyone knows such trustworthy shops of old established tradesmen in London, and still more in country towns, where long custom and confidence creates a real dependence ; and where one is safe in accepting the recommendation of the sellers. Such houses are considerate with their work-people, and their sellings off of old seasons' stock are genuine. It is false economy to go after bargains, and leads to other evils.

If it be an object not to be expensive, choose durable colours, and let the *pièce de resistance* of your dress be one of those tints that 'fight' with the fewest colours, fade the least, and clean the best. White, black,

and delicate neutral tints, and brown-holland, are always safe, and can be varied infinitely by delicate bright ribbons. Half the bad taste for which Englishwomen are proverbial, comes of the improvident choice of unmanageable colours, where the wardrobe is small. A dress and its appliances may perhaps go together perfectly, but a little change in the season may necessitate the use of another wrap, or a different bonnet has to be worn; and if the colours will not assort themselves, it cannot be helped; to get a new article would be wrong till the old is nearly worn out. Granted; but those who mean to be economical should never buy what will only look well with one other colour. It is often true self-denial to wear unbecoming colours rather than go to needless expense; but self-denial in choosing the less attractive but more useful article in the first instance, would prevent the ugliness of the world from being increased. Bright delicate blues and pinks can be used in large masses by the young, either in morning muslins or evening silks; but nothing but whites or blacks go well with them, and ordinarily these colours are better garnish than full material. The scarlet or crimson shawl or cloak is a time-honoured wrap, in perfect taste over blacks, greys, or dark browns; but no two reds together are admissible.

There is nothing wrong in taking questions of complexion and becomingness into account, though to dress coquettishly to attract notice is a very different thing. Ornament has here to be considered; and first of all rules relating to it, comes the rule of truth. All attempts to pretend to beauties that we do not possess are clearly falsehood, and therefore wrong in themselves, and injurious to the genuine possessors. It is parting with all the true dignity of the virtuous woman, to try to change hair or complexion; and it is a strange and sad proof of the evil influences of fashion, that so many good women should deck themselves with borrowed plaits without compunction, 'because everyone knew it was not their own.' And that in the face of universal protests against the ungraceful fashion of an unnaturally large head!

False pretences at wealth are nearly as bad as false pretences at beauty. In the last generation, mock jewellery was the acme of vulgarity. Now, love of trinkets has made tinsel in reality more vulgar, because more common; but unfortunately not confined to the second-rate classes. Only the truly refined will now refuse to wear anything that is not what it pretends to be—will prefer an honest pebble to a sham jewel, and turn away from false coral and glass jet. The person who utterly repudiates unreal gew-gaws, is true and just; and what is more, she saves a great many small sums for higher purposes.

The higher rulers of good taste have shewn us that nothing is really graceful that has not a *raison d'être*. Dress should resemble early English rather than Tudor architecture, and its ornaments be beautiful necessary finishes and fastenings. The brooch is almost a necessity; and the bracelet is a natural ornament—as are the flowers in the hair, the feather in the hat. To the whole bird, or to an entire wing, I own a dislike, as

looking murderous, and reminding me of the extermination of all the more beautiful birds wherever the orders of fashion-mongers can reach.

Skirts looped up with flowers, where it would be unnatural to fasten real ones, do not seem to me to be good taste; though the associations of a ball-dress are in favour of them, and perhaps the dancer is supposed for the nonce to be a fairy and in fairy costume. Artificial flowers do not exactly come under the category of shams, since no one wears them to deceive; and though a battered flower in a dirty cap or torn hat is the most disgusting ornament the poor bedeck themselves with, tolerable flowers are so cheap, that the time is past for their inhibition, and it is wiser to shew in what style they should be worn.

Falsehood as to amount of material is thorough bad taste, if no more. The long train gathered up behind became our great-grandmothers; but the *real* folds of drapery are ill-replaced by a mechanical cushion standing out like an excrescence; and a flounce with lining alone under it gives a sense of spiteful triumph to those who detect it.

And *truth* in dress leads to charity; not only by avoiding setting bad examples, but by making the worn dress fit to be given away, or cut up for a poor child. To give away disused finery is no kindness; but a stout dress, past its first prime, is no small benefit to a poor woman, and if it have not been spoilt in the making, will last her for years. Such considerations as these are well worth keeping in mind when we choose our dresses, for they greatly increase our powers of kindness; and if there be a little restraint as to shape and colour, it will probably rather improve than detract from the general effect.

‘Do all to the glory of God’ is the rule of rules; and above all, it should make our Sunday dress such as may really be one of the fair elements of brightness of the Lord’s Day, and not a distraction to our fellow-worshippers. Whether they are occupied in censuring its vanity, or contriving an imitation of it, it is making our sisters to offend.

‘The Sunday garment glittering gay
May steal the Sunday heart away,’

—not only of ourselves, but of many more.

Let us then be very careful how we deal with that especial trial of womankind, the garb in which we clothe ourselves.

(To be continued.)

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MAY, 1875.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

THE STUDY OF SCEPTICAL QUESTIONS.

My dear —,

WHAT I have said upon the subject of Christian belief has, you own, much force—yet it fails to satisfy you. The evidence, after all, is only probable. I have not attempted to bring forward any argument which can be called demonstrative.

Certainly I have not; and for this reason—that we have no right to demand it. As I think I have said in a former letter, quoting Bishop Butler—God has been pleased to place us in this world under the necessity of accepting probability as the guide of life. Belief, therefore, rests upon the degree of probability for the facts asserted, and not upon mathematical or intuitive certainty.

Unless you can receive this as a fundamental truth, argument must be useless. For, let me ask, what are you at this moment striving for, except for a question of probability? You study—so you tell me—all that can be said on the side of unbelief, for the purpose of making up your mind as to the truth of Christianity. But if you could hear, read, and understand everything that has ever been written or said against Revelation, what would it amount to? Demonstration? Most assuredly not.

Your own conscience, the misgiving at the bottom of your heart, would still force you to acknowledge that you were not certain; and when you turned to external support, where would be the man who would dare to say, ‘I *know* that these asserted facts are false, and I can demonstrate the falsehood.’ The strongest verdict that a jury of clever men, antagonistic to Christianity, could give, is—improbable, or *non proven*; and this is but a weak ground on which to rest the tremendous issues involved in its rejection.

But—I can imagine you to answer in reference to the Sceptical studies which you have undertaken—granting this to be true, still I have the gift of Reason; and though perhaps I cannot attain to demonstration, I must be a judge of probability: I read Sceptical books, therefore, in order to form an opinion.

No doubt you are abstractedly a judge of probability—but what is it that makes you a judge practically? If you were called upon to decide between the probable value of two rival plans for a railway in India, should you, because you are, speaking generally, a judge of probability, think yourself competent to undertake the decision? Would not common sense shew you that you ought to be able to understand the grounds on which the plans were respectively formed? And if—tempted by self-conceit—you allowed the rival engineers to come before you with their arguments, and found that you did not comprehend the terms they used, and were utterly perplexed by their reference to mechanical principles and scientific laws, would you not turn away humiliated by your own folly, heartily ashamed of having tried to decide when you had not the materials from which even to form an opinion of any value?

But—pardon me for saying—such folly is not greater, it is indeed infinitely less, than you and many (young persons especially) are guilty of in the present day—when you undertake to decide the question on which your eternal interests depend by the study of controversial and scientific books.

What qualifications have you which will enable you to decide it? The difficulties discussed are of various kinds—metaphysical, chronological, ethnological, geological, historical, grammatical, &c.—what do you know about these things?

Clever and learned men have given their lives to the study of such subjects—each, for the most part, taking one only—and they place before you the result. Dr. Colenso comes to you with his theories of the Pentateuch. Dr. McCaul states his arguments in opposition. You are to decide between them. Are you a Hebrew scholar? Can you cite Hebrew authorities? Do you even know one Hebrew letter from another? You pin your faith, perhaps, upon Dr. Colenso; you echo his assertions, and say that you are of his opinion. But what is your opinion worth?

Or again—the authorship of the Fourth Gospel is to be decided. You have seen it said in some review or some essay, that doubts have been raised with regard to it. You would like to settle the question for yourself, and you therefore read all that you can find which bears upon it. There are on both sides references to the early Fathers. What is your knowledge of the Fathers? Can you read them in the original? If you can, have you read them? and are you able to verify the quotations, and compare them with the context? I think I might even venture to ask, Do you know their dates so as to be a little aware of their respective value as witnesses?

And the ancient manuscripts of the Gospel—can you tell where they are to be found? If you were to see them, could you decipher them? And the authorities for the various readings—are you well acquainted with them? Did you ever hear their names before you began this study?

Yet you are to decide. According to your own shewing, you must decide. And I confess I agree with you so far that you certainly ought to have a clear opinion upon a point so important.

What are you to do? It is a difficulty, I own; but your way of meeting it appears to me eminently unsatisfactory. For when you have heard what is to be said on both sides, it is impossible for you to estimate the value of the arguments; and therefore, if you are in this way to form your judgement, you are scarcely better off than you were before in regard to the question in dispute. A superstructure of wisdom cannot be raised upon a substratum of ignorance.

You may choose between the two sides, but it will be merely preferring the guidance of one man to that of another. For with ignorant persons all questions of this kind resolve themselves into the value of authority. Some one tells you that Dr. Colenso, or Dean Stanley, or Mr. Matthew Arnold, are learned men; and some one else tells you that Bishop Wordsworth, and Bishop Ellicott, and Canon Liddon, are learned men; and you can do little more than accept whichever from circumstances or hearsay you think most likely to guide you aright.

It is very disappointing, when you think you are searching after truth; very humiliating, when you pride yourself upon your intellectual gifts; very disheartening, when you would fain have a firm belief and act upon it. But if what I have said is true, you surely will do well to face it.

I would therefore repeat again, that any opinion which you, or I, or anyone, can arrive at, after reading controversial books, can be nothing more than the acceptance of one authority in preference to another, unless we have the power of examining into the question in dispute for ourselves. We may indeed see that the arguments on one side are more powerful than those on the other; but whether the facts on which those arguments are founded are correct, or incorrect, is beyond our ken.

Many people fancied they saw most clearly, at the beginning of the Tichborne trial, that the Claimant must be Sir Roger Tichborne. Taking the apparent facts as they stood, it could not be otherwise. But when those facts were disproved, or outbalanced by other facts, we were convinced that we were in egregious error.

To sound the depths of our own knowledge, and then compare it with the depths of our ignorance—if that can be sounded—is therefore a fundamental necessity when we would arrive at a just conclusion as to our power of judging in these controverted questions. Humility is the safeguard of truth; and without humility, truth can never be attained.

But I think I hear you say, Is this all you have to offer me? Am I really to be thrown back upon universal doubt—to believe nothing?

God forbid! Only let your belief rest upon a safe foundation. You cannot—I cannot—settle these disputed questions, even by the most careful and impartial study of the arguments used concerning them. It may interest us to hear what is said by competent inquirers, and we may exercise our reason in comparing their arguments; but the faith by which we are to live cannot be allowed to rest on this sandy foundation, or it will be shifted with every ‘blast of vain doctrine,’ every hasty theory or ingenious speculation.

That which God has given us for our guidance, is the authentic testimony of persons having capacity and opportunity to judge, or as we are accustomed to term it, *authority*. The word is, I know, distasteful, and it is easy to put it aside on the specious plea that authorities are as perplexing and conflicting as arguments; but you cannot deny that, in spite of this perplexity, we are compelled, in nine-tenths of the affairs of life, to decide our actions by authority. And what right have we, therefore, to suppose that in Religion we are to have a different guide?

You are ill, and you go to a certain physician. Why? You know very little about him, you know still less of the theory of your disease; but you are told that he is clever, and has made such cases as yours his successful study; and you therefore put yourself under him.

You are engaged in a law-suit. A difficult question arises; your solicitor advises you to take counsel’s opinion. You know nothing whatever of the barrister whom he recommends you to consult; still less are you acquainted with legal technicalities: but you are told that the gentleman in question is a great authority, and without hesitation you agree to apply to him.

It would be useless to multiply illustrations. If probability is the guide of life, in matters of which we are ourselves competent judges, authority is the guide in questions which lie beyond our ken; and of these, the most important which can possibly be brought before us, is the truth of the asserted facts of the origin of Christianity.

Now what is the authority for these facts? the facts, I mean, contained in the Apostles’ Creed; for of these only would I now speak, as they are the foundation of all Christian teaching.

First—The Authority of the Christian Church for more than eighteen hundred years.

Think what this means. Not the authority of Roman or Anglican, Reformed or unreformed Churches, but of the whole body of Christian people; who, however differing in minor points, have agreed in accepting for themselves, and handing down to posterity, the fact that ‘Jesus Christ was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried, and the third day rose again from the dead, and ascended into Heaven.’

Second—The Authority of the Scriptures, taken as a whole, and as a true history.

I do not ask for anything more. The question of inspiration, though all-important, may be left. I wish to rest only upon those points which scarcely anyone will venture to gainsay. And certainly a strong proof of the historical authority of the Bible is, that no one would now venture to write universal history without accepting the genuineness, as a whole, of the Bible documents.

Third—The Authority of the great and learned men of past ages who have professed their belief in Christianity, and have left their testimony as an inheritance for after generations.

This is an authority which can scarcely be over-rated. I really do not venture to begin the catalogue, lest in the enumeration of names I should seem to fix a limit to that which may almost be said to defy reckoning. But it would be worth your while to employ your leisure in collecting the names of men who have been distinguished for learning and talent, and have been avowedly Christians; I think you would be startled by their number and weight. At any rate, you will scarcely put aside the names of Lord Bacon, Pascal, and Sir Isaac Newton; though you may be unwilling, on account of their ecclesiastical profession, to class with them Bishop Butler and Jeremy Taylor.

The professed belief of such men as these was no mere form—no temporary compliance with the religious customs of their age. The questions which were rife with us, were rife with them, though under other forms; and they were well weighed. For they were no fools, those men of bygone days. They saw that the soul was of more value than the body, Heaven than Earth, Eternity than Time; and they inquired, as wise men would inquire, into the foundation of the Faith that they were called upon to profess, and were satisfied.

You and I—certainly I may say, not *quite* so learned, not *quite* so clear-sighted—may be dissatisfied; but the weight of our doubts will scarcely counterbalance the weight of their belief.

Fourth—The Authority of the learned men of the present day, who are avowedly Christians.

Great names there are amongst them—names, I venture to think, quite as weighty as those on the Sceptical side; and with this important advantage—that, whatever may be their differences upon lesser points, they are all of one opinion as to the asserted fundamental facts of Christianity; whereas Sceptics have no one fact contradictory of these fundamental facts, on which, by universal agreement, they are content to base their arguments.

Eighteen hundred years have gone by, and Christianity has been assailed on every side, subject to the most minute inquiry, the most unsparing criticism; and at this day, its opponents are as far off from agreement as ever. If it were not so—if the falsity of any one fundamental fact could have been *proved*, as well as declared—Christianity must long ago have been overthrown. Every lesser difficulty would surely have been left; the enemies of the Faith would triumphantly have

joined their forces in the attack upon the one weak point, and the body of Christian believers, unable to rally for its defence, would have been compelled to own themselves vanquished. That which eighteen centuries have failed to achieve, will scarcely be achieved now. But that is not the point on which I wish to dwell. What I would fain impress upon you is, that with this weight of authority on the side of belief, and this impossibility of entering upon the separate questions of controversy for yourself, you are bound reasonably to accept Christianity as a *proved* fact.

If you do not, you are in this position. Either you undertake to decide questions of which it is impossible for you to be a competent judge; or, on your own responsibility, setting aside Christian authority, you take Unbelievers and Sceptics as your guide, in preference to Christians.

On your own responsibility—I entreat you to ponder the words well. Lightly as you may pronounce them now, there may come a Day (you can never prove that it will not come) when you will be called upon by God, before angels and men, to accept the consequences.

There are two authorities—not two arguments—put before you, and you must choose between them. What you call arguments are, for the most part, no arguments for you, because you do not understand them. You have chosen to listen, as it might happen, to Strauss, Renan, Dr. Colenso, Mr. Matthew Arnold, &c., rather than to Bishop Wordsworth, Dr. Pusey, Canon Liddon, Dr. McCaul, &c.—that is all.

But further, in what I have been saying, I have taken for granted—what, really, I do not believe—that ignorant inquirers into Sceptical difficulties are always able and willing fairly to study both sides of the question.

I do not believe it, because experience has shewn me the contrary. The persons who I find are led away by Scepticism have, I think, without exception, begun their study and ended it with the Sceptical writers. Once thoroughly imbued with their tone and reasoning, they are satisfied to rest. As a rule, they fancy that they already know all that is to be said about Christianity. If they look at the answers to the questions propounded, it is to demand complete satisfaction; which in many cases it is not in the very nature of things that they should receive. Not receiving this, they consider the point proved on the Sceptical side.

As an illustration of what I mean—they will perhaps bring forward the difficulty of exactly harmonizing the separate accounts of the Resurrection. The attempts made to solve it are to their minds inconclusive. All the other most weighty evidences for the fact are overlooked, and the victory is supposed to remain with the Sceptic.

But surely this is simply unfair. No evidence in cases of human interest would be so treated. It is really the result of an unacknowledged bias which warps the judgement. The fact is, that perfectly impartial, unprejudiced inquiry, even in questions of inferior importance, is most rare; and in religious questions, I doubt very much if it is often to be found.

We must, it seems to me, begin by wishing or not wishing Christianity to be true. The instant we recognize that it involves the interests of Eternity, we cannot look upon it with indifference. We may desire to do so; we may flatter ourselves that we do; but let Death stare us in the face, and we shall find, even from the effort required to set the thought of it aside, that we are not really as unconcerned as we thought we were. That which at the last moment of life becomes of paramount importance, cannot be indifferent to us through the course of it.

I remember on one occasion, when staying with a friend, that we were both drawn into something approaching to an argument with an accidental visitor, as to the truth of Christianity. The subject was forced upon us. Whenever we tried to escape it, the gentleman in question renewed it. He brought before us some of the standard difficulties; asserted as proved, things which we knew ourselves had, on the highest authority, been disproved; and professed his unbelief strongly—though he owned that he did not bring up his child to it; and we, not being very ready in our replies, and fearing to injure our cause by ignorance and weak arguments, said as little as we could—though we decidedly differed from him. At length my friend remarked with grave earnestness, that ‘it was a very important subject.’

‘Yes,’ he exclaimed, and his face changed, and his tone expressed great irritation; ‘that is the provoking thing—it is so important.’ He departed, evidently annoyed, though less with us than with himself; and returned again self-invited, a few days after, but he was no more successful than at first; and at last he apparently gave up the attempt to convert us to his views—our quiet disagreement was more than he could bear.

I mention this merely as an illustration of what I said—that no person is really indifferent upon religious subjects; and every one must therefore approach the consideration of them with a bias for or against the evidence brought forward. When we have owned this, we shall see our way more clearly.

Persons who wish to believe Christianity are generally, I think, willing to accept Christian authority. Those who do not wish to believe it, or who are under the influence of friends of a sceptical turn of mind, accept Sceptical authority.

This is the general rule. The exception is in the case of persons with devotional minds, whose very anxiety leads them to wish to know the worst that can be said against the facts upon the truth of which they have staked their happiness; and who therefore read Sceptical books with an intense but often agonizing interest, and as a natural result are rendered miserable.

For them I have the deepest sympathy, and one of my most earnest wishes would be to give them, if possible, some help in their great trial. I scarcely know whether I may reckon yourself amongst them, but I am sure you will forgive me if I venture to assume that I may.

Now the first thing I would say is this : You and those who feel with you tell me that you find it impossible to accept Christianity simply because it has the authority of eighteen centuries, or of any number of good and learned men. You live in a sceptical age, and hear so many difficulties raised, that you cannot help being troubled. Even if you cannot fully estimate the value of the arguments used in discussing the questions, you can in a certain measure understand them. To listen without inquiry makes you wretched ; and as God has given you intellect—whether great or small—you desire to exercise it. I accept this. There is a better way, which I will point out by-and-by ; for the present, however, I will suppose that in your case it may be better to study than not to study these controverted and difficult questions. But—remembering that you have been baptized into the Christian Church, that you are under a solemn pledge to accept Christian doctrine, and that the weight of the authority of eighteen centuries is on the side of Christianity—I say that you are *bound* to take your first view of the subjects in question from avowedly Christian writers.

The way in which a thing is put ! we all know what that means. Take the character of any man as described by an enemy or by a friend, how different will be the impression ! If you read Sceptical writers, you will naturally receive their views of the difficulties of Revelation. Your mind will retain the impression ; and the after arguments of Christian believers will lose their due weight. Any person who regularly and systematically studies controverted questions in the Sceptical books of the day—even with the most deliberate intention of ascertaining the truth by the exercise of an unprejudiced judgement—runs a great risk, unless gifted with rare powers of mind, of becoming more or less sceptical ; just as a person seeking to discover the truth of an accusation against an acquaintance, if he listens to and consults only those who believe the man guilty, will be, most frequently, in the end, of their opinion—even though he may be aware of contradictory facts. An English judge might perhaps hear evidence so put, and be able to escape its influence, and fairly test its weakness or its strength ; but the qualities which are needed for an English judge are by no means common, and we must not calculate upon meeting with them either in ourselves or in others. I would add also—and I think I may speak without fear of contradiction—that you will find both sides of the question—the objection as well as the answer—clearly put by Christian writers ; whereas Sceptics for the most part content themselves with bringing forward their difficulties, and leaving the answers to be discovered as they may. I do not complain of this. Their strength lies in attack ; and they are not bound to bring forward all that can be said for the defence : whilst Christians, on the other hand, being put upon their defence, are necessitated to state the grounds of the attack.

But the result of the Sceptical mode of treating controverted subjects is disastrous to numbers who do not see its danger. I will give you

two illustrations of what I mean, which happen to suggest themselves to me.

The acquaintance to whom I have before alluded, accepted, without apparently imagining there could be a reply, the Sceptical theory of the date of the Prophet Daniel, which in fact makes him no prophet at all—as he is supposed to have written after the events to which he refers. I, who happened to have read Dr. Pusey's Lectures on Daniel, knew fully what could be said upon this point; but knew also Dr. Pusey's clear answer, which shews that Sceptics are hopelessly at variance with one another as to the interpretation of Daniel's words.

So again, I happened a few days ago to read in a newspaper, a theory as to the prophecy of Isaiah, which almost equally destroyed its authority. It was mentioned without any attempt to refute it, though the Christian belief upon the subject was also stated barely. I was left to choose between the two. Having Bishop Wordsworth's Bible on my shelf, I turned to his introduction to Isaiah, and there I found the Sceptical theory quite plainly stated in distinct paragraphs; but to each Sceptical argument, there was appended a counter statement which entirely did away with its force.

The difference between these two modes of stating difficulties is, I think, very important; and though, as I said before, I do not profess to quarrel with the Sceptics, I certainly say that if we must study such subjects, it is wise to do so under the guidance of those who not only come to us with authority, but also give us the opinions of both sides.

This is based upon the supposition that you cannot satisfy yourself that it is right to turn away from these questions without inquiry; but if I were to advise one—younger, perhaps, than yourself—less self-reliant, and more unhappy, I would say: As you value your present peace and your eternal happiness, put all these questions aside.

The effort will be very great—at times seemingly beyond you. Doubts will suggest themselves, as it were, spontaneously; questions will be raised in society; remarks will be met with in books; and each difficulty will have its sharp sting, urging you to take some active steps to soothe and deaden the pain inflicted. And you will be tempted—sorely tempted. The essay, or the clever scientific treatise, or the brilliant biography, will be offered you; and you will say to yourself, It is only cowardice that makes me dread to open the book. The weight of authority may indeed be on the other side, but—private judgement—why may I not use it?

Let me tell you why. Because you are not in a position to use it. Because you are young and ignorant, and private judgement can only lead you astray. You must for the present be content with authority. The doubt must be crushed—it is the only word to use—absolutely crushed; pressed down, kept down by an effort which in some cases is actually physical. We all know how unwelcome thoughts may be arrested. The repetition of poetry, the humming

of a tune, the determination to take up an amusing book—even walking up and down the room—will help us in ordinary cases. They will help us also in these temptations to Scepticism: but the first aid, the one without which every other aid must fail, is a short instantaneous prayer. Earnest it may well be—but even if the will can scarcely go with it, the words must be uttered. That effort made, others may follow; and the victory will for the moment be gained—though there will still linger a fretting sense of having something in the mind which may not be faced; and again and again the temptation will recur, and the same struggle be required to gain the victory over it.

Does anyone exclaim scoffingly, What a victory! The subjugation of intellect, the wilful acceptance of what may be falsehood, the determined blindness which closes its eyes because it will not see light.

I answer, Far—far from it. I am speaking to the young and the ignorant—to those who feel that they have not the knowledge required to enable them to grasp the questions which terrify them, and whose Christian life is as yet so weak, that they have little or no moral conviction by which to strengthen their intellectual weakness.

Pass but a few years; crush these painful sceptical thoughts, keep them down by earnest prayer, which shall bring the aid of the Holy Spirit to uphold the determined human will; live *very near* to God, listening to the least suggestion of conscience, attending upon all outward means of grace, e'en though in fear and sorrow of heart for doubts which seem sinful and will not be silenced: and there will come a time when you will be able to grapple with the phantoms of Scepticism boldly, and discover for yourself that they are phantoms.

When we have lived with a friend and tested him, and learnt the secrets of his inmost heart, we can listen with contempt, though not without pain, to the accusations which his enemies bring against him. When we have tried the skill of the physician, and our cure has been effected, we smile at the attempt to prove that he is ignorant and incapable. 'Whether He be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see.' (St. John, ix. 25.)

The evidence is within our own experience; and the arrows of doubt, though they may wound us for the moment, are powerless really to injure us. This is the point to which I most fervently desire to bring you, and those who, like you, are troubled by the Sceptical atmosphere, in which at the present day we are all more or less compelled to live.

A Christian life, strict—very strict—will alone, as time goes on, enable us through God's grace, fearlessly to confront the problems from which we cannot escape.

For there are such. We cannot always close our eyes and crush down our thoughts. There will come cases in which duty—the duty we owe to the young, such as we once were—the children—tempted as we have been tempted—will call upon us to face unflinchingly the questions which now we shrink from.

Strange will it be to us then, to see how weak are the arguments, which once, at a distance, appeared so strong. Life's lessons will have strengthened and cleared our judgements. We shall have become more exact in our habits of reasoning; and experience will have shewn us the value and need of authority.

Some questions of difficulty there are, which seem insurmountable to the young, but which answer themselves as time goes on. They meet us in the affairs of earth, as in the affairs of religion; and we learn to regard them both equally as parts of the mysterious scheme of the great Creator, which now we are taking part in blindly and in faith, but which will hereafter be explained to us for the satisfaction of all our inquiries. The whys and the wherefores of life are thus, though unknown, acquiesced in; and our intellects, as well as our hearts, have rest.

And for other questions—of interpretation, chronology, grammar, &c.—which are necessarily involved in the study of the sacred Scriptures, we shall hear them discussed with interest, and we may even venture to look into what is said, with the wish to understand it as far as we can; but they will no longer be questions of anxiety, throwing doubt on our dearest hopes. The root of our convictions will lie far too deep for them to be touched by the lopping of a bough or the bending of a branch.

Social experience also, will by that time have taught us invaluable lessons with regard to our cherished Faith—for tendencies and results are powerful for the confirmation of belief, though it is not always safe to use them as the foundation on which it is to rest.

Christianity and Infidelity are daily playing their parts before us, and we can scarcely be mistaken as to the ends to which they respectively lead. As my Sceptical acquaintance brought up his little child to pray, though he rejected prayer himself, so the wisest and most far-seeing politician will desire the nation to be Christian, though he himself may be an infidel. 'Peace on earth and good will toward men,' on one side; the horrors of French Communism on the other—these are the two extremes. On which side, do you think, does the blessing of God rest?

But, more personal and more influential still—what is the witness of our own hearts? The Christian life, founded on Christian hope, is a struggle—often a weary one; but who that has striven after, and in a measure—however small—attained to it, would take aught in earth or Heaven in exchange for the blessing which accompanies it?

Patience in trial, comfort in affliction, sympathy in joy, hope in desolation, peace in death! Where is the witness that can equal it? Who that has seen—as *I have seen*—the marvellous support which faith in Christ will give to a dying child, too young even to read for himself the words of comfort;—who that has heard—as *I have heard*—from the lips of age, when death was standing at the very door, 'I am the happiest person in the world; I know not what my joy is to be, but I do know that I shall be with Christ;'—can ever doubt that Christianity is a living power, and the Incarnate God a Reality?

Only one more word let me add. Doubts may come—they will come. They are the special temptation and trial of the age, and we cannot expect to escape them. But so far as they are involuntary, they are trials—not sins.

God is merciful to them, Christ looks on them with pity; the Holy Spirit is ready to aid us in our conflict with them.

Fought against and crushed, they may be stepping-stones to Heaven; but yielded to and encouraged, they are the easy and rapid road to eternal ruin.

Yours, &c.,

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

Ashcliff, Bonchurch,
February 22nd, 1875.

ODDS AND ENDS OF WEATHER WISDOM AND FRAGMENTS OF FOLK LORE.

MARCH AND APRIL.

'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way.
Christabel.

MARCH and APRIL are so closely united by their proverbs and sayings, that it seems no hardship to couple them, which is fortunate; for March, like La Fontaine's spaniel, has been driven from his proper place by his more important guest, Lent; so that unless he was prepared to follow the example of the Knights Templars, and ride double, he would fare badly.

Certainly one of our modern poets must have thought that April and May were best suited to each other, when he wrote—

'If you were April's lady, and I were lord of May;'

yet the old nursery belief, that March was the gentleman and April the lady of months, seems to me better; for March, even in his mildest moods, has nothing feminine about him. Though he *may* go out like a lamb, yet 'this most English of months' never fails to come in like a lion: and indeed it is much to be wished that he should continue this good practice; for unless the 1st keeps up his character, and is rough and boisterous, there will be no fine weather throughout the ensuing spring; so that this is decidedly a case in which it is advisable to venture a sprat to catch a mackerel. Perhaps Fuller was right when he said that March would rather give the hand to that winter that he leaves behind, than offer help to the spring that he brings with him; but even if this is the case, March has a perfect right to be as winterly as he likes for the first five days, since spring does not begin till the 6th; and even then we need be in no hurry, since 'A late spring is a

great blessing;' for 'It is better to have late ripe and bear, than early blossom and blast;' as 'A late spring never deceives:' while the Russian proverb says, 'A fine spring is good for everybody.' You need never be afraid of knowing whether spring really has come or not; for all you have to do is to try whether or no you can

' Step on nine daisies, spring's first sign ;'

though one cannot help feeling sorry for the daisies whose lives are shortened by this experiment, since few people can rival the 'airy tread' of the Lady of the Lake.

The Italian proverb seems to point to March's supposed preference for winter, when it asserts that March is nobody's child; if he rains one day he is fine the next, and is first stormy and then fine; while at Milan they assert that March borrowed a cloak from his father, and pawned it after three days; and the Venetians go further, and call all changeable weather *marzeggiare*.* A Scotch proverb accuses March of coming in with an adder's head, and going out with a peacock's tail; but this may be because

' March wind
Wakes the adder and blooms the whin.'

Has not Brutus said—

' It is the ~~bright~~ day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking.'

Perhaps he did not know, that if you want to triumph over your enemies, all you have to do is to kill the first you see, and that will ensure you success; while if you have the misfortune to be bitten during the process, you must apply the creature's fat to the wound: this is a certain, and some people add, the only certain cure; at any rate, the remedy has the great charm of simplicity, seeing that it goes upon the same principle as the well-known prescription—'A hair of the dog that bit you.' Moreover, you have not done with the adder yet; for if you hang his skin over the mantel-piece, your house will be secured against fire for the next twelve months, at any rate.

The March wind, which together with the May sun, makes clothes white and maids dun, and which, with April showers, brings forth May flowers, wakes something more pleasant than the adder—to wit, the seven sleepers; for though

' The bat, the bee, the butterfly,
The cuckoo and the swallow,
The heather-bleet and the corn-crake,
Sleep all in a little holly ;' (hollow ?)

yet March rouses them, and sends them all abroad.

It is curious, that though the bat is the most mysterious and eerie creature that is to be met with in England, there are hardly any

* Weather Folk-lore. (Swainson.)

superstitions connected with it; while the bee, the cuckoo, and the swallow, are all amply provided. The bee is May's child, so we must not notice him here. The cuckoo certainly belongs to April rather than March; for though one rhyme says—

‘He comes in mid-March,
And cucks in April,
And goes away at Lammas-tide,
When the corn begins to fill;’

yet by far the most popular belief is that

‘In April he opens his bill;
In May he sings all day;
In June he alters his tune;*
In July away he must fly;
Come August, go he must.’

Any way, he does not take his departure till he has had three good meals of cherries by way of variety; for we know that he usually

‘Sucks little birds’ eggs to make his voice clear;’ †

and even then many people, both in Germany and England, believe that he does not go at all, but changes into a sparrow-hawk after St. John's Day!

The Scotch people are not too complimentary to him, for they call him a *gowk*, ‡ which also means a stupid person; but according to Brand, ‘cuckoo’ is everywhere a name of contempt; § still, notwithstanding this, many plants and flowers are called after him:—the *Oxalis acetosella* is ‘cuckoo's meat;’ one of the *Lychnis* is ‘cuckoo's gilliflower;’ Shakespeare's ‘Cuckoo buds of yellow hue’ are probably the buds of the crow-foot; while the *Cardamine pratensis* is called ‘cuckoo flower,’ ‘because,’ Gerard says, ‘it flowers in April and May, when the cuckowe doth begin to sing her pleasant notes without stammering.’

* Heywood mentions the cuckoo's change of note in June in his ‘Epigram of Use,’ 1587:—

‘In Aprile the koo-coo can sing her note by rote;
In June of tune she cannot sing a note;
In Aprile koo-coo sing still she can do;
In June kooke, kooke, kooke—six cookes to one koo.’ ;

† The Sussex children say:—

‘The cuckoo is a merry bird, and sings as she flies;
She brings us good tidings, and tells us no lies;
She picks up the dirt in the spring of the year,
And sucks little birds’ eggs to make her voice clear.’

A prettier version of the two last lines is—

‘She sucks little birds’ eggs to make her voice clear,
And when she cries Cuckoo, the summer is near.’

‡ So they do in Hampshire. I have been introduced to a *gowk* in a dish-washer's nest—i. e. a cuckoo as the foster-child of a water-wagtail.—ED.

§ *Gauch* in the Teutonic is rendered *stultus*, fool, whence the Scotch word *goke* or *gawky*.

The cuckoo has one good quality, that of extreme punctuality; for his arrival is usually 'to a day.' The Venetians say that 'The cuckoo ought to come on the 8th of April; if he does not come then, he is either caught or dead; if he does not come on the 10th, he has been caught in the hedge; if he does not come on the 20th, he has been caught in the corn; and if he does not come on the 30th, the shepherd must have eaten him in his polenta.' The northern nations give him a little more law; for the 14th* of April is 'cuckoo day' in England and Scotland, and the 15th in Germany. In Sussex, the reason that is given for his arrival at that time is, that 'The old woman goes to Heathfield fair, and lets him out of her bag;' while the lap-wing, or 'cuckoo's clerk,' comes the day after. They do not expect to have so much of the cuckoo's company in Worcestershire, for he does not put in an appearance there till Tenbury fair, (April 21st,) and goes away again at Pershore fair. (June 26th.)

There is an English proverb:—

'When the cuckoo comes to the bare thorn,
Sell your cow, and buy your corn;
But when she comes to the full bit,
Sell your corn, and buy your sheep;'

which Ray explains by saying that a late spring is bad for cattle, and an early spring for corn; and this is perhaps the reason why the south-country people call the first buds of the white-thorn 'the cuckoo's bread and cheese;' while oats or barley sown very late in the spring are called 'the cuckoo's corn,' and are usually a bad crop.

There are many customs connected with the cuckoo's coming. You must take care to turn your money in your pocket when you first hear his 'shout;' while if added to this you happen to have your knife with you, you will neither want money nor sport for the next twelve months. The German peasants do not content themselves with this, but take three rolls on the grass to ensure themselves against the rheumatism, or any other ills that flesh is heir to; while the Swedish maidens entreat the cuckoo to sit on the bough, and tell them how long they shall remain unmarried; but if it cries more than ten times, they say that it sits on a foolish or bewitched branch, and pay no attention to its augury.† The Sussex people say that if you hear the cuckoo for the first time in bed, you will 'keep your bed for the rest of the year.' The question that is put in Ditmarschen is, 'How long shall I live?'

* The cuckoo has an employment found him when he does come. 'Old Nurse's' favourite method of making a promise which she did not wish to keep was, 'that she would do so-and-so when the sun shines on both sides of the hedge, and the cuckoo has picked up all the dirt!' sad experience, however, taught us that that good time was as little like to arrive as 'Two Sundays were to come together, and Saturday come in the middle of the week,' which was another equally vague formula.

† Kelly's Indo-European Folk-lore, p. 99.

'Kukuk in Häwen,
Wo lang schal ich leben?
Sett dy in der gröne grestyt
Un tell myn Jaerstyt.'

'Cuckoo in Heaven,
How long shall I live?
Sit in the green grass,
And tell my years.' *

This is a very old belief; for there is a story told by Cæsarius (1222) of a man who was on his way to a monastery, which he wished to enter in order to make his soul. Hearing the cuckoo, he stopped to count the number of the notes, which were twenty-two. 'Oh!' said he, 'as I have twenty-two years longer to live, why should I mortify myself in a monastery for all that time? I will go and live merrily for twenty years, and it will be quite time enough to betake me to the monastery for the other two!'

The *Deutsche Mythologie* gives many traditions respecting the cuckoo's origin. One legend is, that the cuckoo was a baker's man, and therefore his feathers always look as if they were sprinkled with flour. He used to rob poor people of their dough when they brought it to him to bake; and when the loaves were drawn from the oven, would cry '*Gukuk! gukuk!*' (Look! look!) but he was punished for his theft by being turned into a bird, which always repeats the same cry. This is why the cuckoo is called *Becker knecht* in Germany; though another legend also connects the two together. Our Blessed Lord was one day passing a baker's shop, and sent one of His disciples to ask for a loaf. The baker refused to give them one; but his wife and six daughters, who were standing by, were more generous, and were rewarded by being transformed into the Pleiades; while the baker was turned into a cuckoo, which sings from St. Tiburtius's day (April 14th) till St. John, (June 24th,) as long as the seven stars are visible.

The monotony of the cuckoo's cry is accounted for in several ways. A Servian song tells how the spirit of a dead man was detained in misery on earth because his sister was perpetually weeping at his grave. At last he became angry at her unreasonable sorrow, and cursed her; whereupon she was immediately changed into a cuckoo, and now she had enough to do to lament for herself.† The Norwegian children say

* Northern Mythology, Vol. III., p. 181.

† It is very unlucky to weep too much for the dead, for it disturbs their rest. In an old Swedish ballad, the lover's ghost says:—

'Every time thou weepest, for each tear in that flood,
I feel as if my grave-clothes were wet and dank with blood;
But every time thou smilest, and art blithe and gay,
Then it is as if the sun shone warm on my breast that day.'

While a Sussex song, 'The Unquiet Grave,' conveys much the same idea:—

'The twelvemonth and one day being up,
The dead began to speak:
"Oh! who sits weeping on my grave,
And will not let me sleep?"'

[A poor woman's dream was lately communicated to us by a Correspondent, where her child's lamp could not shine in Paradise, because it was quenched by her tears as she lay on its grave.—ED.]

that the cock, the cuckoo, and the black-cock, bought a cow between them, and settled that whichever of them woke first in the morning should have the cow. The cock woke first, and called out, 'Now the cow's mine! now the cow's mine! Hurrah!' This woke up the cuckoo, who sang, 'Half cow! half cow!' Then the black-cock woke—'A like share! a like share! dear friends, that's only fair!' so they were no wiser than they were before.* While the German children think that

'Ein kuck-kuck sprach mit einer Starr
Der aus dem stadt entflohen var,'

and asked what they said of the nightingale. 'The whole town are praising her,' said the starling.—'And the lark?' 'Half the city are talking of her.'—'The blackbird?' 'I have heard a few people say that they admire him.'—'Well, what do they say of me?' 'I never heard your name mentioned.' 'Then,' said the cuckoo, 'I must praise myself. Cuckoo!' He would perhaps have been gratified if he could have known that the oldest English song is about him—

* 'Symer is ycumen in,
Lhude sings cuccu;
Groweth seed and bloweth meed,
And springeth the wde nu.
Sing cuccu.

The swallow—or 'the messenger of life,' as it is called in Perigord—is sacred† in every European country which it visits. Every nation, southern as well as northern, has the proverb, 'One swallow does not make a summer;' and most have a version of their own of the English rhyme—

'Robinets and jenny-wrens
Are God Almighty's friends;
The blackbirds and swallows
Are God Almighty's scholars.'

If these birds are disturbed, the cows will give blood instead of milk; while

'The robin and the red-breast, the martin and the swallow,
If you take an egg o' theirs, bad luck is sure to follow.'

But March's own particular bird is the rook—or crow, as he is called in the Scotch rhyme:—

* Dasent.

† 'The swallow was called *cheledon*, on account of its forked tail; and thence a degree of sanctity got affixed to the bird, which is still in force amongst us;' (*Bel's Shakespeare's Puck*.) while the celandine also took its name from the same word, 'Not,' Gerarde says, 'because it first springeth at the coming in of the swallowes, or dieth when they goe away; . . . but because some holde opinion that with this herbe the dams restore sight to their young ones when their eies be put out.' This notion is a very old one, seeing it is mentioned by both Pliny and Aristotle.

‘ On the 1st of March the crows begin to search ;
 By the 1st of April they are sitting still ;
 By the 1st of May they are a’ flown away,
 Crouching greedy back again with November’s wind and rain.’

The rooks ought to begin to build on the first Sunday in March ; but they must take their time about the process, if it is true that

‘ In March the birds begin to search ;
 In April the corn begins to fill ;
 In May the birds begin to lay ;’

but no doubt they are of opinion that ‘ March birds are best.’ Let us hope, for their sakes, that the world has grown a little wiser than it was in the days when Tusser’s advice to his readers was in March to

‘ Kill crow, pie, and cadow, rook, buzzard, and raven,
 Or else go desire them to seek a new haven.’

It is generally agreed that March is, or ought to be, a dry month ; indeed, when the poet George Buchanan was asked what would buy a golden plough, he answered at once—

‘ A frosty winter, a dusty March, and a rain about April,
 Another about the Lammas-time, when the corn begins to fill,
 Is worth a plough of oxen, and all that ’longs there till.’

We all know that ‘ A peck of March dust is worth a king’s ransom ;’ * while ‘ A March without water dowers the hind’s daughter ;’ and thus it is that ‘ March rain spoils more than clothes,’ though at the same time, ‘ March water is better than May soap.’ Invalids will also do well to be careful during this month, for there is an old saying—

‘ March will search, April will try,
 May will tell if you live or die.’

Certainly the Scotch mermaid was kind enough to suggest a remedy suitable to this season of the year, when—as the funeral of a girl, who had died of consumption, was passing along the high-road which runs by the Firth of Clyde above Port Glasgow—she put her head out of water and said,

‘ If they wad drink nettles in March,
 And eat muggins in May,
 Sae many braw maidens
 Wad not go to clay.’

As may readily be imagined, muggons, or mugwort, (also called southern-

* Brady (*Clavis Calendaria*, Vol. I., p. 67) says that the enormous sums demanded for the ransoms of kings, sometimes estimated at a tenth of the amount of the agricultural produce, evidently caused the selection of that term, whereby strongly to express the importance of dry or dusty weather at that season of the year.

woods,) and a decoction of nettles, form a favourite prescription for consumption among the Scotch people.*

The first three saints in March are linked together in the rhyme—

‘First comes David, then comes Chad,
Then come Winnold (Winwaloe) as though he were mad;
White or black, the old house thwack.’

for these saints remind one of the nursery riddle, ‘Who goes round the house, and round the house, and lays (either a white or) a black glove on the window-ledge?’ St. David and Chad also join in—

‘David and Chad
Sow beans good or bad;’

but St. David stands alone in the advice:—

‘Upon St. David’s day,
Put oats and barley into clay.’

St. David, the patron saint of Wales, is well worth remembering, if only for the fact that he is the only Welsh saint whose name appears in the Calendar of the Western Church.† Welsh genealogists, eager to do him every possible honour, declare that he was not only the uncle of King Arthur, but trace his pedigree back on the female side to a sister or a cousin of the Blessed Virgin; while the biographers of St. Patrick, who were not to be outdone, constructed a genealogy for him in which they traced his descent from Brutus of Troy—‘a quo sunt Britanni nominati.’ Only the Sieur de Couci could hope to do better than this!

But be St. David’s pedigree what it may, he was born, and established himself at a place called Mynyw, (a word which means *bramble bush*,) which was afterwards named St. David’s after him, the cathedral which was built there being called Ty Ddewi, the house of David. St. David’s was such an out-of-the-way place, and so difficult to get at, that it was unanimously declared that ‘two pilgrimages to St. David’s are equal in merit to one made to Rome.’‡ Nevertheless the shrine was visited by three Kings of England—William the Conqueror, Henry II., and Edward I.; and it was during his visit here, that Henry II. learnt from a Welsh bard the position of King Arthur’s tomb at Glastonbury, thus leading to the famous invention of his remains.§

The leek, the national emblem of the Welsh, is naturally dedicated to St. David; and all true-born Welshmen wear, or ought to wear, a leek

* Popular Rhymes of Scotland.

† St. David was canonized by Pope Calixtus II., more than five hundred years after his death, which probably took place early in the sixth century.

‡ ‘Meneirum pete bis Romana adire si vis
Æqua merces tibi redditur hic et ibi
Roma semel quantum dat bis Menevia tantum.’

§ The Great Shrines of England.

in their hats, on the 1st of March, in consequence, and 'for memory of a famous and notable victory that was so obtained of them over the Saxons, they during the battle having leeks in their hats for their military colour and distinction of themselves, by persuasion of the said prelate St. David.' Henry V. was alluding to this custom, when he told Fluellen

'I wear it for a memorable honour,
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.'

while an old rhyme in the Harleian MS., British Museum, says,

'I like the Leeke above all herbes and flowers,
When first we wore the same the field was ours.
The Leeke is white and greene, wherebye is meant
That Britaines are both stout and eminent;
Next to the Lion and the Unicorn,
The Leeke the fairest emblem that is worn.'

But with all due deference to Taffy, one cannot go quite so far as this, though one would be glad to be able to sympathize with him as far as one was able; for he has been a much maligned character ever since the days

'When Arthur first in court began
To wear long hanging sleeves,'

and the wood-pigeon was so ill-advised as to counsel him to 'take two cows, Taffy, take too-oo.'

There is a piece of advice *apropos* of St. Chad, which is often given to pedestrians—'Like St. Chad, never walk when you can do better;' though as St. Chad decidedly objected to doing anything but walk, it ought properly to be *unlike*; still it is curious to see how a faint trace, garbled though it may be, of the real history of the saint has been retained for us in this saying.

St. Winnold has no proverb of his own; but I have often wondered whether the abbot, whose rightful name Winwaloe* seems to have undergone more transformations than that of any other saint in the Calendar, could possibly be the same as the

'St. Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the night mare and her nine-fold;'[†]

and who is also addressed in another old play—'Sweet St. Withold, of thy lenitie defend us from extremitie, and hear us of St. Charitie, oppressed with austeritie.' Mr. Tyrwhitt fancied that this unknown saint might have been one of the two St. Vitalis, but as this was mere conjecture, I cannot help offering another suggestion. St. Vivia Perpetua,

* He is called Guennola, or Vignevale, in French. At Montreil sur Mer, of which place he is patron, he is called St. Valois. His name has also been corrupted into Valvais and Vennola.—*Lives of the Saints*, vol. iii. 50.

† King Lear.

whom we commemorate on the 7th March,* is also ill-provided with sayings, probably because her name does not either lend or adapt itself to rhyme; but St. Gregory, whose festival is the 12th March, has several. At Bergamo, 'On the day of St. Gregory the Pope, the swallow crosses the water; (arrives in Europe;) while in Germany it is said

' Sanct Gregor und das Kreuze (Sept. 14) macht,
Den Tag so lang gleich als die Nacht.'

In olden times St. Gregory's day was kept as a festival throughout England, by order of the council of Oxford, in remembrance of his sending St. Augustine with forty other missionaries to convert the Saxons; and certainly there is no reader of old English history but ought to remember, and be grateful for, the effects of his three celebrated puns, as told us by the Venerable Bede. St. Edward, another of our English saints, must also be passed over; but on St. Benedict's day we must either sow our peas, or keep them in the rick. St. Gertrude (17th) and St. Joseph (18th) who are neither of them mentioned in our Calendar, are both to be remembered—St. Gertrude by the German

' Gertude nützt den Gartner fein,
Wenn sie zeigt mit Sonnenschein,'

and St. Joseph at Bergamo by an Italian proverb, 'On St. Joseph's day the swallows fly over the roof;' but whether they do or not, the cold weather has gone, therefore at Milan it is said, 'On St. Joseph's day away with the warming-pan.' In Sweden the wood-pecker is called St. Gertrude's bird; though at the same time the legend connected with it gives no very saintly attributes to the heroine, and in its main points it very much resembles that of the cuckoo. Gertrude was baking, and refused to give any bread to our Blessed Lord, because each time she drew the loaf that she had intended to give away out of the oven, she found that it had miraculously increased in size; as a punishment, it was decreed that since she grudged to give a morsel of food she should become a bird, and seek her food between bark and bole, and never get a drop to drink save when it rains! The words were hardly spoken before she turned into a great wood-pecker, and flew from her kneading-trough right up the chimney; and to this day she may be seen flying about with her red mutch on her head, and her body all black from the soot of the chimney; and so she hacks and taps away at the trees for her food, and whistles when the rain is coming, for she is ever athirst, and then she looks for a drop to cool her tongue. The real St. Gertrude was the patron saint of travellers, and was supposed to harbour souls on their way to Paradise, which was said to be a three days journey. The first night they lodged with St. Gertrude, the second with St. Gabriel,

* St. Perpetua was left out of the Anglican Calendar by the first Reformers, but was again introduced without any reason being assigned.

and the third found them in Paradise; and for this reason she is represented in art as accompanied by a mouse or rat, because popular Teutonic superstition regarded these animals as symbols of souls.* In consequence of which, Reginald Scot speaks of St. Gertrude as being the patroness of rat-catchers. We all remember the 'red mouse' in *Faust*, which is evidently used in this sense; and this also explains the great dread many people have of seeing a mouse run across a room in which anyone is sleeping.

St. Patrick's day is the 17th March, though he is also omitted from the Anglican Calendar; so that it really is true that

' St. Patrick's day no more we'll keep,
His colours sha'n't be seen.'

St. Patrick is the hero of innumerable legends; but I do not know of any proverbs belonging to him, perhaps because the Irish imagination is too luxuriant to allow itself to be confined to the narrow limits of a proverb; for it is singular, that while Ireland has more legends belonging to it than any other country, there are fewer proverbs; while Spain, on the contrary, is just the reverse, and has more proverbs and fewer legends: the Inquisition is said to account for this latter fact; but I have never heard any reason offered for the former.

The story of St. Patrick using the leaf of the shamrock to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity is well known; though some writers say that it was not the shamrock at all that was used, but the leaf of the wood-sorrel, which was called 'Alleluia' in consequence, but 'there are no grounds whatever for this assertion.' The wood-sorrel bears the same name in French, Italian, Spanish, and German, which was given it on account of its blossoming between Easter and Whitsuntide, the season at which the Psalms were sung which end with that word—namely, from the 113th to the 118th.†

The favourite, or at least the best known, story connected with St. Patrick, is his destruction of reptiles in Ireland; how

' The frogs went hop, the toads went flop,
Slap bang into the water;
The snakes committed suicide,
To save themselves from slaughter.'

—a thoroughly Irish proceeding. But if St. Patrick is to be remembered for his destructive powers, St. David ought equally to be thanked for his generosity, for it is to him that tradition says that Ireland is indebted for her bees. 'Modomnoc, a disciple of St. David's, went to Ireland, and a large swarm of bees followed him, and settled on the prow of the ship where he sat.' They supplied him with meat during his Irish mission;

* Lives of the Saints, March, p. 308. The Celtic belief was that the soul is changed into a bird.

† Prior's Pop. N. Brit. Plants, 100.

but he, 'not wishing to enjoy their company by fraud,' brought them back to Wales, when 'they fled to their usual place, and David blessed Modomnoc for his humility. Three times the bees went and returned, and the third time holy David dismissed Modomnoc with the bees, and blessed them, saying that henceforth bees should prosper in Ireland, and that they should no longer increase in Glyn Rosyn. 'This,' adds Rhyddmarch, 'is found to be the fact: swarms forthwith decreased at St. David's; but Ireland, in which until that time bees could never live, is now enriched with plenty of honey. It is manifested that they could not live there before: for if you throw Irish earth or stone into the midst of the bees dispersed and flying away they will shun it.'* I wonder if the result would be the same if the experiment was tried with English or Scotch earth?

The 21st is St. Benedict's day. This saint, according to his biographer St. Gregory, was peculiarly gifted with a power of seeing the devil; on one occasion, as he was saying his prayers in the oratory of St. John, on Monte Casino, he saw the devil in the shape of a horse-doctor, with a horn in one hand, and a tether in the other. Satan spoke civilly to St. Benedict, and informed him that he was going to administer a drench to the beasts upon two legs, the fathers of the monastery.† It is hardly necessary to observe, that the saint did not allow the devil to do much mischief in his medicinal capacity. Another time, St. Benedict was told that one of the monks could not or would not pray, but was in the habit of walking away, and leaving the rest of the fraternity at their devotion. St. Benedict had the peccant monk brought to San Casino, and soon saw what was the matter with him, for there was a little black devil pulling him by the skirts of his gown. 'Seest thou who leadest our brother?' said the Saint to Father Maurus and Pompeianus the Prior. 'We see nothing,' they replied; but at the end of two days, St. Maurus himself saw the imp, who was, however, still invisible to his companion. On the third day, St. Benedict followed the monk out of the oratory, and struck him with his staff. He did not spare the discipline; and after it had been administered, the monk was proof against the seductions of the little black devil, and remained steady at prayers.

The 25th March, Lady Day, is the last great day in this month that remains to be noticed. According to Brady, the festival is of great antiquity, being certainly instituted in the seventh century; while some authorities date it as far back as the year 350. At one time, there was an endeavour made to change the time at which this festival was kept, to a day early in December, so that it should not fall in Lent; but eventually no alteration was made,‡ so that there is still a possibility of

* Pilgrimage to St. David's.

† Pop. Myth. Middle Ages, Quarterly Review, xxii.

‡ In 650, the tenth Council of Toledo fixed the Annunciation of the Virgin for the 18th December; in 698, Pope Fergus instituted processions for the Annunciation

Easter and Lady Day happening together, against which the English proverb warns us so emphatically. Aubrey's version is—

‘When Easter falls in our Lady's lap,
Then let England beware a rap;’*

and he gives us three instances where this really was the case. ‘On March 25th, 1459, King Henry VI. was deposed and murdered. 1638, the Scottish troubles began, which insured the Great Rebellion. 1648, King Charles I. murdered;’ though he adds, for our comfort, that ‘I think it will not so happen again till the year 1991;’ but I am afraid that the change of style must have somewhat discomposed this calculation. Fuller gives another form in his ‘Worthies’—

‘When our Lady falls in our Lord's lap,
Then let the clergyman look to his cap;’

but he says, ‘I behold this proverbial prophecy, or this prophetic menace, to be not above six-score years old, and of popish extraction since the Reformation. It whispereth more than it dare speak out, and points at more than it dare whisper, and fain would intimate to credulous persons; as if the Blessed Virgin, offended with the English for abolishing her adoration, watcheth an opportunity of revenge on this nation. And when her day chanceth to fall on the day of Christ's Resurrection, then being as it were fortified by her Son's assistance, some signal judgement is intended to our state, and church men especially.’

Of course there are plenty of proverbs for this day. If it is not bright on the day of Notre Dame de Mars, ‘*Il y a quarante jours d'hiver*,’ they say at Dordogne; at Milan, if there be hoar-frost on the morning of the Annunciation, it will do no harm; while in Belgium, the day is called ‘*D'ons Lieve Vrouw Beklyving*,’ or ‘*Notre Dame de la Prospérité*,’ because anything transplanted on that day easily takes root, and seeds sown prosper. It is also believed that the year will be fruitful if before sunrise the sky is clear and the stars shine brightly—more particularly, Orion's belt, which in Scandinavia is called ‘Mary's spindle.’ (Mariärok.)

All flowers are dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; but some are made more especially her own by having her name. It would be both useless and impossible to give a list of all that ever had the honour; more especially as the Puritans, in their zeal at the Reformation to do away with anything that (to them) bore the slightest trace of Mariolatry, re-christened all the flowers that were called after her, and either

of the Virgin, for her Nativity, Death, and for her Purification. Early in the eleventh century, an attempt was made in a council in France to imitate Spain, and remove the Feast of the Annunciation to the 18th December, in order that it might be celebrated out of Lent; but the advocates of the old custom conquered, and the 25th carried the day. *Buckle's Post. Works*, Vol. III., p. 664.

* Aubrey's Miscellanies, p. 15.

replaced her name with a meaningless Latin appellation—for instance, the ‘Rosemary’ became the ‘Rose-marinus;’ and the ‘Virgin’s’ or ‘Lady’s bower’ was changed into ‘Flammula Jovis;’—or turned her name into ‘Venus,’—the ‘Statice,’ the ‘Lady’s cushion,’ becoming ‘Venus’ cushion;’ and the ‘Lady’s looking-glass,’ ‘Venus’ glass.’ What would these worthy Protestants have said if they could have known that they were only undoing what the first Christian teachers had done, when they had taken the flowers and trees that were sacred to the goddess Freyja, and given them to the Blessed Virgin instead. Certainly history repeats itself!

The marigold *

‘that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping,’ †

is the flower that is particularly set apart for this day, though the Catholic Florist gives for March 25th,

‘Then comes the daffodil beside,
Our Ladie’s smock at our Ladie’s tide.’

With regard to the marigold, it is a weather prophet, for if it does not open its petals by seven in the morning, it will rain or thunder that day. In France it is called the *souci pluvial*, on this account.

Everybody knows the ‘lords and ladies’—this name being derived from our Lord and our Lady; and another well-known plant is the lady traces, (footsteps,) though some people will persist in calling it lady’s tresses, as if it was hair that was meant; whereas there are two, if not three, other plants—the *Trichomanes*, the quaking-grass, and the *Adiantum*—who have all a better claim to the title. Then there are the lady’s mantle, lady’s thimble, lady’s needle, lady’s slippers, lady’s laces, and a whole host more of equally well-known flowers of the spring, which may be found by the curious in such matters, in Gerarde or Parkinson, or the still older ‘Garden Displayed, and Eden Unlocked.’

Though the 16th, 17th, and 20th of March are all, according to the Booke of Knowledge, very unlucky days, and the 6th and 7th full perilous for many things; yet there is a Scotch proverb that says, ‘The wast blast comes on the borrowing days,’—namely, the three last days in March; for as the old rhyme says,

‘March borrowed from April
Three days, and they were ill;
The first was sleet, the second was snow,
The third was the worst that ever did blow.’

* The marigold is so called because it is open at all the festivals of the Blessed Virgin. The Arabs call the wild marigold ‘Job’s tears,’ from a tradition that he applied its bruised leaves as a remedy for his grievous complaints; and certainly it is highly probable that he may have done so, since the curative properties of the *Calendula officinalis* have been known from time immemorial, by all ‘herbarists,’ as well as modern homeopaths.

† Winter’s Tale, Act IV., Scene III.

Another version is—

‘ March borrowed of April
 Three days, and they were ill;
 He gave April back again
 Three days of wind and rain.’

In Jamieson's Etymological Dictionary, it is said of the borrowing days: ‘These days being generally stormy, our forefathers have endeavoured to account for this circumstance by pretending that March borrowed them from April, that he might extend his power so much the longer. Those who are much addicted to superstition, will neither borrow nor lend on any of these days. If anyone should propose to borrow from them, they would consider it as an evidence that the person wished to employ the article borrowed for the purpose of witchcraft against the lenders. Some of the vulgar imagine that these days receive their designation from the conduct of the Israelites, in borrowing the property of the Egyptians. This extravagant idea must have arisen partly from the name and partly from the circumstance of these days nearly corresponding to the time when the Israelites left the land of Egypt, which was on the 14th day of the month Abib, or Nisan, including part of our March and April.’

In the ‘Complaynt of Scotland,’ the story respecting the borrowing days is given at length:

‘ March said to Aprill,
 I see three hogs * upon a hill;
 And if you'll lend me dayes three,
 I'll be bound to gar them dee:
 The first it sal be wind and weet;
 The next it sal be snow and sleet;
 The third it sal be sic a freeze
 Sal gar the birds stick to the trees.
 But when the borrowed days were gane,
 The three silly hogs came hirplin hame.’

In the south of France, Mr. Swainson says that they have the same story. A rich man said on March 30th—

‘ J'ai passé Mars, et Marsillon
 Sans qu'il m'en ai coûté ni vache ni taurillon.’

March heard this, and said to April—

‘ Avril prête m'en un (jour) prête mendeux prête men trois
 Et un que j'ai ça fera quatre, et nous meterons tout son bétail aux abois.’

While there is a story among the country people in Andalusia, to the effect that a shepherd once upon a time promised March a lamb, if he (the month) would favour the flock with fine weather. March agreed,

* In Lincolnshire young sheep are called hogs. I rather suspect that sheep are meant here.

and conscientiously acted up to his part of the engagement. But when, just before the end of the month, he asked for his lamb, the shepherd, bethinking himself that only three days were left, and that his flock were in fine condition, refused to stand to his promise. 'You won't give me my rights?' said March; 'then know this, that in the three days I have left, and in three more that my gossip April will lend me, all your sheep shall die;' and accordingly, such fearful weather ensued, that the whole flock perished.

Time and space are beginning to fail; but I wish to mention a French proverb given by M. de Quitard, in his *Etudes sur les Proverbes*, for I have never seen it in any English collection. 'Enfant de Paris et Bouton de Mars si un seul vient à bien il en vaut dix autres;' the reason for this being that 'Le Bouton de Mars qui se développe dans les froids et l'enfant de Paris qui se développe parmi les vices sont très sujet à tourner à mal, mais lorsqu'ils parviennent à échapper aux dangers du mauvais milieu qui les environne ils ont des qualités excellentes et d'autant mieux appréciées qu'elles n'étaient pas espérées.'

One more caution, and I have done. If March thunder did nothing worse than make old men wonder, or even cause tools and arms to turn rusty, one would not so much care; but when it thunders in March it brings sorrow—which is bad hearing; while the Booke of Knowledge adds, that thunders in March signifieth that same year great winds, plenty of corn, and debate among people. Let us hope that there will be no thunder this year, at any rate.

(To be continued.)

B. C. C.

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ENCHANTMENTS.

'It seems a shame,' the Walrus said,
 'To play them such a trick,
 After we've brought them out so far,
 And made them trot so quick.'
 The carpenter said nothing, but
 'The butter's spread too thick.'

Lewis Carroll.

A TELEGRAM arrived from Frank, in the midst of the preparations on Wednesday, announcing that 'he was all right, and should be at Hazlitt's Gate at 8.10 p. m.'

At 6.30 children of all sizes, with manes of all colours, were arriving,

and were regaled in the dining-room by Anne, assisted by Jenny and Charlie. Anne had a pretty pink colour in her cheeks, her flaxen locks were bound with green ribbons, and green adorned her white dress, in which she had a gracious lily-like look of unworldly purity. She thoroughly loved children, was quite equal to the occasion, and indeed enjoyed it as much as the recent Christmas-tree in the village school.

Such of Cecil's guests as were mothers for the most part came with their children; but Lady Tyrrell, her sister, and others, who were unattached, arrived later, and were shewn to the library, where she entertained them on the specified refreshments, biscuits and coffee, and enthroned Mrs. Tallboys in the large arm-chair, where she looked most beautiful and gorgeous, in a robe of some astonishing sheeny sky blue, edged with paly gold, while on her head was a coronal of sapphire and gold, with a marvellous little plume. The cost must have been enormous, and her delicate and spirituelle beauty was shewn to the greatest advantage; but as the audience was far too scanty to be worth beginning upon, Cecil, with a sigh at the folly of maternal idolatry, went to hunt up her ladies from gazing at the babyish amusements of their offspring; and Miss Moy, in spite of her remonstrance, jumped up to follow her; while Mrs. Duncombe, the only *good* mother in this new sense, remained, keeping guard lest curiosity, and the echo of piano music, which now began to be heard, should attract away any more of the ladies.

Cecil was by no means prepared for the scene. The drawing-room was crowded—chiefly indeed with ladies and children, but there was a fair sprinkling of gentlemen—and all had their faces turned towards the great glass doors opening into the conservatory, which was brilliantly lighted, and echoing with music and laughter. Cecil tried to summon some of the ladies of her own inviting, announcing that Mrs. Tallboys was arrived; but this appeared to have no effect. 'Yes, thank you,' was all she heard. Penetrating a little farther, 'Mrs. Tallboys is ready.' 'Thank you, I'll come; but my little people are so anxious to have me with them.'—'Mrs. Tallboys is waiting!' to the next; who really did not hear, but only responded, 'Did you ever see anything more charming?'

By this time Cecil could see over the heads of the front rank of children. She hardly knew the conservatory. All the veteran camellia and orange trees, and a good many bay and laurel boughs besides, were ranged along the central alley, gorgeous with fairy lamps and jewels, while strains of soft music proceeded from some unseen quarter. 'Very pretty!' said Cecil hastily, trying another of her intended guests with her intelligence. 'Really—yes, presently, thank you,' was the absent answer. 'There is some delightful mystery in there.'

Cecil found her attempts were vain, and was next asked, as one of the household, what delicious secret was going on there; and as it hurt her feelings to be left out, she pressed into the conservatory, with some vague intention of ordering Anne, if not Rosamond, to release her grown-up audience, and confine their entertainment to the children; but she found

herself at once caught by the hand by a turbaned figure like a prince in the Arabian Nights, who, with a low salaam, waved her on.

‘No, thank you. I’m looking for—’

But retreat was impossible, for many were crowding up in eager curiosity; moreover, a muslin bandage descended on her eyes. ‘Don’t!’ she expostulated; ‘I’m not at play—I’m—’ but her words were lost.

‘Hush! the Peri’s cave is near,
No one enters scatheless here;
Lightly tread and lowly bend,
Win the Peri for your friend,’

sung a voice to the mysterious piano accompaniment; and Cecil found both hands taken, and was forced to move on, as she guessed, the length of the conservatory, amid sounds of suppressed laughter that exceedingly annoyed her, till there was a pause and repetition of the two last lines, with an attempt to make her obey them. She was too impatient and angry to perceive that it would have been much better taste to enter into the humour of the thing; and she only said, with all her peculiar cold petulance, just like sleet, ‘Let me go, if you please; I am engaged. I am waited for.’

‘Peri gracious,
She’s contumacious;
Behold, every hair shall bristle,
When she hears the magic whistle!’

and a whistle, sharp, long, and loud, sounded behind her, amid peals of merriment. She turned sharply round, but still the whistle was behind her, and rang out again and again, till she was half deafened, and wholly irate; while the repetition of

‘Bend, bend, lowly bend,
Win the Peri for your friend,

forced on her the conviction that on no other condition would she be set free, though the recognition of Terry’s voice made the command doubly unpalatable, and as she made the stiffest and most reluctant of curtesies, a voice said,

‘Homage done, you may be
Of this merry company!’

and with a last blast of the whistle, the bandage was removed, and she found herself in the midst of a half circle of laughing children and grown people; in front of her a large opening like a cavern, hung with tiny lamps of various colours, in the midst of which stood the Peri, in a Persian pink robe, white turban, and wide white trousers, with two oriental genies attendant upon her.

A string was thrust into Cecil’s hand, apparently fastened to her, and accounting for some sharp pulls she had felt during the whistling. She drew it in front in sharp haste, to be rid of the obnoxious instrument;

but instead of a whistle, she found in her hand a little dust-pan and brush, fit for a baby-house, drawn through a ring, while the children eagerly cried, 'What have you got? What have you got?'

'Some nonsense. I do not approve of practical jokes,' began Cecil; but the song only replied,

'Away, away,
In the cave no longer stay;
Others come to share our play;'

and one of the genies drew her aside, while another blind-folded victim was being introduced with the same rites, only far more willingly. The only way open to her was that which led to the window of the dining-room, where she found Anne with the children, who had had their share, and were admiring their prizes. Anne tried to soothe her by saying, 'You see everyone is served alike. They thought it would be newer than a tree.'

'Did you mean to *give me this?*' asked a little girl, into whose hands Cecil had thrust her dust-pan, without a glance at it.

'Oh, the ring!' said Anne. 'You must keep that, Mrs. Poyntsett thought you would like it. It is a gem—some Greek goddess, I think.'

'Is this her arrangement?' asked Cecil, pointing to the dust-pan.

'Oh no! she knew nothing about that, nor I; but you see everyone has something droll. See what Mr. Bowater has!'

And Herbert Bowater shewed that decidedly uncomplimentary pen-wiper, where the ass's head declares 'There are two of us;' while every child had some absurdity to shew; and Miss Moy's shrieks of delight were already audible at a tortoise-shell pen-holder, disguised as a hunting whip.

'I must go to my friends,' said Cecil, vouchsafing no admiration of the ring, though she had seen enough to perceive that it was a beautiful engraved ruby; and she hurried back to the library, but only to find all her birds flown, and the room empty! Pursuing them to the drawing-room, she saw only the backs of a few, in the rearmost rank of the eager candidates for admission to the magic cave.

Lady Tyrrell alone saw her, and turned back from the eager multitude, to say in her low modulated voice, 'Beaten, my dear. Able strategy on *la belle mère's* part!'

'Where's Mrs. Tallboys?'

'Don't you see her blue feather, eagerly expectant? Just after you were gone, Edith Bowater came in, and begged us to come and see the conservatory lighted up; and then came a rush of the Brendon children after their aunt, exclaiming wildly it was delicious—lights, and a fairy, and a secret, and everyone got something, if they were ever so old. Of course, after that there was nothing but to follow the stream.'

'It is a regular plot for outwitting us! Rosamond is dressed up for the fairy. They are all in league.'

‘Well, we must put a good face on it for the present,’ said Lady Tyrrell. ‘Don’t on any account look as if you were not in perfect accordance. You can shew your sentiments afterwards, you know.’

Cecil saw she must acquiesce, for Mrs. Tallboys was full in the midst. With an infinitely better grace than her hostess, she yielded herself to the sports, bowed charmingly to the Peri, whirled like a fairy at the whistling, and was rewarded with a little enamel padlock as a brooch, and two keys as ear-rings; indeed she professed, with evident sincerity, that she was delighted with these sports of the old country, and thought the two genies exquisite specimens of the fair useless gentle English male aristocracy.

Mrs. Duncombe too accepted the inevitable with considerable spirit and good humour, though she had a little passage-at-arms with Julius; when shewing him the ivory card-case that had fallen to her lot, she said, ‘So this is the bribe! Society stops the mouth of truth.’

‘That is as you choose to take it,’ he said.

‘Exactly. When we want to go deep into eternal verities, you silence us with frivolous din and dainty playthings, for fear of losing your slaves.’

‘I don’t grant that.’

‘Then why hinder an earnest discussion by all this hubbub?’

‘Because this was not the right place or time.’

‘It never is the right time for the tyrants to let their slaves confer, or to hear home-truths.’

‘On the contrary, my curiosity is excited. I want to hear Mrs. Tallboys’ views.’

‘Then when will you dine with us? Next Wednesday?’

‘Thank you. Wednesday has an evening service.’

‘Ah! I told you it was never the right time! Then Thursday? And you’ll trust your wife with us?’

‘Oh yes, certainly.’

‘It is a bargain, then? Seven o’clock, or there will be no time.’

Julius’s attention suddenly wandered. Was not a whisper pervading the room of a railway accident? Was not Frank due by that night’s train?

There were still so many eager to visit the magic cave, that Julius trusted his wife would remain there sheltered from the report; Jenny Bowater was behind a stand of trees, acting orchestra; but when Terry came to the outskirts of the forest in search of other knights of the whistle, Julius laid a hand on him, and gave instructions in case any rumour should reach Rosamond to let her know how vague it was, tell her that he was going to ascertain the truth, and beg her to keep up the game and cause no alarm.

Next encountering Anne, he begged her to go to his mother and guard her from any alarm, until there was some certainty.

‘Can’t we send all these people away?’ she asked.

‘Not yet. We had better make no unnecessary disturbance. There

will be time enough if anything be amiss. I am going down to Hazlitt's Gate.'

Anne was too late. Charlie had not outgrown the instinct of rushing to his mother with his troubles; and he was despairingly telling the report he had heard of a direful catastrophe, fatal to an unknown quantity of passengers, while she, strong and composed because he gave way, was trying to sift his intelligence. No sooner did he hear from Anne that Julius was going to the station, than he started up to accompany him—the best thing he could do in his present state. Hardly, however, had he closed the door, before he returned with fresh tears in his eyes, leading in Eleonora Vivian, whom he had found leaning against the wall just outside, white and still, scarce drawing her breath.

'Come,' he said; and before she knew what he was doing, she was at Mrs. Poyndsett's side. 'Here, Mother,' he said, 'take her.' And he was gone.

Mrs. Poyndsett stretched out her arms. The hearts of the two women, who loved Frank, could not help meeting. Eleonora sank on her knees, hiding her face on the mother's breast, with two tender arms clasped round her.

Anne was kneeling too, but she was no longer the meek shy stranger. Now, in the hour of trouble, she poured forth, in a voice fervent and sweet, a prayer for protection and support for their beloved one, so that it might be well with him, whatever might be his Heavenly Father's Will.

As she paused, Mrs. Poyndsett, in a choked voice, said, 'Thank you, dear child;' when there were steps in the hall. Anne started up, Lenore buried her face on Mrs. Poyndsett's bosom, the mother clasped her hands over her convulsively, then beheld, as the door opened, a tall figure, with a dark bright face full of ineffable softness and joy. Frank himself, safe and sound, with his two brothers behind him. They stayed not to speak, but hastened to spread the glad tidings; while he flung himself down, including both his mother and Lenore in one rapturous embrace, and carrying his kiss from one to the other—conscious, if no one else was, that this first seal of his love was given in his mother's arms.

Lenore did indeed extricate herself, and stand up as rosy red as she had been pale; but she had no room for any thought beyond his mother's trembling 'Not hurt, my dear?'

'Not hurt! Not a scratch! Thank God! Oh! thank God!' answered Frank, quivering all over with thankfulness, though probably far more at the present joy than the past peril.

'Yes—oh, thanks for His mercy!' echoed Anne, giving fervent hand and tearful cheek to the eager salutation, which probably would have been as energetic to Clio or old Betty at that moment!

'But there's blood on your wrist-band,' cried the mother. 'You are hurt.'

'No; it's not mine. I didn't know it. It is from the poor fellow I

helped to carry into the public-house at Knoll, just this side Backsworth, a good deal hurt, I'm afraid. Something had got on the lines, I believe. I was half asleep, and knew nothing till I found ourselves all crushed up together in the dark, upside-down, my feet above my head. There was but one man in my carriage, and we didn't get foul of one another, and found we were all right, when we scrambled out at the window. So we helped out the others, and found that, besides the engineer and stoker—who I don't suppose can live, poor fellows!—there was only this man much damaged. Then, when there seemed no more to be done, I took my bag and walked across country, to reach home before you heard. But oh, this is worth anything!

He had to bend down for another embrace from his mother, whose heart was very full as she held his bright young healthful face between her hands, though all she said was, 'You have walked eleven miles and more! You must be half starved!—Anne, my dear, pray let him have something. He can eat it here.'

'I'll see,' said Anne, hastening away.

'Oh, don't go, Lenore,' cried Frank, springing up. 'Stay, I've not seen you!—Mother, how sweet of you! But I forgot! You don't know! I was only waiting till I was through.'

'I understood, my dear boy.'

'But how? How did you find out? Was it only that you knew she was the precious darling of my heart? and now you see and own why,' cried Frank, almost beside himself with excitement and delight.

'It was Lady Tyrrell who told me,' said Mrs. Poynsett, sympathizing too much with the lovers to perceive that her standpoint of resistance was gone from her.

'Yes,' said Lenore. 'She knew of our walk, and questioned me so closely that I could not conceal anything without falsehood.'

'After she met me at Aucuba Villa?' asked Frank.

'Yes. Did you tell her anything?'

'I thought she knew more than I found afterwards that she did,' said Frank; 'but there's no harm done. It is all coming now.'

'She told my father,' said Eleonora sadly, 'and he cannot understand our delay. He is grieved and displeased, and thinks I have not been open with him.'

'Oh! that will be all right to-morrow,' said Frank. 'I'll have it out with a free heart, now there's no fear but that I have passed; and I've got the dearest of mothers! I feel as if I could meet him if he were a dozen examiners rolled into one, instead of the good old benevolent parent that he is! Ha! Anne—Susan—Jenkins—thank you—that's splendid! May I have it here? Super-excellent! Only here's half the clay-pit sticking to me! Let me just run up and make myself decent. Only don't let her run away.'

Perhaps Clio would have scorned the instinct that made a Charnock unable to enjoy a much-needed meal in the presence of mother and of

love, till the traces of the accident and the long walk had been removed. His old nurse hurried after—ostensibly to see that his linen was at hand, but really to have her share of the petting and congratulation; and Lenore stood a little embarrassed, till Mrs. Poyndsett held out her arms, with the words, 'My dear child!' and again she dropped on her knee by the couch, and nestled close in thankful joy.

Presently, however, she raised herself, and said sadly, almost coldly, 'I am afraid you have been surprised into this.'

'I must love one who so loves my boy,' was the ardent answer.

'I couldn't help it!' said the maiden, again abandoning herself to the tenderness. 'Oh! it is so good in you!'

'My dear dear daughter!'

'Only please give me one mother's kiss! I have so longed for one.'

'Poor motherless child! My sweet daughter!'

Then after a pause Eleonora said, 'Indeed, I'll try to deserve better; but oh! pray forgive me, if I cost him much more pain and patience than I am worth.'

'He thinks you well worth anything, and perhaps I do,' said Mrs. Poyndsett, who was conquered, won over, delighted more than by either of the former brides, in spite of all antecedents.

'Then will you always trust me?' said Eleonora, with clasped hands, and a wondrous look of earnest sincerity on her grave open brow and beautiful pensive dark blue eyes.

'I *must*, my dear.'

'And indeed I don't think I could help holding to *him*, because he seems my one stay and hope here; and now I know it is all right with you, indeed it is such happiness as I never knew.'

She laid her head down again in subdued joy and rest: but the pause was broken by Frank's return; and a moment after, in darted the Peri in her pink cashmere costume, with a glow transforming her usually colourless face. 'Dear dear Frank, I'm so glad!' she cried, bestowing her kiss; while he cried in amazement, 'Is it Rose? Is there a fancy ball?'

'Only Aladdin's Cave. I'm just out of it; and while Jenny is keeping up games, and Edith is getting up a charade, I could dash in to see that Frank was all there, and more too. The Exam is safe, eh?'

'I trust so,' said Frank; 'the list will not come just yet; but I am told I am certain of a pass—indeed, that I stand high as to numbers.'

'That's noble!—Now, Mrs. Poyndsett, turn him out as soon as he has eaten his dinner. We want anyone who can keep up a respectable kind of a row. I say, will you two do Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess? You look just like it.'

'Must we go?' asked Frank reluctantly; and there was something in the expression of his face, a little paler than usual, that reminded his mother that the young man had for the first time seen sudden and violent death that day, and that though his present gladness was so great, yet

that he had gone through too much in body and mind for the revels of the evening not either to jar or to produce a vehement reaction, if he were driven into them. So she answered by pleading the eleven miles walk; and the queen of the sports was merciful, adding, 'But I must be gone, or Terry will be getting up his favourite tableau of the wounded men of Clontarf, or Rothsay, or the Black Bull's Head, or some equally pleasing little incident.'

'Is it going on well?' asked Mrs. Poyntsett.

'Sweetly! Couldn't be better. They have all amalgamated, and are in the midst of the "old family coach," with Captain Duncombe telling the story. He is quite up to the trick, and enjoys turning the tables on his ladies.'

'And Camilla?' asked Lenore, in a hesitating anxious tone.

'Oh! she's gone in for it. I think she is the springs! I heard her ask where you were, and Charlie told her, so you need not be afraid to stay in peace, if you have a turn that way. Good-bye; you'd laugh to see how delighted people are to be let off the lecture.' And she bent over Leonore with a parting kiss, full of significance of congratulation.

She returned, after changing her dress, to find a pretty fairy tableau, contrived by the Bowater sisters, in full progress, and delighting the children and the mothers. Lady Vivian contrived to get a word with her as she returned.

'Beautifully managed, Lady Rosamond. I tell Cecil she should enjoy a defeat by such strategy.'

'It is Mrs. Poyntsett's regular Christmas party,' said Rosamond, not deigning any other reply.

'I congratulate her on her skilful representatives,' said Lady Tyrrell. 'May I ask if we are to see the hero of the day? No? What, you would say better employed? Poor children, we must let them alone to-night, for their illusion, though I am sorry it should be deepened; it will be only the more pain by-and-by.'

'I don't see that,' said Rosamond stoutly.

'Ah! Lady Rosamond, you are a happy young bride, untaught what is *l'impossible*.' Rosamond could not help thinking that no one understood it better than she, as the eldest of a large family, with more rank and far more desires than means; but she disliked Lady Tyrrell far too much for even her open nature to indulge in confidences, and she made a successful effort to escape from her neighbourhood, by putting two pale female Fullers into the place of honour in front of the folding doors into the small drawing-room, which served as a stage, and herself hovered about the rear, wishing she could find some means of silencing Miss Moy's voice, which was growing louder and more boisterous than ever.

The charade which Rosamond had expected was the inoffensive if common-place Inspector, and the window she beheld when the curtain drew up was, she supposed, the bar of an inn. But no; on the board were two heads, ideals of male and female beauty, one with a waxed moustache,

the other with a huge chignon, vividly recalling Mr. Pettitt's Penates. Presently came by a dapper professor, in blue spectacles, and a college cap, who stood contemplating, and indulging in a harangue on entities and molecules, spirit and matter, affinities and development, while the soft deep brown eyes of the chignoned head languished, and the blue ones of the moustached one rolled, and the muscles twitched, and the heads rolled, till, by a strong process of will, explained by the Professor, they bent their necks, erected themselves, and finally started into life, and the curtain fell on them with clasped hands!

It rose to shew the newly animated pair, Junius Brutus and Barberina his wife, at the breakfast-table, with a boar's head of brawn before them, while the Lady Barberina boldly asserted her claims to the headship of the house. Had she not lately been all head!

The pathetic reply was, 'Would it were so still, my dear. All head and no tongue, like our present meal.'

The lady heaved up the boar's head to throw at him, and the scene closed.

Next Brutus was seen awkwardly cleaning his accoutrements, having enlisted, as he soliloquised, to escape from woman.

Enter a sergeant with a rich Irish brogue, and other recruits, forming the awkward squad. The drill was performed with immense spirit, but only one of the soldiers shewed any dexterity; but while the sergeant was upholding him as 'the very moral of a pattrern to the rest,' poor Brutus was seized with agonizing horror at the recognition of Barberina in this disguise!

'Why not?' she argued. 'Why should not woman learn to use the arms of which man had hitherto usurped the use?'

Poor Brutus stretched out his arms in despair, and called loudly for the Professor to restore him to his original state of silent felicity in the barber's window.

'Ye needn't do that, me boy,' quoth the sergeant, with infinite scorn. 'Be ye where ye will, ye'll never be aught but a Blockhead.'

Therewith carriages were being announced to the heads of families; and with compliments and eager thanks, and assurances that nothing could have been more delightful, the party broke up.

Captain Duncombe, while muffling his boys, declared that he never saw a cleverer hit in his life, and that those two De Lancey brothers ought to be on the stage; while Miss Moy loudly demanded whether he did not feel it personal; and Mrs. Tallboys, gracefully shaking hands with Anne and Rosamond, declared it a grand challenge, where the truth had been unconsciously hit off. Cecil was nowhere to be seen.

(To be continued.)

SPEEDWELL.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COST OF CONQUEST.

THREE weeks later, Frank was once more alone with his friend, in the luxurious bed-room at Dr. Bruce's. There had been a time of terrible suffering and anxiety in between, but that was over now; (as was the hope that had not failed throughout it;) they knew now that all had been in vain, and that though Osmond had rallied for the present, a few months of weakness and suffering were all they could expect for him. The verdict had come as a shock upon everybody; even Dr. Bruce almost broke down when telling Frank the state of the case; and upon poor Mr. Lettridge, who had resolutely set aside all serious alarm or self-reproach, it fell with stunning force.

It was not told him tenderly. Dr. Bruce felt very strongly; he was enraged with Mr. Lettridge, whom he believed really incapable of feeling for anyone but himself, and was determined that for once he should hear the naked truth, and if he could acquit himself afterwards, he might.

It had been very gently and sorrowfully that the Doctor had told Osmond that their efforts to save him had been in vain, and that he feared the few months of life that remained for him would be very full of pain; but he had told the father point-blank, without one softening word, that poor living and hardship had killed his son, intimating that it might and ought to have been foreseen, that a constitution shattered by such an accident as Osmond's, could never be fit to bear cold or poverty.

He was cruel, and yet he acted the part of a true friend. Nothing but being absolutely told so, and being unable to deny it, could have convinced Mr. Lettridge that it was he who had sacrificed his son. Lady Mary knew it, mourning at the necessity; and whilst she rejoiced tearfully that the love of the good cause should have triumphed over natural affection, she felt for all, and would gladly have borne anything herself, to save her husband from the terrible sorrow she saw approaching.

She was too really good a woman, too sincere in her own beliefs, not to feel it very awful that Osmond should be dying as she considered unconverted; and no one need doubt that her earnest and sincere prayers for his welfare were of the greatest service to him, although the gift she so ardently desired was withheld, as being no blessing.

It had been very terrible to her to be so long separated from her husband, whilst he was in such anxiety and sorrow; and it was her suggestion that, if possible, Osmond should be moved down to Ashmoor, now that all hope was over. She felt it would be the best comfort for her husband—that Osmond himself would probably prefer it; and she

dare press it, as it would be possible to avoid all risk for Owen, who was at present safely at school, and could, she knew, easily spend his summer holidays with her brother's family, if necessary.

When her plan was proposed, poor Mr. Lettridge set his heart upon it with piteous eagerness; and it was partly to consult him on this subject that Osmond sent for Frank, as soon as Dr. Bruce would let him see anyone. It was hard for poor Frank to face him calmly, in the first freshness of that terrible verdict; but Osmond, considerate as he was, had not calculated upon this. He had never contemplated the idea of recovery—he knew it to be very improbable; and even when he found himself rallying, contrary to all expectation, he knew not how to form plans for the future. He dared no more let himself think of what life might be with happiness and hope of Esther, than face the prospect of a return to office-work, lodgings, and loneliness; and he was contented to take each day of his father's kindness as a boon, without looking beyond it.

His father's great burst of sorrow he had been prepared for—he knew him well enough to be aware that his feelings were very acute; but he did not suppose himself in any way necessary to *Frank's* happiness, and could talk freely to him of the future.

'Would it be wrong to go home?' he asked wistfully; 'he did very much long to die at Ashmoor.' And when his father had implored him to come, and let them do all they could for him, it had been very hard not to yield at once; but he had felt he ought to think it over.

He did not let himself consider what alternative there might be; *that* could make no difference as to the question whether he ought to put himself for his last days into the hands of those who would have the *power*, if they had the *will*, to shut him out from all the ministrations of his own Communion.

And he could not trust their word, he was obliged to own. Again and again they had promised, and the promises had been either evaded or broken. He knew his father was in earnest now: would it be a sinful running into temptation, if he were to indulge his yearning for home, and trust him once more?

Frank thought the question out as well as he could with those eager wistful eyes fixed upon him, and was obliged sorrowfully to admit that he did not think it would be right to trust, without requiring some guarantee. Could not he require them to send Mr. Tracey away?

Osmond hesitated. 'I am afraid a strange chaplain would not be so great a comfort to them, during a time when they will need comfort much,' he said.

Yet it seemed necessary. If that were done, and his present paid nurse exchanged for a lady Sister of Mercy, who could be a real protector, it might be risked; and when Frank, by Osmond's desire, called Mr. Lettridge, the poor father seemed touchingly grateful for his son's consent to return home, even though Osmond was forced to couple

it with conditions, and to say, gently but decidedly, that if they were infringed he should be obliged to leave Ashmoor.

Mr. Lettridge assented to it all. He understood, at last, that his son had all along been prepared to resist to the death, and that he would keep his word now, as he had ever done. The business over, Mr. Lettridge left them; but Osmond wanted Frank as the clergyman, as well as the friend, and had, besides, needful directions to give him, about the books and other possessions he had left at the lodgings.

Frank offered to collect these, and send them down to Ashmoor.

'Most of them,' Osmond said; 'but there are some books I should like you to keep, if you will. You know which I mean,' he added, after mentioning the names of one or two. 'I should like you to have them, if you care for them. I shall not want them much longer; and they have been such dear friends to me, that I should be sorry to leave them at Ashmoor, where they would be worse than valueless—unless Owen should ever want them,' he added, almost under his breath, as if such a hope were too good to be spoken.

'If ever he does, be sure he shall have them,' said Frank eagerly, though with a far from steady voice.

'Not all—only a share,' Osmond answered. 'I should like you to feel them yours, and scribble in them; unless,' he added, with weak playfulness, 'you are too sensible for such practices?'

Frank could hardly smile in answer, as he thanked him, and tried to say how much he should value the books; and it was chiefly to calm himself, that he asked Osmond whether he had any hopes with regard to his brother.

'Plenty,' he said; 'so strong, that I am afraid it is unreasonable. I cannot help thinking he means to take his own line, but he is too young to decide yet. It is the one thing on which, I am afraid, my heart is set.' And yet it was with a strong touch of sadness that he added, 'It seems very cruel to wish him to be the trial to his parents that I have been. Now only one thing more before you go. You will not forget that I want my speedwells, with the first batch of necessaries.'

'Speedwells?' said Frank, bewildered for a moment. 'Oh, the forget-me-nots!' he added, recollecting.

'No, not forget-me-nots,' Osmond said hastily, half as if talking to himself; 'the other has the more unselfish, the best meaning; one may live down the one wish—the other, one need never leave behind. There,' he added, smiling at his friend's look of surprise, 'you did not expect to find me as sentimental a goose as ever, did you, dear old Frank? but you will forgive me, I know; so good-bye, and speed well!'

The friends only met once more before Osmond left London, and that was not on an occasion when either of them would have felt common conversation befitting. They were not alone together; Mr. Graham, who had come to London to see Osmond, was there, and, to Frank's surprise, Dr. Bruce.

‘If I am not too worldly for you,’ he had said to Osmond, the night when he proposed joining them. ‘If you would stay here long enough, I believe you would teach me to care about something besides science and curious cases. You are the happier man of us two, I suspect?’

‘I am very happy now,’ said Osmond pityingly; ‘and I am afraid you are not.’

‘Oh no, people are not very happy without hearts!’ Dr. Bruce replied, with a sort of bitter lightness; ‘but fortunately they are not *unhappy* either.’

The Doctor’s heartlessness, though Osmond did not believe in it, was to some extent a fact. Somehow, after years of respectable selfish loneliness, an interest had flashed into his life; and (he knew not why, or how) he had been surprised into a genuine affection for one who should naturally have been nothing to him. Where he only sought, with a kind of fierce justice, to protect the weak from oppression, he had found something nearer real happiness than he had known for years. He might call himself a fool for laying himself once more open to the power of suffering; but he was, and he knew he was, both better and happier for the re-awakening of that human heart, that gave him power to feel pain.

He had befriended Osmond at first with a sort of half-contemptuous interest—he was ‘a poor creature;’ but he had made a good fight, all things considered, and deserved to be protected from the selfish father, who would exact the more, the more passively he yielded. But, by degrees, Dr. Bruce had seen a spirit he had not expected. He found he could not dictate to Osmond as he could to Mr. Lettridge—that it was not weakness, but principle, that made the son submit implicitly to the father as he did in all personal matters. Dr. Bruce never forgot his pleased surprise, when Osmond (having somehow found out that he had been bullying Mr. Lettridge) had told him that he must leave his house, if his father were exposed to such usage.

Far from thinking Osmond ungrateful, Dr. Bruce was delighted; and the threat made him more careful in little matters, although, as has been seen, he kept his resolution that, before he had done with him, Mr. Lettridge should know what he was responsible for.

Until the parting actually came, Osmond never suspected that (kind though he was) Dr. Bruce really felt it a trial to say good-bye to him. The farewell did not come until the last journey was safely over, and Osmond found himself once more in his old room, inside the library at Ashmoor, with the oak branches outside the window, framing the view of the wooded hills, and bright green fields of young corn, all smiling in the sunshine, exactly as it had done when it welcomed him back from Alston, eight years ago.

All was so much the same, even to his own weariness and suffering, and the means used to relieve them, that it seemed as if those seven terrible years of exile could be only a long dream, from which he had at

last awakened. But Dr. Bruce's voice called him back to a clear sense of their reality. 'I am come to wish you good-bye,' he said, almost huskily; 'I have done all I can for you, and I believe I leave you in good hands, that the doctor here will do all that I could do for you; but if at any time you fancy you want me, send, and I will come at once. Don't thank me,' he added hastily, seeing Osmond was about to speak. 'I have to thank *you*, for making me a little less inhuman than I have been of late years. God bless you, and grant that we may meet again!'

He tore himself away, almost with tears in his eyes, before Osmond could speak, taking as his farewell the bright look that had welcomed that unexpected prayer; and a sense that, as long as his friend lived, that hope would be echoed, and he should be remembered.

Osmond was never intended to know that Dr. Bruce had indignantly refused all payment for what had of late been a true labour of love; and he little guessed that, in years to come, there would grow and strengthen a strange friendship and sympathy between the polished and seemingly worldly West End doctor, and the young hard-working curate of a distant parish—a friendship that never died out, and was most precious to both.

Once more Esther Lockhart was seated on the step of the old sundial at Alston, as she drank in the soothing sweetness of the calm evening air; but it was as a woman, not a girl, that she mused now.

The long years of patient hope deferred through which she had passed, if they had taken some of the brightness and life from her face, had deepened its expression, without spoiling its beauty or gentleness; but now the weary patient look was more like suffering Hope, than the Faith to which Mr. Lettridge had compared her, in those long-gone-by days.

The distance between the girl of eighteen and the woman of six-and-twenty, often seems to herself so immeasurable, that she can hardly recognize them as both the same person; and yet they are the same, if, whilst the surface hopes and fears may be as different as light and darkness, the heart in its inmost depths still throbs to the same note, still best loves and values the same thing. And this was Esther's case; at eighteen she had been happy and hopeful, at six-and-twenty she was contented and patient; but the one feeling was the offspring of the other, not an enemy that had overcome and banished it. She had received good and evil as coming alike from a Father's hand; and she loved Him then, as now, with a love above that for anything earthly.

Esther felt now as if the worst were over, and she were ready for whatever might be sent to her; and yet, only yesterday, it had seemed as if her cross had at length become too heavy, and she could no longer bear up under it.

All through the spring there had been much to endure, fully and constantly as Frank had written; but however painful details might be,

Esther felt she could bear anything whilst she still heard about Osmond; and she could talk freely to her mother of him, though not of herself, whom she strove hard to forget.

But now he had been at Ashmoor a fortnight, and silence seemed sinking down upon them all, coming between them: Frank could tell next to nothing now, and though Leonard had been for a few days at Ashmoor, he was so unskilful a letter-writer, (especially where he felt deeply,) that his few lines to Mrs. Lockhart had rather increased than diminished the feeling of ignorance that was so hard to bear.

Esther's heart had at one time almost fainted—she had all but murmured—but she had held fast the Guiding Hand through the darkness, and all this was over now. She was going to Ashmoor; she was to see him again, and that was all she asked. She did not repine that the life which had seemed intended to make hers happy was passing away. She seldom thought of Osmond now without a clear remembrance of all that had passed that Sunday evening, and she had not forgotten his earnest words about the privilege of suffering for Christ's sake.

Away from him, she saw his story in all its grandeur—not as merely one amongst the number of high hopes blighted, and lives thrown away; she saw that that life had been freely resigned for God's glory, and she did not murmur at her own part in the sacrifice. Perhaps, until now, her greatest trial had been the doubt whether she might allow herself to feel she *had* a part in it; but there was no question since the letter this morning, at sight of which a wild throb of hope, she knew not for what, had shot through her.

Mr. Lettridge had written very delicately, saying that he found his son had a great desire to see Mrs. Lockhart again, and he had felt sure she would not refuse to gratify him. He had far more scruple about the request that followed, that Esther would accompany her. Leonard had encouraged him to propose it, which must be his excuse. She must not dream of coming if it would give her pain—if it would do so, Osmond could not bear the idea of the suggestion being made, much as he wished to see her.

Mrs. Lockhart had put the letter into Esther's hands at once. She watched her anxiously; but Esther read it calmly, though a bright colour overspread her face; and as she gave it back, there was an eager suffering tone in the voice that said, 'You will go, Mamma?'

'Certainly, my child!' her mother said, putting her arm tenderly round her; 'and you?'

'Oh yes, yes—to-day—that is, as soon as possible. Mamma,' she added, feeling that her mother was watching her uneasily, 'don't be afraid for me. I am quite happy—I mean quite satisfied now—only I cannot talk.' She left the room, to pass a very brief space of time alone; and throughout that busy day she had been herself, thinking for others as usual, not lacking sympathy for May's excited pleasure in going to pay a visit to Helen all by herself, or thought or care for the

various parish duties, which would be suddenly interrupted by their unexpected departure next day.

It was not until evening that she had found herself free, and had gone to sit in her favourite place, where she had often rested in weariness of spirit during those long five years, and to pour forth a wordless thanksgiving to the Father, Who had at length granted her longings, and changed that terrible struggle for submission into this calm thankful sadness.

The next day was perhaps a greater trial, for after Leonard had met and claimed May, there was no one to work for or amuse; and she remembered her early dreams of Ashmoor, and her wonder whether it was wrong to wish so much to go there, as Amy had always assumed she would do some day.

She was there, at last. They were at the station; that must be Evans with the carriage, and Lady Mary herself was on the platform to receive them—graceful, gentle, and sympathizing; ready to save them the pain of asking questions, yet on the watch to tell them all that they wanted to know.

It was not until they were in the house, without any witnesses, that she threw her arm round Esther's waist, and drawing her to her, kissed her as only a wife and mother can do—with the tender words, 'My poor child!' and Esther felt it was as she would have most wished it should be, though it was all so dreamily strange and sad.

Reverence forbids us to enter much into the history of the short period of calm peace that followed. To Esther it was the most precious season of her life; they had loved long and patiently, and there was intense happiness in confessing it to one another, and together bearing the downfall of all the hopes that had been cherished in secret. 'O Mamma, it seems as if we could never thank Leonard enough, for persuading him that it would not be selfish to have us here! Mamma, I did not know it was *possible* to be so happy! Such love seems worth everything! How can one ever be thankful enough?'

It surprised Esther, though not her mother, that the overpowering delight of that intense love was followed by a sort of revelation of what might have been; and the tears of joy would turn into bitter drops of penitent sorrow. Such holy love as theirs, so long delayed, seemed so hard to give up, that she clung to her mother with the frightened words, 'O Mamma, how shall I help murmuring? Why must it be so?'

But all murmurs were too steadfastly met and resisted, for even the temptation to them to be what it might have been to one more undisciplined; and to one so tender and unselfish as Esther, it was hardly possible to wish for the prolongation of a life such as Osmond's had become, after she had watched by him during one of his terrible fits of pain. She was with him through all; for (although at first, when he felt it coming on, he had wished to spare her by sending her away, as he always did his father) she had entreated to be allowed to stay, assuring

him, with a smile of womanly courage, that she would not make it harder for him; and the comfort of having her to look at when he was too ill to talk, was so great, that he never asked her to leave him again.

‘Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me,’

had been their last prayer together; and from under the dull heavy clouds they had passed out into calm and glorious evening sunshine, still feeling the same Hand that had guided them through the darkness.

That evening sunshine could not last for ever; and after a time they agreed that, in spite of Mr. Lettridge’s entreaties that they would stay, it was better the Lockharts should go. The summer holidays had begun; Mrs. Lockhart must be at home to receive her sons, and Osmond was strongly against Esther’s remaining at Ashmoor without her. Besides this, kind as he was, it was almost too great a trial for Mr. Lettridge to have anyone staying in the house just now; and the two bravely told themselves, and each other, that they had better part, and bid one another farewell, without a hope of meeting again on earth, but with a sure and certain one of meeting hereafter, in that world where love is perfect, though ‘they neither marry nor are given in marriage.’

(To be continued.)

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘MRS. JERNINGHAM’S JOURNAL.’

CHAPTER XI.

CECIL slept heavily for more than an hour, then she moved about restlessly on the sofa, and at last started quite upright, calling out, ‘O Jocelyn—no—no—*don’t!*’ the ‘don’t’ being uttered in an agonized voice that made Helen shiver.

‘What is it? what is it? Oh, please, wake directly!’ she cried, running up to her, taking hold of her, and kissing her.

Cecil opened her eyes, stared forward at nothing in a miserable manner, and gave herself a great shake, which was followed by a heavy sigh. ‘O Helen,’ she said, and there were tears in her voice, ‘it was too dreadful!’

‘What was it, my love?’

‘It was a dream—it was only a dream. Oh, I am glad it was only a dream; but how can one dream such things? I wonder why one dreams such things!’

‘Yes; but what was it you dreamt, my dear Cecil?’

‘It was Jocelyn—he came to me. Oh yes, it was himself. I should

know him directly—anywhere—just from how he looked then. I seem to see him now!’ and she put her hands up to her eyes, as if to shut something out; ‘and he cast me off—he would have nothing to say to me; he said I was not his sister—that Adela Lester was his sister, and not I!’

‘But what a silly nonsensical dream, Cecil—the idea of Adela Lester being Jocelyn’s sister! you *can’t* mind such a dream as that, it is too ridiculous.’

‘Yes, so it is—of course I don’t mind it;’ but she looked quite pale, and shuddered while she said the words; ‘only it was the way in which he said it—the way in which he cast me off and took her instead.’

‘Such nonsense!’

‘But what *could* make me dream such a thing, Helen?’

‘What makes one dream anything? Last night I dreamt that Papa had a large button on the top of his head, instead of the bald place, or upon the bald place. And he was going about everywhere with it, just as if it wasn’t there; and I thought it was very foolish, but it never occurred to me for a moment that it was impossible. And I wanted the button of all things, because it was so large, I thought it would be useful; and then I wondered whether it grew or whether it was sewn on, and whether if I twitched it off there would be roots or stitches, and if it would hurt him for me to do it, and if he would scream. I do assure you, Cecil, I dreamt all that, and I was most curiously reasonable and unreasonable about it all through my dream; and it was the greatest relief to me possible when I woke up and found that Papa had *not* a button instead of a bald place on the top of his head.’

Cecil laughed at this, and the laughing enabled her to rally her spirits, and shake off the disagreeable impression that the dream had left on her mind. She fell into a reverie, however; and the subject of her thoughts was, how very much she disliked Adela Lester. It struck her as curious how two strong feelings, so opposite to each other, had quite recently come into her life—her love for Mrs. Wyndham, and her dislike to Miss Lester. She hardly knew whether she admired Juliet more than she condemned Adela, and could not decide which sentiment was the most powerful of the two, or occupied her mind the most. As a general thing, she certainly thought more of the one she loved than of the one she hated; but this dream had brought the latter strongly before her, and she could not help dwelling on the subject, and recalling the misery that she had suffered in her sleep, at the mere idea of Adela being more to her brother than she was. ‘Thank goodness,’ she thought to herself, ‘that it was a dream, with *no* foundation—that *can’t* come true. Jocelyn *must* always be my brother, and I *must* be to him more than Adela or any other girl. I, and I only, am his sister; and as Helen says, it would be too silly to be put out by such a dream as *that*; it is only the strong impression it makes for the moment. It was so vivid, and seemed so real, and was so very very dreadful.’ Then there rushed into

her mind such a longing that Jocelyn would come home, that it seemed to fill her whole being, and overwhelm her in a manner that she could hardly bear. 'He is my brother, he is my own—my only brother!' she cried out to herself in her heart; 'why does he not come to love me—to make much of me—to take me, so that I may belong to somebody—to somebody to whom I shall be everything—with whom I shall be free! Oh, why does he not come? Oh, when will he come? How long—how long shall I have to wait? It is so hard, so difficult to bear; other girls know their brothers—live with them, or see them often in their homes; it is only I—only I—and why am I an exception, when my brother is what he is, and I love him more than other girls *can* love theirs?'

While these thoughts held sway in Cecil, and she appeared to herself to have lost all power of controlling them, the usual message was brought to the school-room that dinner was over, and the young ladies could go down-stairs to the drawing-room. So Cecil had to smoothe her hair, and arrange her dress a little; and then she and Helen joined Aunt Flora below.

Cecil at once rushed boldly into one of the subjects that lay nearest her heart. 'Do you know,' she said, 'that Mrs. Wyndham does so wish you would call upon her? She wishes it very much indeed.'

'That *I* should?' replied her aunt. 'Oh, but, my dear—I should like to do it—I really should; but how can I unless your uncle calls on the Colonel? and a very fine man the Colonel is. And there is no reason at all why he shouldn't call on him, and I on Mrs. Wyndham—only he won't, and so I can't; how can I?'

The last three words were uttered like a pitiful appeal, which came in rather inconsistently after all the confused decision of her speech.

'Yes, you can,' replied Helen, laughing, and only answering those last three words; '*we* think you can, and *she* thinks you can, and why can't you?'

'Well, really,' said Aunt Flora, quite fluttered, 'what *would* your uncle say—and the Colonel? it would be an affront to the Colonel, if I called and your uncle didn't.'

'Couldn't you call, and tell my uncle that you had done so because Mrs. Wyndham wished it, and that when you were there you left his card on the Colonel as a matter of course?'

'No, my dear, I couldn't,' replied her aunt feebly.

'Well, Aunt Flora, I do think it's a great shame. Here's one of the most delightful—if not *the* most delightful woman in the world—really fond of us, and we are really fond of her; and we meet out of doors, and are as intimate as possible; and she thinks you uncommonly nice—she said so—didn't she, Helen? and asks us to ask you to call on her; and you won't! Now I put it to yourself, Aunt Flora, if that is not placing us in a very uncomfortable position?'

'I'll speak to your uncle, if you like,' said poor Aunt Flora meekly;

‘but I am quite sure it will not be of any use—you know yourself that it won’t, Cecil; you know him as well as I do.’

‘It all comes of everything being done on wrong systems,’ sighed Cecil. ‘What system can be falser and more ridiculous than that on which we make or don’t make acquaintance with people? That *your* visiting and *my* visiting should depend on Uncle James! and that it should only be able to be carried on through calling and leaving cards; why, if two human beings feel drawn towards each other when they look into each other’s eyes, it ought to be enough; and they should be ready and eager first to speak and then to make friends *anywhere*, without waiting for introductions, and for the exchange of a couple of bits of paste-board with their names printed on them. I wonder how grown-up reasonable men and women can bear such utter nonsense!’

‘I don’t think that way of making acquaintance would be at all safe, my dear,’ replied Aunt Flora. ‘Pray don’t go about looking into people’s eyes, Cecil.’

‘But Cecil dislikes being safe, Aunt Flora,’ said Helen. ‘Now I don’t—I’m sure I don’t; I wasn’t quite certain at first, but now I’ve tried the other thing, I am; and it’s exciting, and I thought it might be nice—but it isn’t, and I’d rather be safe.’

‘Of course you would, dear,’ answered her placid aunt.

‘Safe is just another word for trumpery and stupid!’ cried Cecil. ‘And the great charming things are not really dangerous. Safe and unsafe are mere matters of comparison—or arbitrary terms we have fixed on ourselves.’

‘Isn’t that nonsense?’ asked Helen.

‘No, it isn’t—at least, I know what I mean myself, even if I can’t express it. Why is it safe to make acquaintance only when you are introduced by somebody who knows nothing about your tastes and your feelings? Why is it dangerous to spring into a friendship because something tells you that you can really love? And as for looking into people’s eyes, Aunt Flora, why shouldn’t I, if their eyes are worth it? The eyes of ninety-nine people out of a hundred are *not* worth looking into; but if I meet with the hundredth whose are—oh, then I *will* look into them with all my soul in mine, and feel that I have gained a great possession, as I have in my Juliet.’

‘My dear, who *is* your Juliet?’ was all Aunt Flora replied, with a very puzzled expression of face.

‘Don’t you know? it’s Mrs. Wyndham,’ explained Helen; while Cecil, recollecting herself, laughed a little and coloured a good deal, and said she was a goose to talk about such things to Aunt Flora.

‘But all the same,’ Helen suggested, ‘it would be very pleasant if you could get Papa to let you call; for Mrs. Wyndham *is* as nice as ever she can be—and it would be much better for us,’ added she, with sudden wisdom, ‘to have leave to do things, than to do them without leave.’

'But you mustn't do them without leave,' replied the serene lady; 'that would be too shocking, my dears.'

'Did you never do anything without leave when you were young, Aunt Flora?' asked Helen, rather eagerly.

'Oh no, my dear, never. I should not have thought of such a thing; it would have been quite impossible—it never would have occurred to me. And you mustn't either, you know—not you or Cecil—it doesn't do to talk about such a thing, you know, except quite in fun.'

'Only we do it,' said Cecil; 'you needn't think differently of us from the truth, Aunt Flora. We do a number of things we are told not to do.'

'Oh no, my dear, you don't—that would be disobedience, you know.'

'Yes,' replied Cecil coolly; 'it is disobedience, and I disobey whenever I can—that is to say, I do a number of things that Uncle James would not allow if he knew of them.'

'Oh dear, dear, I hope not,' said Aunt Flora; 'and I wish you would not tell me about them, if you do.'

'Very well—I won't, then—only remember I *have* told you, and so I am not deceiving you.'

'Don't say any more about it, please,' said Aunt Flora helplessly; 'it makes me so uncomfortable.'

'And then you won't call on Mrs. Wyndham?' persisted Cecil.

'My dear, I'll sound your uncle.'

'Sound my uncle!' said Cecil; 'how wretched! Fancy what one has to do, or not to do, being dependent on sounding an uncle!'

'My dear, you take a wrong view of it altogether—you do indeed; this is your uncle's house, and you live here, and it's the same as if you were his daughter. And he's—he's—well—he's your uncle, you know, and so it must be all right.'

'It must be all right that he should be sounded. Oh, very well; sound my uncle then, by all means, Aunt Flora.'

'Yes, my dear, I thought you would see reason,' said her aunt contentedly; 'when I was a girl, I used to stay a great deal with my Uncle Charles, and I never thought of not doing what he liked when I was his guest, you know—never for a moment. I believe if I could have eaten gold he would have got it for me to eat; there was not a kinder man in the world. He gave a great ball for me on my eighteenth birth-day; and when I went into my room to dress for it, I found a pearl necklace on my dressing-table.'

'A pearl necklace! O Aunt Flora!' cried Helen.

'I don't see that there can have been much difficulty in obeying *that* uncle,' said Cecil drily. 'Now, Aunt Flora, on your truth as an Englishwoman, do you see much resemblance between your Uncle Charles and my Uncle James?'

'My dear, don't talk so; your Uncle James is a superior man—a very superior man—and *that* kind of man does not, of course, do the same *sort* of things as the men who are not so superior, you know.'

'No; he does very different sort of things—that I admit, Aunt Flora,' replied Cecil.

'Your Uncle James and I are going to dine out to-morrow,' said Aunt Flora, waiving the subject; 'and Mrs. Lester has kindly consented to take you two girls to the penny reading.'

Helen looked pleased; but Cecil said, 'What a bore!'

'I don't know that it is a bore,' said Helen, rather timidly. 'Do you know, Cecil, I sometimes think we might—*like* them,' the word 'like' came out with an effort, 'if we—took them somehow just as we do other people, without thinking about them.'

'I don't know what you mean,' said Cecil shortly; 'I don't take anybody in that way. I always think about everyone.'

'Do you?' said Helen; 'I don't think you do—quite!'

Mr. Vaux came in; tea followed, and the conversation dropped. When this last meal of the day was finished, Mr. Vaux, as he frequently did, proposed to read aloud to his family; and proceeded, with a good deal of emphasis, not always applied to the right words, to regale their ears and feed their minds with Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy.' Helen attended dutifully, trying both to understand and to like what she heard. Aunt Flora enjoyed her knitting, and really liked words being said to her as she worked. Every now and then she nodded her head approvingly, or uttered a pleasant 'Very pretty,' or 'I'm sure that's true.' Cecil and Helen both had work to employ their fingers—but for which, it is not improbable that Cecil would have slept again; but as it was, her thoughts wandered to all the subjects that she had now to occupy them, and if at any moment she had been asked what her uncle was reading about, she would have found great difficulty in giving an answer to the question. When should she see Juliet again? How was Juliet? Would she be quite well by the next day? Would she be at the penny reading? Her heart bounded with the notion that she would, and that if they went with the Lesters, she might be able to speak to her—perhaps even to join her party, and sit with her instead of with the others. This idea quite reconciled her to the chaperonage, which a few minutes before she had considered as a great bore. Let the Lesters, one and all, prose as much as they liked—let Adela insult her; for Cecil, thinking of Sir Roland, pronounced Adela to be insulting; what did anything they could any of them say or do signify, if they made the bridge that carried her to her friend?

Just as Cecil's thoughts had reached this point, the servant entered the room, and handed her two notes on a waiter. She took them both hastily, and some instinct caused her to slip one, directed in a dashing but excellent hand that she had never seen before, into her pocket. It was a hand full of character, and feminine, although both bold and firm; and something within Cecil told her that it was the writing of Juliet Wyndham. The other note was directed in a good hand also, but one that was hardly formed. She opened it, and her uncle's voice droned on—

• Never yet forgot a man the words by which he was praised.

Better to be censured by a thousand fools than praised by one man that is wise.

—and when she had read it, and he paused while the projection of his head and the erection of his nose in the air were asking questions more than ever, she said, 'It is from Adela Lester—shall I read you what she says?'

'Yes, certainly—by all means. I don't as a rule approve of young ladies writing notes to each other, but I am sure that Miss Adela Lester would not write to you without sufficient reason.'

Cecil curled her lip, and having by so doing relieved her feelings, read aloud as follows:—

Dear Miss Vaux,

Mamma desires me to tell you that we shall go to the meeting to-morrow evening at seven o'clock, and she hopes that you and your cousin will come to us between five and six, and drink tea first. We shall walk there, if the night is fine. There are to be several gleees, in which Mr. Porteous was asking whether you and your cousin could help. If so, we might try them over first. With kind regards, in which my mother and sister join,

Believe me, yours truly,

ADELA LESTER.

'A very pretty note, I am sure,' said Aunt Flora.

'I have no hesitation in giving you both permission to join in anything of which Mrs. Lester approves, and in which her daughters take a part,' said Mr. Vaux.

'O Papa, I never can,' said Helen.

'Timidity must be overcome,' replied her father. 'I have no hesitation in saying, that timidity must be overcome, when timidity interferes with the welfare of our fellow-creatures.'

'But this is only gleees,' murmured Helen, her fear of her father almost yielding to her greater fear of being compelled to join in any sort of public performance.

'And may not gleees, Helen, be for the benefit of your fellow-creatures as well as anything else?' demanded her father, very reproachfully.

'Why are gleees to be an exception to the general rule?'

She said nothing.

'Cannot you answer my question, Helen?'

'Yes, Papa; but really—I did not mean—'

'But why then did you *speak*, Helen? Why did you speak if you did not mean anything by what you said?'

'I think she is a little frightened at the idea of the thing,' said Aunt Flora good-naturedly; 'but she will find, when there are so many, that it is not alarming at all, or even that she is not wanted.'

'Shall I write to Miss Lester, Uncle?' asked Cecil.

'Certainly, my dear. I have no objection to your answering your young friend's note. I have no hesitation in giving my frank approval of your writing to Adela Lester, and informing her—with thanks for

the invitation to tea—that you and Helen have pleasure in accepting it, and will be happy to give any help in the evening's entertainment that is in your power.'

Cecil rose and went to the writing-table. She turned her back on the others when she sat down, and took out paper, settling herself to write; but she also breathlessly, with eager hands, drew the second note from her pocket, and concealing it in the blotting-book, opened and glanced at its contents. The first words she saw were—

Capital Cecil!

'What a grand beginning!' thought she, with a happy little laugh to herself; 'how much better than an orthodox and ordinary commencement!' Then she gave another glance at the note.

It *was* jolly of you to run off here; and my colonel was delighted, though he shook his dear wise handsome head, and would not say so. Are you going to the penny reading to-morrow? if you are, I'll go too, in spite of all the doctors in England—if they are such geese as to say I sha'n't; but I'm all right again, so I've no doubt I shall manage it without rebellion. You must find some way of letting me know to-morrow, whether you are to be there or not. I have heaps of things to say to you.

Ever yours affectionately,

JULIET.

Cecil could have kissed the name, so charmed was she at receiving this—the first note she had ever had from her friend; and her eyes almost filled with tears, as they read the kindly words addressed to herself by this woman, who appeared to her so pre-eminently charming; and then she contrasted them scornfully with the prosaic stiffness of Miss Lester's letter, and her lip took the expressive curl which was too common to it. Her uncle, however, was becoming fussy, and asking if her note was ready, and remarking that he did not hear her pen, and that there was no use in reading the note she had to answer, over and over again. That was the worst of everything—everything was made an excuse for waste of time, even a nicely written and brief and perfectly unobjectionable letter from a well-brought-up girl, was a reason for frittering away half an hour, interrupting reading of a cheerful and improving kind; and—and—and doing nothing. While he spoke, Cecil's pen moved rapidly over her paper; and Aunt Flora good-naturedly suggested that she was very young, and not having a large correspondence, answering a note was something of an event to her. 'I can remember as well as if it was yesterday, the first time I received and answered a note from only an acquaintance,' she placidly murmured. 'In these days a great deal more letter-writing goes on than when I was a child or mere girl, and so I thought even more about it. I quite recollect that I wrote "Dear Mrs. Adderley"—it was to our father's old friend General Adderley's wife—you know, James—oh yes, I remember who it was to, and all about it; and I wrote "Dear Mrs. Adderley" three

times, before I could satisfy myself that it was exactly on the right part of the paper. The first time it was too high, and the second time it was too low, and it was not till the third time that it came exactly into its proper place. And then after all, as soon as it was finished, I had to write it all over again, because I did not keep the exact distance I should between the lines; some of them looked too far apart, and some of them too near together. Ah me, how well I recollect all about that note!

‘And from that, as from everything else,’ said her brother, ‘from that, my dear Flora, as from everything else in this life if properly viewed—yes, if properly viewed—by the thoughtful eye of one ready and eager to learn from the merest trifles, a useful lesson may be gained. Now, Helen, you have been attending to what your aunt was telling us, with a good deal of interest, and let us hope that the right impression has been conveyed to your mind. What do you say about it? Come!’

He spoke the last words quite briskly and cheerfully for him; but poor Helen’s face was a blank, and she looked from her father to her aunt, and her aunt to her father, in mute despair. She *had* been interested in her aunt’s little history, as she always was in the reminiscences of that gentle lady’s early days; but she felt perfectly guiltless of having detected any moral in it, or learned any lesson from it.

Mr. Vaux shook his head sorrowfully. ‘Say *something*, Helen,’ he said sadly.

‘It shewed—’ said Helen, and stopped. ‘O Aunt Flora—it shewed—what?’

And she looked at her aunt for help; but alas! her aunt *could* not give her any, for she herself, though the heroine of the story, had not the least idea that it shewed anything.

‘Sad,’ said Mr. Vaux, ‘sad—so many advantages thrown away. Well, Helen,’ he continued, with melancholy patience, ‘I will tell you what it shewed—or rather, to speak more correctly, what it *shews*. It shews that anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and that it is wrong to be satisfied with anything short of perfection in the merest trifle that comes under your hand.’

Aunt Flora looked pleased, and felt elevated in her own opinion; and Helen said meekly, ‘Yes, Papa, I see, so it does;’ while Cecil advanced from the writing-table, the reply to Adela’s note in her hand, and Juliet’s unanswered epistle in her pocket. After that, Tupper’s Philosophy went uninterruptedly on till prayer-time.

The minute the two girls, released from the restraints of the drawing-room, found themselves in their own apartments, Cecil, with the greatest eagerness, gave Helen the note to read.

‘Is it not nice?’ she cried; ‘to think that she will be there! and to think that her being there depends on us! it would be maddening not to answer it; but, O Helen, how is it to be done? Think for me, there’s a dear girl, and find a way for me to get a reply to her.’

‘Yes,’ said Helen slowly; ‘how *can* it be done? You *couldn't* go there again at seven o'clock to-morrow morning?’

Cecil shook her head. ‘No,’ she said, ‘I couldn't. That is a sort of thing one can only do in an extremity of feeling, such as my anxiety for her caused; *that* gave me impetus enough; besides which, if there was no other reason, it would shock the Colonel.’

‘And it would be dreadful to shock the Colonel,’ agreed Helen very thoughtfully. ‘Mademoiselle would walk with us near the house, and you could take your note and give it to a messenger to carry it on,’ she added, with sudden brightness; ‘would not that do, Cecil?’

‘I would rather not take Mademoiselle into my confidence.’

‘Yes, perhaps not; but then you can't help it, can you? Something of that sort seems the only possible way.’

‘We might ask her to walk to Byfield, which she is always charmed to do, and then I could find a messenger, without saying anything to her about it.’

‘Yes; I don't see why you should not manage it in that way;’ then Helen gave a little sigh, and the thoughts she had been having about themselves and other families and the Lesters, came back with a great sweep into her mind. ‘Do you *like* receiving and answering notes privately, Cecil?’ she asked suddenly.

Cecil paused—did she like it? Receiving the letter from Juliet had given her a sensation of the very liveliest pleasure. She had actually glowed with excitement as she opened it, and her heart had bounded with delight when she had made herself mistress of its contents; she had felt that the world was indeed a happy place, and that every moment of the day might bring some fresh new unexpected pleasure into her life. Since then her mind had been filled with only one idea, and that was how her answer could be conveyed to Mrs. Wyndham, so that she might secure the happiness of her presence at the penny reading to-morrow night. And now came the question—Did she like it? Yes, of course she liked it; but there was the word *privately*, that gave a different meaning to the questions, than a mere inquiry as to whether she liked receiving and answering the notes—did she like doing so privately? Cecil's nature was bright and honest, and it rose up in rebellion at having to do anything privately. Rebellion against what and whom? alas! not against its own weakness—alas! not against the confusion of her own ideas of right and wrong. Angry tears rushed into her eyes.

‘It is too bad—it is too hard!’ she cried; ‘that I should be driven to deceit! I, who do not like it—who cannot bear it—it is shameful, it is intolerable! I never will forgive Uncle James for it—no, Helen; when I am a woman and can do what I like, I never will forgive Uncle James—no never—because he forces me now to conceal things from him, and to take all the sweetest and most innocent enjoyments of my life by stealth.’

‘Dear Cecil,’ replied Helen soothingly, ‘I am so sorry I asked you—

don't think or say anything more about it—please, don't; it can't be helped, you know; we must just do the best we can.'

And Helen, anxious to please, and miserable at seeing anyone—especially anyone she loved—in distress, talked on, hardly knowing what she said, till Cecil had cooled down, and felt almost ashamed of the emotion she had displayed.

'I suppose,' she said, in rather a weary way—'I suppose that the best plan will be to make Mademoiselle go into Byfield, and then send on the note, as you propose. Helen, I shall wear my black silk and my Sunday hat at the reading, and look as nice as possible. Juliet is always so charmingly dressed, isn't she?'

'Yes, indeed she is. I wonder whether she will wear her hat with the blue feathers, or her bonnet with the red azalias—she looks equally beautiful in either.'

'She has such a complexion, and such hair?'

'Her figure is what I admire most of all.'

'Everything she wears becomes her.'

'And her taste is so good, for everything she gets is pretty.'

'But, Helen, if there is any one article in the world I think most hideous and unbecoming, it is Adela Lester's black hat, with the black feather tipped with red in it. I do hate *that*!' and Cecil made the remark with *empressement*, as if she did hate it indeed.

(To be continued.)

A WINTER STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ROSE GARDEN.'

V.

To me, dim shapes of ancient crime
Moan through the windy ways of time.

Austin Dobson.

THE next day, when breakfast was over, Mr. Oldfield stopped Ronald from running out of the kitchen.

'Fetch what books you have, and bring them here,' he said.

The boy went cheerfully, for he was growing a little weary of the solitude and the liberty. It was well enough when he could get out on his common, but the rain was so persistent that he had not seen it for three days; and Rachel with her eternal ratings was not much of a companion. He did not dislike the idea of lessons, when at least his uncle must speak to him. But he soon found there was less talking than he anticipated. What was necessary for his understanding of the lessons, Mr. Oldfield said in a few gentle words—but no more. Busying himself

with his own books while Ronald studied, he gave his assistance the moment it was asked, without wrath at the interruption, but also without interest. It was not as if he cared, but as if he were fulfilling a task. And yet what a teacher the man might have been, but for this one thing—that his face never softened with sympathy or kindled into light. Lacking this warmth, it seemed as if a certain deadness settled down upon all he said or did; and he was like a fire which goes out—not from want of fuel, but from want of stirring.

Rachel once or twice peeped into the room, looking well pleased with what she saw there; and when Ronald was released, she called him to her, where she was peeling potatoes in a sort of smaller kitchen.

‘Have ye been a good boy?’ she asked.

‘I don’t know.’

‘What did th’ master say? Did he call ye a dunce?’

‘No!’ said he, flushing.

‘Well, there’s a sweet-cake for you. I don’t mind givin’ ye one now an’ then, if ye’ll do yer best, an’ please yer uncle.’

‘I don’t want sweet-cakes!’ said Ronald proudly, although he would have liked it all the while. But he was angry with Rachel for treating him like a baby. She looked at him a little oddly.

‘Ye’ve got a look o’ the master on a time, I declare,’ she said. ‘But don’t ye take to quarrellin’ wi’ yer bread an’ butter. One in the family’s enough for that. Is Mr. Philip in there yet?’

‘Yes.’

‘Ben’s in the shed, wood choppin’,’ she went on, going to the door, and looking out at the drizzling rain. ‘Ye can just run across an’ stop wi’ him till I call ye.’

When she had seen him fairly housed, she turned slowly round, and stood at the door of the great kitchen, as if irresolute whether or no to enter. She must have waited there three or four minutes, her little keen face looking strangely unlike its usual self, and her hands nervously playing with her apron. Then she went in softly. Mr. Oldfield stood at the window; he had been marking one of Ronald’s lesson-books, and every now and then looked out at the rain as if it fascinated him. Rachel went to the dresser, took down a plate, wiped it, and set it again in the same place. She crossed to the fire, stirred that, and lifted a kettle upon it. And then she came back, beginning mechanically to rub the long table in the middle of the room, and glancing at Mr. Oldfield, who was apparently unconscious of her movements.

At last she said with a jerk, ‘If the rain goes on much longer he’ll wash the grain right up out o’ the ground.’

No answer. Mr. Oldfield generally received Rachel’s observations in silence.

Presently she began again—‘Ben was talkin’ o’ goin’ over, to Heather’am nex’ market-day. The red cow aint worth her keep—an’ the sooner she’s got rid of the better.’

‘So you said last week,’ answered Mr. Oldfield indifferently. ‘It was all settled. The cow is to go.’

‘Mr. Philip—’

She was standing before him by this time, again nervously rolling her apron round her bare arms—and it is probable that an intuitive fear prepared him in an instant for hearing some disturbing news; for his forehead contracted, the muscles of his face grew rigid, and he looked like a man who was stiffening himself against a blow.

‘Mr. Philip—there’s someone from Errington come to Hart.’

She stopped again, perhaps thinking that he might at once leap to the truth, and spare her from uttering the words she dreaded. But he made no sign to arrest her.

‘It’s Miss Lyle,’ said Rachel softly, turning away from him and beginning to rub the table again.

Silence followed. She dared neither look at him nor say more, but made a little clatter among the plates, and was going away, when his voice, odd and harsh, called her back.

‘Miss Lyle?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ said Rachel, coming back, ‘but still keeping her eyes elsewhere. ‘I saw her on Sunday, in the parson’s pew—the new parson that’s just come. Dear, dear! it were like old times, for all the years as ha’ past!’

She had been so resolved against falling into the snare of alluding to old times, that she could have bitten out her tongue the instant she had spoken. Whether he had noticed it or not, however, she could not tell, not daring to look. His voice had the same strained and jarred sound in it when he spoke again.

‘Who is the new clergyman?’

‘He’s called Claughton, Mr. Philip. So th’ old postwoman told me—but she’s as deaf as deaf can be, an’ there’s no gettin’ nothin’ out of her. I’ve been fancyin’—’

Rachel stopped. She wished to deliver the warning which lay on her as uneasily as a nightmare, and yet her own boldness scared her.

‘Go on,’ he said nervously.

‘P’raps by this time Miss Hester might be married. But I can’t find out.’

‘It is most likely,’ said Mr. Oldfield, with the same tremulous coldness, which chilled her heart, as she thought of the years that had passed, and the change in him. She stood near the door, with her back turned, folding a cloth; and as if he supposed she were going to leave him, he said in a hurried agitated manner, ‘Remember, Rachel! there is to be no communication between the farm and the parsonage. What you call old times are dead and—forgotten.’

The last word sounded like a groan; Rachel came swiftly back, losing her fear in his trouble. ‘Don’t say it, Master,’ she cried eagerly, ‘don’t say it! Everything must come to an end—an’ it’s time this should.

Eight years ago it is since ye left the old place—there's Mr. Carr dead, an' poor Miss Isabel—an' ye still drivin' yerself up in this out-o'-the-world old house, wi' nobody but us poor servants to speak to. Ye've had too much o' this work, Mr. Philip; don't harden yerself no more. 'Tis better to face God's past than to be for iver tryin' to shut it out o' yer life.' The little woman's eyes were full of tears, her sharp voice had a pathetic ring in it, her words broke off in a quick half-sob. 'Master Philip,' she said, as if he were a boy again, 'what would yer poor gran'father ha' said if he could ha' seen you?'

He stopped her by putting out his hands, and there was a look in his face like that of some hunted and despairing creature. Rachel could say no more. She went away out of the kitchen and across the wet yard, to where Ben was labouring slowly at the logs, and Ronald was gathering the chips and twigs into a gaping basket.

'Go an' learn yer lessons for to-morrer,' she said sharply, hustling him out before he had time for remonstrance; and then, to Ben's dismay, she suddenly sat down upon a block of wood, flung her apron over her head, and under that shelter began to cry heartily.

For a time he was too much astounded to do more than stand—his chopper in one hand, a half-cloven log in the other—and regard her helplessly. But becoming moved to a more active sympathy, he laid down these implements and confronted his wife.

'Come now, don't ee, don't ee. Why, Mis'ess, why what are ye 'bout, Mis'ess? Come, don't ye go 'long like that,' he said, rubbing his chin and looking wistfully.

'Get along, ye great gaby!' sobbed Rachel, under her apron. 'Can't ye leave me alone? Didn't ye niver see a woman cry before?'

'But what's 't about?'

'It aint about you,' said Rachel, flinging down her apron, and appearing red-faced but combative. 'Ye needn't be afraid o' my wastin' good frettin'. Nor it aint anythin' ye can mend, neither; unless it be as ye've mended the saddle—by makin' the hole twice so big as he were before.'

'What's 't about?' persisted Ben stolidly.

'Well, I was makin' a fool o' myself, thinkin' over of old days,' said his wife, becoming suddenly meek. 'An' if iver ye see me at that work again, Ben, ye'd better leave me to have it out; for it doesn't do a woman no good to worry her, though with the best intentions. There now, if there aint that man, Peter, loiterin' about like a broom-stick out for a gape-see! I do believe, for a' he's so long, Master Ronnel could do a day's work as would shame him.—Peter!' screamed Mrs. Caesar, 'there's the mangel to put up.'

She was across the yard again before Ben had settled himself to his work.

When Rachel left him, Mr. Oldfield gathered himself together like a man recovering from a blow, went into the yard, and under the raftered

arch to the road. There he looked round him once or twice quickly and fearfully, before turning to his right towards the common. A cold small rain was still falling; and there was an indescribable desolation abroad, such as strikes us sometimes in early winter with a chill for which it is not easy to account. Brown leaves were perishing in the muddy road, dank grasses hung with spiritless depression under a weight of moisture, blank hopelessness spread dismally over earth and sky—or so it seemed to Philip, for we read Nature very much by the colouring of our own hearts. The sullen and forlorn aspect of the day appeared to him like an aggravation of his misery; although it is probable that he would have turned with a greater revulsion from the brightest sunshine and the sweetest spring of life.

As he went on towards the common, however, he ceased to be actively conscious of the atmosphere around him. The more poignant thoughts, which, with a kind of pathetic and helpless effort, he had tried to keep at bay, had too long gained the mastery over him to be so driven back. Rachel's words surged dully backwards and forwards in his brain. Hester at Hurt—Hester married! It was not that they brought with them a too vivid remembrance of the past; for while he was always trying to forget the past, he actually dwelt upon it with a morbid determination, which gave it only a more unhealthy prominence. It was rather that into the dull ache of his mind a sharper pain had suddenly struck, and the new smart seemed to him unendurable. He had dwelt upon his own grief as a hypochondriac will dwell upon his health, until everything becomes subservient to it, and he fears to move. There is no much sadder spectacle than a sorrow which is made self, and nursed into selfishness.

Mr. Oldfield did not return at the dinner-hour. Rachel watched and waited; and when finally she allowed Ben and Ronald to have their dinner, rated them through it vigorously. By-and-by the rain ceased, and a faint pallor of sunshine stealing out, Ronald was glad enough to escape from her and to run into the lane. He had manufactured a rough sort of fishing-rod, and was turning down to the river, his mind filled with large dreams of trout, when the bend in the road brought him suddenly in front of a little party, at sight of whom he stopped curiously. For here was the little girl whom he had twice seen before, and with her a young nurse, and a small boy of some three or four years old. Ronald, who was not shy, felt his heart open to the little company, after Rachel's scoldings. They all stood still, and stared and smiled at each other; and then his oldest acquaintance ran up to the nurse.

'Bessie, this little boy will tell us where to get something to drink. I'm so thirsty.—Do you live in here, little boy?' she went on, pointing to the farm-buildings.

'Yes, I do,' he said, colouring up, for he was not much pleased at being called a little boy.

'Please ask your mother, then. She'll give me a little water—won't she?'

'I'll get you some,' said Ronald, feeling a grip at his heart. 'You wait here, and I'll come back in a minute.'

He dashed into the farm, where by good luck Rachel was not visible, caught a tumbler from a cupboard, and ran into the dairy, where he filled it with sweet cool milk. His heart beat as he ran out with his prize, but no one was about except long Peter, who said 'Hallo!' Peter was of no consequence, however, and he went on triumphantly. The little girl gave a jump of delight when she saw what he had brought.

'I'd better hold it while you drink,' said Ronald, 'it's so full.'

'When I've drunk a little it will be less, won't it?' she said, standing on tip-toe.

'Me thirsty too,' said the little boy.

'Give my brother some, please,' she said, coming down from her heights. 'And leave a little for Bessie, Tid. It is so good, Bessie. You must be a very good boy to get this nice milk—what is you called? I am called Finie Claughton, and this is Tid; and have you got some cows in there? Will your mother shew me and Tid the cows some day?'

'My name is Ronald Carr; and I haven't got any mother,' said the boy gravely.

'Haven't you?' Finie said in a voice full of awe.

'Come, Miss Finie,' put in Bessie. 'You've asked questions enough, and we mustn't go any further.'

'Let me just look in through the gate. Mayn't I?'

'I think you'd better not,' said Ronald, who was afraid of a swoop of Rachel's. 'Look here, if you'll come down the hill a little bit, I'll shew you our cows through the gate.'

The sun was by this time shining out; the heavy drops were turned into glittering and twinkling points of light; the children ran merrily down the lane, Finie and Tid on either side of Ronald. Bessie screamed to them to take care of the wet, but nobody minded Bessie. They looked at the cows, and then stood on the bridge and flung stones into the gleaming brown river rushing swiftly underneath.

'If you come by the Pwars'nage one day, perhaps you'll see us,' said Finie.

'The Parsonage—where's that?'

'Don't you know the Pwars'nage?' she exclaimed, much scandalized. 'Why, it's close by the church. I saw you at church one day. I couldn't nod to you then, you know, 'cause it was church, and Papa wouldn't like it. Papa was the gentleman in white what you saw.'

Ronald stood on the bridge, and watched the bright little figures going away with little jumps and runs, looking back every now and then to kiss their hands and nod. The sunshine fell on them kindly, and sparkled on the water under his feet. He lingered for a long time on the bridge; two or three rough-looking men passed him, one carrying a couple of brooms; they stared hard at him, but strode on silently.

When it grew dusk he went back to the farm, and told Rachel about the milk.

‘Well, I niver!’ she said in high wrath. ‘So ye went to the dairy, an’ took yer milk without iver “by yer leave” or “with yer leave!” Let me catch ye at it again! Some nasty little tramps, I’ll be bound!’

‘They weren’t!’ cried Ronald indignantly. ‘They’re called Claughton, and they live at the Parsonage. They’re no more tramps than you.’

Instead of flying out at him again, Rachel listened astounded. ‘Did they say anythin’ about their mother?’ she asked, after a pause.

‘No. They said their father was that clergyman.’

There was another pause. Then Rachel said quietly, ‘Well, niver mind now; but if ye see ’em again, don’t let ’em come in here, but just run an’ tell me.’

Which Ronald inwardly resolved not to do.

(To be continued.)

A YORK AND A LANCASTER ROSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘JANET’S HOME.’

CHAPTER V.

A BIRTH-DAY MORNING.

THERE are a great many ups and downs in the way, even when the feet do not stray far from it, but are enabled to keep a tolerably even course; and Rose Ingram did not fail to experience this. It was not always that her efforts to make things go well in the school-room, and to keep the peace among the brothers and sisters, answered. She made mistakes, and was really meddlesome sometimes; and sometimes those who were in the wrong, and hated even the gentlest pulling towards the right side, called her meddlesome unjustly. Yet on the whole there was improvement in the state of things in the Ingram school-room and play-room. The grown-up people, whose concern it was, felt a sensible lessening of anxiety, and a degree of comfort in their work they had not experienced before. They did not perceive from what quarter the new influence came, and would have been much surprised if anyone had attributed it to Rose, who kept more in the background than formerly; but the children’s Guardian Angels, who were rejoicing over the change, saw and noted all the little efforts that one child in that group of children was making, at work and play—the smiles that cost an effort, the soft words that sometimes seemed to provoke rather than turn away wrath—and they knew that not one was really lost. They saw how,

day by day, alike from successes and failures, golden links were being woven, fibres of attraction thrown out, that were drawing those who would yield to them ever a little higher and a little higher, and were not without some effect even on the resisting ones.

The Ingram school-room was a great place for reigning fashions, and was always pervaded by some particular rage. Sometimes it was a universal attraction that took in girls and boys; and this, though bad on the whole for steady attention to lessons, was good for harmony, and constituted what Rose and Maggie called good times. There had been a long good time during the autumn, stretching from the return of the family from Lowestoft in September till the Christmas holidays, when the prevailing fashion had been the study of natural history, under the guise of keeping, in odd holes and corners of the house, the various pet animals that had been collected during the country holiday. All the old masculine and feminine feuds and disputes about the relative value of treasures appeared likely to die out under this absorbing community of interest, and a commonwealth was created by a surrender of property on all sides. The dolls' house had been, with great public spirit, surrendered by the ladies to be converted into a gymnasium for a public school of white mice; and the dolls—even the waxen beauties, with real hair and elaborate toilettes—had been banished to the highest shelf of the toy-cupboard, and turned with their faces to the wall, while their pink-lined cradles and their handsome four-post bed were turned into sleeping and hiding-places for a hedgehog, three dormice, and a hopelessly lame tortoise-shell kitten. Not to be behindhand in generosity, Claude turned out a collection of minerals he had once taken pride in, to make room for a large family of hairy caterpillars, and a blind-worm, who was expected to drink milk and develope into a wonder of intelligence and devotion; while Lionel, who had nothing special of his own to give up, kept a colony of frogs and sticklebacks in a foot-bath under his bed, and a toad (conjectured to be a thousand years old, and to have seen the Little Duke and Richard Cœur de Lion) in an old water-jug. All the weekly money that did not go in fines for unpunctuality at meals and classes, was deposited in a public treasury, and expended in the maintenance of the live treasures; and the greatest unanimity and devotion prevailed among their guardians, till the approach of the Christmas holidays introduced a disturbing interest into their minds, and led to a relaxation of care and precautions. The pets were no longer strictly confined to their proper haunts, and began to make themselves obnoxious to the higher powers. The Fraulein found a frog one morning in the school-room sugar-bason, and was laid up for the rest of the day with nervous head-ache. One of the white mice broke its leg in the gymnasium, was invalided in Lionel's charge, and finally sent to the wash in his trousers pocket, to the great discomfiture and horror of the laundress. Baby caught sight of the blind-worm poking out its flat head from within Claude's waistcoat, and kept Nurse awake all the next night

by screaming out that serpents were biting her. At last, by way of climax, in one day Nurse traced, or thought she traced, a disagreeable odour (enough to give everyone in the house scarlet-fever) to the cradle, where the dormice had rolled themselves up for their winter's sleep; and Packer, the factotum, down-stairs, had his equanimity disturbed in the middle of a large dinner-party by drawing the hedgehog instead of a gravy-spoon out of the plate-basket. From that moment the fate of the pets was sealed, for the head powers of back-stairs regions were agreed in determining their destruction. Nurse awoke Mrs. Ingram's dread of fever by declaring her inability to keep the nursery sweet while such goings on were allowed; and Packer respectfully made known his determination to resign his situation unless his peculiar domains were kept clear of vermin. The result was, that one afternoon when the boys got back from King's College full of the result of the examination, and the girls returned with the Fraulein from their last literature class of the session, they found that a clear sweep had been made of all their treasures; and when they rushed frantically from one haunt to another, nothing but clean, tidy, horrid emptiness met their eyes. Of course a great deal of howling and lamenting followed. Claude and Rose thought that something might be made of an appeal to Professor Ingram, who had actually been present at the capture of the blind-worm, and had then told Claude and Rose a story of a menagerie that he and his sisters had maintained for several years in a deserted attic of the Scotch home of their youth. Lionel, however, lost the cause before it was presented, by flying into a violent passion with Packer, when he refused to answer his inquiries after his sticklebacks, and laughed at his threats of sending him to prison for stealing his property. Professor Ingram came out of his study while Lionel was stamping and raging about the hall, and ordered him off to bed, though it was Christmas Eve, without permitting a word of explanation; and Mamma cried all through the Christmas Eve dinner, which the children generally took with their parents down-stairs; so that the first lighting up of the Christmas-tree that year was the most doleful ceremony on record in the Ingram household.

When they came to talk it over, boys and girls were a little disposed to blame each other for the catastrophe that ended the good time. The boys thought the girls might have had nouse enough to conceal the mice in the cradle, so that old Nurse (so blind as she was getting now) could never have poked them out; while Florence declared that she never would believe that the frog got into Fraulein's sugar-bason by accident. She should always, she said, feel certain that Lionel put it there to revenge himself for the Fraulein's having made him write out a German verb as a punishment for coming in to tea in dirty boots one evening. When the dispute grew too stale to have any further power of excitement in it, a division of interests followed, and the commonwealth broke up. Lionel, to Claude's disgust, made up his quarrel with Packer, and fell back into a habit, discontinued during the good time, of slipping

away to the down-stairs regions, and spending a large part of his play-hours in the butler's pantry, or in the coach-house, no one knew exactly how. Claude cut out card-board models of pumps and steam-engines, or buried himself lazily in story-books; and Rose fell in love with Lucy Fanshawe at a dancing-party, voted all the boys' pursuits stale, and had a violent reaction towards dolls' plays and dolls' needle-work, into which Maggie and Lilly threw themselves with enthusiasm, joined by Florence now and then. Lucy's influence was on the wane at the time of Rose's visit to the Home, and it had continued to decline steadily ever since. Strange to say, it was Florence, the one among the sisters who had least in common with Lucy, who took it upon herself to resent the wrong done to her, and to reproach Rose with her fickleness. Florence had not been greatly pleased when they were first thrown into daily communication with Lucy, from her beginning, after the Christmas holidays were over, to attend the English classes to which they belonged. She had never thought it necessary, as did the others, during Mr. Henderson's history lecture, to choke with smothered laughter every time that Lucy bethought herself of sticking her parasol-ring into her eye, and staring down at her atlas with an exact imitation of the puckered forehead and twisted nose, with which old Mr. Henderson studied his notes. She would not even allow that it was more amusing to watch Lucy than to listen to Mr. Henderson; yet when Rose came round to the same opinion, and was vexed one day to have missed hearing the story of Epaminondas' death at Mantinea, through being distracted by Lucy's antics, Florence called her mean, and informed the school-room party how differently she would behave, and how she would stand up for her friend if she had one. As no one ever remembered to have seen Florence shew the least preference for anybody or anything, except an armless soldier doll, rejected by all the other children as worthless, to which she had been devoted all her nursery days—and the lame kitten, whose loss she still mourned—this remark made a great impression, and led to a saying, whenever Florence was out of temper, that she was saving up all her pleasantness for her friend, Sophia Sophonisba, whenever she should turn up. It was Maggie who suggested Sophia Sophonisba as a suitably high-sounding name for Florence's perfect friend that was to come; and as it was the only original suggestion ever known to emanate from Maggie, it was considered due to her not to let it drop.

The question now most frequently debated among the sisters in furtive English and bad French and German, was whether or not they should ask their mother to invite Lucy to spend Lilly's birth-day, which was to be a whole holiday, with them.

Lucy, living with her grandmother, and having at present no governess, and caring very little for her place in class, could command a whole holiday whenever she pleased; and they had certainly promised to invite her. Yet to have Lucy out of temper for a whole day would not be

agreeable; and she had taken Rose's gravity at the late history lessons, since the day of Epaminondas' death, very much to heart, and evidently considered her ability to withstand the parasol-ring a convincing proof of chilled affection and hardness of heart.

The question was not settled on the morning of the birth-day; but as Lucy's grandmother only lived on the opposite side of the square, a few doors lower down, it would do to speak to Mamma about sending the invitation any time in the course of the morning. As soon as breakfast was over, and the boys gone off to school, Lilly and Maggie, in all the delight of having a whole idle day before them, repaired to the nursery, to dust the doll's house and decide whether it looked well enough without the piano to be shewn to Lucy; and Rose and Florence stood happily doing nothing but talk English over the school-room fire, and were just in danger of relapsing from an amicable discussion of 'Crofton Boys' into the old dispute about constancy and Lucy Fanshawe, by way of Hugh's conduct to Holt, when the talk was interrupted by a message that Miss Rose was wanted by her mamma in her bed-room.

Mrs. Ingram seldom rose till the middle of the morning, and was taking her breakfast in bed when Rose went to her; Nurse Lewis was arranging the dressing-table at the far end of the long pretty room, with Wilfred, the eldest of the nursery children, standing by her, and furtively handling the ornaments when her head was turned another way. The two younger nursery children, Trotty and Tiny, aged respectively two and a half and one and a half, were seated on the bed on each side of Mamma, enjoying scraps of thin bread-and-butter, and sips of egg, from Mamma's breakfast-tray, with all the added zest that could be imparted to these dainties by the certainty that Nurse would put a stop to the feast as soon as she looked round, with remonstrances on the score of their having already eaten a sufficient breakfast in the nursery. Mrs. Ingram smilingly invited Rose to climb up on to the bed too, and she very gladly obeyed.

It was so like old times: the warm scented air of the room; the pretty things scattered about; Mamma's morning face fresh and beautiful, with all her nice soft hair, that Nurse had been brushing, coiled loosely under her lace cap. All this brought no end of pleasant remembrances to Rose, of the times before the Fraulein's reign, when every day was a holiday, and she and Maggie had been as free of Mamma's room, and enjoyed as much of her notice and petting, as the little ones now did. She was not jealous of the little ones; but certainly, having a moment to spare to visit Mamma in her own room was a very important part of the treat of a whole holiday.

'Oh dear!' she began, before Mamma had finished kissing her. 'How nice it is here, to be sure! Mamma, you used to have that very same tiny silver bason for your sugar, with the paroquet on the lid, when I was a baby. I remember so well how delicious the lumps of sugar out of it used to taste!'

‘Try one now,’ said Mrs. Ingram, dropping a large sparkling white cone from the small silver pincers on to Rose’s hand, ‘if you are not grown quite too old to like the taste of sugar.’

As neither Florence nor the Fraulein were looking on, Rose did not find herself superior to sugar. As soon as the lump had disappeared, she began again, ‘Oh dear! I wonder so much how it feels to be here every day, with always these same pretty things about you, and never any bothering German or classes to trouble your head about. I wonder whether I shall like it when I am grown up!’

Mrs. Ingram smiled a little sadly. ‘I hope, my dear, you don’t mean to make lying in bed to breakfast, and having nothing to do, your ideal of the privileges of being grown-up. I should be sorry if the life you see me obliged to lead gave you that notion. The indulgences look pleasant, perhaps, to you children; but that is because you know nothing about the pain, and languor, and bad nights, that make them necessary, or how glad I should be to be able to do without them.’

‘Mamma, I am very sorry; I did not know that you minded being generally rather ill.’

‘I don’t wish to complain; but you are growing a tall girl, Rose, and can understand what I say to you. It would be the worst part of my invalidism, and of my being—perhaps, love—less energetic and resolute than the head of a family should be, if through watching me you learned to admire and like habits that are not the best.’

‘Mamma, how good it is of you to talk to me like this! I never thought you would before. It’s better than being a baby again, to have you talk to me. I will think just as you like about habits and all that; but I hope you will not mind my loving you best, and thinking you prettier and nicer than anybody else, however strong and well they are.’

‘But, Rose, suppose a time should come—sometimes I think it is coming quickly—when no one can any longer think me nice or pretty; when I am quite sickly, and faded, and nervous, so that people really do find it difficult to bear with me.’

‘O Mamma! I was just going to say I wished you were like that now, that I might just shew you how I would love you; but I won’t say it, for of course it would be bad for you. If ever such a time does come, however, you shall see. Of course you will always be just Mamma to us, and it will always be delicious to be with you when you will let us come. Why, I don’t suppose Mrs. Marshall is nice to look at, at all, or ever was, and yet those children did seem to love her so—and even the father, who throws boots. Mamma, I should so like to tell you all about the Marshalls, if you have time to hear.’

But Mrs. Ingram had once or twice before had experience of Rose’s lengthiness when she was embarked on a story that had taken her fancy, and believing the Marshalls to be as unsubstantial as most of the people whose names Rose introduced into her conversation, she thought it wise to evade the subject. ‘My dear, I am afraid Willie is getting near the

table where Papa has left his razors. I must keep my eye upon him while Nurse is busy, and I am nervous lest Tiny should get restless and fall off the bed if I don't attend to her. I think I had better tell you why I sent for you this morning, and send you away. It is Lilly's birth-day to-day, you know.'

'Oh yes—and Fraulein has given us a holiday, and gone up-stairs to her room to write letters.'

'Up-stairs, to write in the cold! Why does not she stay in the school-room?'

'We did not say anything to shew we wanted her away—at least I don't think we did, though, of course, as long as there is a person in the room speaking German, even to herself, it does give rather a schooly taste to one's holiday. But I really don't think we any of us said so.'

'I am afraid you must have looked it at the poor Fraulein. Well, I will see if I can persuade Nurse to light a fire in Fraulein's room this morning; and now you'll be glad to hear that Grandmamma Ingram and Aunt Rachel are coming to dine in the school-room in the middle of the day, and that I have sent a note across to ask old Mrs. Fanshawe to come and bring Lucy.'

'Sent it, have you, Mamma, already?'

'Yes, Rose; I thought it was what you would all like.'

'Oh, thank you, thank you—yes—so we do; we were talking about asking you to invite Lucy.'

'That is right. I thought for a minute, by your face, dear, that I had made a mistake, and I should have been so disappointed if you had not liked what I had done. And now, Rose dear, I want to consult you about Lilly's birth-day present. I have not been able to get out all this week to buy her anything, but Papa was speaking about it while he was dressing this morning.'

'Papa!'

'Yes, indeed, my dear! Was it not good of him! Your Papa spoke about it himself. He said he should like something handsome to be given to-day; something that would give pleasure to you all in the school-room, because he has been—and I am sure, my dear, so have I—very sorry for you all ever since we were obliged to send your pets away. Papa thought the present might be some tame animal or bird, that would be an amusement to you all, as you are all so fond of live things, and yet not come in the way of the servants. When I said I was afraid that there would be difficulties, and that I could not think of any live thing to which the servants could make no objection, he smiled and said, "You had better consult Rose."'

'Papa said that!' and as Rose spoke the colour rushed up to the roots of her hair; and she gave Mamma's hand, which she was holding, a vehement little squeeze.

Mamma returned a congratulatory smile. 'Yes, he did, really; you see he thinks it is time you began to be my little counsellor.'

‘O Mamma, I do hope I shall not make any great mistake. Do you mean that I am to go somewhere with you and help you to choose?’

‘Not with me, my dear. I must not go out while this frost lasts. I am thinking of sending you with Anne in a cab to the Pantheon, to look about among the birds and pets there, and see if you could discover something you are sure Nurse would not object to. Remember, it must not make any noise; and it must not be able to stray down-stairs and annoy Packer; and there must not be any possibility of a disagreeable smell.’

‘Yes, I see it will have to be a very particular sort of a pet animal indeed,’ and Rose covered her eyes with her hands. ‘Let me think—gold and silver fish! O Mamma, I see it! Not a globe with gold-fish in it—the boys would call that stupid—but an aquarium, with stones and sand at the bottom, and sea anemones that Lionel can feed with bits of meat; and shrimps, and crabs, and little wriggling things that Claude can read about in books, and Florence put into her pictures. Mamma, it will be lovely! Sea things are stiller than mice, you know; and they can’t live out of the water; and they don’t smell; so they will please everybody. Lilly was never tired of looking at Lionel’s sticklebacks; and I will take care that there shall be odder and uglier things in our aquarium than even sticklebacks. Don’t you think it will do, Mamma?’

‘Yes, indeed I do, my dear; I think it is a very clever suggestion, and that it will please Papa. I remember he talked of getting an aquarium for himself once. See, he left a sovereign on my breakfast-tray for me to give you to spend, and I have added half a sovereign for my share.’

‘Is not that a great deal of money, Mamma? Would not it buy coals enough to keep up a fire all through the winter?’

‘I am afraid not, my dear; but why should you trouble your head about coals? There is no danger of our fires going out, even if we do indulge ourselves in spending thirty shillings on a birth-day present once in a way.’

Rose had thought of the reception-room fire, but she said no more. The present was in honour of Lilly’s birth-day, and how good Papa and Mamma were to think so much about it! She drew Lady Dunallan’s present from her pocket. ‘Is it not lucky that I have such a whole safe purse to put all that gold into?’

‘Empty, Rose!’ Mrs. Ingram remarked, as she dropped the two pieces of money inside. ‘What have you done with your birth-day present?’

‘If you please, I will tell you, Mamma; but it would be a very long history, for it would have to begin with all about the Marshalls, and you said you had not time for them this morning.’

‘I don’t think we have either of us time to spare. You must set out on your expedition at once, for Anne must be back in time to lay the cloth for the early dinner, or Packer will be put out, so you must not

keep her, my dear. If you don't spend quite all this money on the aquarium, you may buy for dear little Lilly any trifle you think she will like, as a special gift from me to herself.'

'A piano for the doll's house ! O Mamma, you don't know how happy I am !' and Rose gave Mrs. Ingram an ecstatic hug, which nearly dragged her out of bed, and brought Nurse Lewis from the end of the room, with expostulations, and proposals to carry off all the children, and leave Mrs. Ingram to rest for half an hour before her dressing.

'You had better not let Maggie and Florence know where you are going,' Mrs. Ingram said to Rose, as she was leaving the room. 'They would beg to go with you, and I could not let them : Maggie has a sore throat, Nurse tells me ; and Florence might be troublesome with Anne, and keep her out too long, which I trust you, Rose, not to do.'

The mystery about where she was going, which Rose maintained while she was being dressed for her drive, threw the school-room party into a higher state of excitement than a true statement of facts, remarkable as these were, would have done ; but it also magnified Rose's delight in her secret mission. The whole family assembled at the dining-room window to see her and Anne drive off in a cab ; and Packer, who had his curiosity as well as other people, was actually good-natured enough to lift little Willie on his shoulder that he might look over the drawing-room blind. The wonder about what she would bring back with her, for of course they all guessed she had gone out to buy a birth-day present, was engrossing enough to fill everyone's thoughts till dinner-time ; and as the hours passed on, expectation grew, and took magnificent shapes and colours.

The boys got back from school, though it was a late day, before Rose's return ; and they were met, with the news of some great event impending, by all the little ones in a body on the stairs, before they had had time to unstrap their satchels from their backs.

(To be continued.)

THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

'The hour of love-work is worth twelve of cold duty,
He serving most truly who loveth most deeply,
And Christ, the Rewarder, rewardeth each duly.'

I DO not know how the idea of 'The Girls' Friendly Society' first came to me ; but I know that it grew at once into definite shape ; also, that it found favour in other eyes ; and after it had lain by to ripen for two years, it came to pass that five friends met together at Lambeth Palace, one May morning in 1874, to decide what was to be done in furtherance of the scheme. It was settled that we should all

try and do our best for its success, that we should all work in our several ways to prepare the ground, and plant the seed, and see whereunto it would grow. Since then it *has* grown and prospered; and though still only in its infancy, we think we can trace already the blessing of God upon it in answer to many earnest and united prayers.

'But,' I hear you asking, 'what is "The Girls' Friendly Society"?'—First of all, before I tell you what it is, I must tell you what it is not: it is not a Benefit Society. 'Then,' you will straightway answer and say, 'why did you call it by a name which generally suggests that idea?'—The reason is, because we hope to realize in this Society, the *true* sense of the word 'friendly;' for though the thrifty saving of honest earning is one of the best things in the world, and the principle of mutual support involved in the Benefit Clubs is better still, yet for all that, money cannot be put on the same level with friendship. We want our Society to be one of real friendliness and sympathy, and so we must call it 'The Girls' Friendly Society' in spite of everything.

And, if you come to think of it, there are few who want friends more than the girls of our working classes. At the age when *our* girls are mostly safe in the shelter of happy homes, these others are sent out to earn their bread among strangers; sent out to fight the battle of life alone, carrying with them only the echoes of a very scanty teaching—echoes that fade away into the distance as years go on, leaving them sometimes at eighteen more ignorant than they were at eight. And then womanhood comes rapidly upon them; perhaps they form bad acquaintances, undesirable attachments; no mother is near to warn them, no friend to tell them of their danger. What wonder that so many pass away into the silence—that so many lives are wrecked for time and for eternity? *Can* you wonder? Rather, is it not surprising that their number is not greater still?

So what we want to do is to raise up friends (and sheltering homes) all over the country for these our young working sisters; or rather, I should say, to link such friends together, and bind them with the golden chain of sympathy to those whom they are to befriend, and with the bond of united prayer and work to each other. It is not that friends or workers are wanting in the land; but without some such link they can know nothing of each other or of each other's work, while they must continually pass by those whom they would so gladly help.

Our plan is briefly this:—*

* Pamphlets containing full information may be obtained (by post 1½d.) from Messrs. Hatchard, Piccadilly, W., as well as 'A Few Words to Associates,' (1d.) and an Address to Working Girls. (3d. per doz.) Members' Cards and Lists of Associates' Names and Addresses may be obtained from the London Hon. Secretary, St. Jude's Servants' Home, 87, Railton Road, Brixton, S. W. Ladies wishing to become Associates (where no Branch of the Society is yet established) are asked to communicate with Mrs. Townsend, Honington Hall, Shipston-on-Stour, kindly stating their full Name and Address, as well as the Diocese and Rural Deanery to which they belong.

The Society, consisting of ladies as Associates, and girls as Members, has been formed for the benefit of girls of the working classes, whether at home or in service. It is just when girls are leaving school that they often want a start in the right direction; and our object is that the Associates should search them out, make friends with them, bring them under the notice of the Clergyman of the parish, and take a general interest in their welfare; but, in the next place, as the characteristic feature of the Society, they would be able henceforth to recommend the girls passing out from under their own observation, to the care of an Associate in the town or village to which they might be going; and in like manner to receive girls recommended to them by Associates at a distance. They would watch over them in service, visiting them occasionally, when the permission of their employers could be obtained; or should it be thought more desirable, the Members would get leave to take their quarterly payments to the Associates themselves.

The work of the Society is to be sanctioned by the Bishop and Clergy of each Diocese and Parish, and to follow as far as possible the existing Church organizations; each smaller or more considerable centre of workers forming Branch Associations of their own, managing their own funds, and organizing their own work, subject only to the few central Rules of the Society, which are these:—

1.—That the Associates be Church of England. (No such restriction being made as to Members.)

2.—That both Associates and Members should contribute to the funds: the former, not less than 2s. 6d. per annum; the latter, not less than $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a month, or 6d. per annum.

3.—That no girl who has not borne a virtuous character be admitted as a Member.

Some further ways of promoting the objects of the Association may be mentioned, such as the following:—

1.—Placing girls in training-schools, to fit them for service.

2.—Promoting (in towns) the establishment of Homes to receive girls between their places, or on their 'days out.' Also, free Registry Offices, where they may obtain situations.

3.—Assisting Members of the Association when in sickness or special need, getting them into hospitals, convalescent homes, &c.

4.—Taking charge of Members' savings, should they desire it, or inducing them to place their money in the Savings Bank.

5.—Arranging for local half-yearly or annual festivals for the Members. These, while drawing the Members together, would promote an *esprit de corps*, a feeling of unity among them, and a desire to help each other as far as possible.

It will be seen that the key-stone of the whole is in the simplicity and strength of the central principles, and the freedom given to Branch Associations and single Associates to make their own plans in their own way. It is obvious, too, that none of this is new work. It is simply what is being done more or less in every parish, by persons labouring in comparatively isolated spheres, who might be working together. It is amongst these that we would promote unity and intercommunication; and while stirring up many to fresh efforts, we would link together work already begun. For instance: where parochial societies for girls and young women are already established, or are being set on foot, they can

be affiliated with the 'G. F. S.' simply by one or more of the managers becoming Associates, and by writing on their Members' cards 'Affiliated with the Girls' Friendly Society:' in this way, such members (without any further payment) become entitled to the benefits of the larger Society when they leave their own home and parish. Eight of these Societies have thus been affiliated. We have already more than four hundred Associates, thirteen Branch Associations formed and others forming, and nine Homes and Free Registry Offices are on our list as open to our members. Our hope is that in time there will be a Branch in every Rural Deanery, and two or three, or more, in every town, according to its size. If you look at the Clergy List or the Diocesan Almanacks, and count up the number of parishes and Rural Deaneries in England, you will say it is impossible; but then you must not look at either with any such idea—only to see how many friends, both lay and clerical, you can stir up to help us! What has been done in one place can be done in another, till by degrees 'The Girls' Friendly Society' shall become, if God will, 'a thought like light to bind the' land 'in one.'

It is a work in which all may join. It needs neither great talents, nor great means, nor to go out of our daily path to do it. It only needs the gift of a loving sympathy, faith in God and in that human nature which He in His mercy did not despise, cheerfulness and courage, and—common sense.

And indeed, dear readers, this is no fancy scheme, no chimera of the imagination, no unnecessary undertaking. Not hundreds only, but thousands, of our young girls are wanting friends. Think of the vast numbers in all the ranks of domestic service, who cannot all have that best of friends—a good mistress; think of the 150,000 maids-of-all-work—10,000 between the ages of ten and fifteen, and 47,000 between the ages of fifteen and twenty—in London alone; think of the servants in London hotels, in town and country inns, in our sea-side lodging-houses, at our watering-places; think of the workhouse girls, who have no home at all—of the orphans, and of some more desolate than orphans, whose parents are their worst enemies; think of all these scattered up and down in this our land: we pass them day after day, but we cannot help them, because we do not know them.

It may be that in that terrible world of sin and sorrow, which lies all around us, though we see it not, there are some whom we might have helped—some whom a gentle touch, or a friendly glance, or a word of serious counsel, might have saved from misery and ruin. Do you say that these things are too sad to think of—that it would take all the brightness out of our lives if we dwelt upon them—that the world is evil, and we cannot mend it? Ah, say not so! Those who have mother-hearts must surely care for these, who want nothing so much as 'mothering.' Those who have dwelt in the sunshine of happy homes, will surely spend a little love on these their sisters in Christ. And if, while they truly strive to do the Master's work, disappointments and

sadness must sometimes come upon them, let them remember the words of one of our singers of old:—

‘Was never payne but it had joy at last
In the fayre morrow.’

And is not the morrow Eternity?

M. E. T.

THE CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

PART II. (*continued.*)

BOIARDO.

THE pages of both Boiardo and Ariosto teem with political and historical allusions, as well as with references to personages, literary or otherwise, who were contemporary with themselves. But it is no part of our province to touch upon these allusions, enticing as they are; indeed, such a subject would require almost a book to itself, if we remember the way in which Italy was then divided, and the long line of associations connected with the ruling families of the several states called up by some trifling and cursory remark of the poet.

Our present object then being the romance, and not the history, of Boiardo—and that in a form easily readable by those who do not care—or have not the means—to read the poem for themselves—perhaps a sketch of the story of the Orlando Innamorato will be the best way of introducing the principal characters in their actions.

The narrative commences during an interlude after the defeat of Agolante (the Aygoland of Turpin) and the death of Almonte. (Omont).^{*} The cloud of war is indeed rising dark in the east; but Charlemagne is as yet unconscious of the impending storm, and in a moment of apparently profound peace, he proclaims a great tournament. Not only all the flower of Christendom, but many Saracen knights,[†] have assembled in Paris for this grand occasion; for the court of Charlemagne is the great college of chivalry to which the rising youth of all countries press, to graduate, as it were, in all that constitutes knighthood.

The festivities commence with a banquet. The Emperor himself is

^{*} The Scandinavian Jutmund.

[†] Only the knights of Spain are mentioned; Marsiglio, King of Spain, is the Marsirius of Turpin, the others bear no prominent part in the story, except Ferrau, here said to be the son of Falserone, one of the minor Spanish kings, and Lanfusa. He is the same with the Ferracutus of Turpin, though the circumstances of the latter's combat with Orlando are by Boiardo transferred to his account of that paladin's single combat with Agrican, the great King of Tartary. Marcus Antonius Sabellicus says that there was a Ferrau, a Moor of Spain, who was much renowned in the time of Charlemagne, but he probably derives his history from the Romances.

seated on a golden chair at the round table amongst his peers. Other tables are ranged about this centre, according to the rank of the various distinguished guests. In front are the Saracens, who 'prefer lying on carpets like dogs' to take their meals. Galerana the Empress, with Alda-Bella, the Countess of Orlando; Clarice, Rinaldo's Princess; Ermellina, the wife of the noble Dane; and many others, whose beauty is above 'all human conception,' add by their presence to the brilliancy of the entertainment.

But at the height of the festivity, a singular interruption draws all eyes to the entrance of the banqueting-hall. Four giants, escorting a richly-apparelled knight and lady, are seen to enter and approach the royal presence. At the appearance of the lady, all the beauties of the Imperial court seem to pale and fade. Every knight, Christian and Saracen, starts to his feet as this vision of surpassing loveliness flashes upon him; and when the fair stranger kneels before the Emperor to make known her mission, all, by degrees, gather round as if drawn by a magnet. Not a knight, not even Carlo himself, nor 'Namo, white with years,' escapes the snare of her dangerous beauty. Orlando is, however, the most deeply infected with the subtle poison of love. He trembles, turns hot and cold, and cannot tell what ails him. He dares not lift his eyes, lest he betray his disorder. He reproaches himself for yielding to this new and strange emotion, yet justifies himself, even amidst his self-reproach, by a sophism. 'Shame on thee, fool!' says he to himself. 'Thou who art famed for valour, made captive by a girl! Yet, if she be stronger than I, how can I resist?'

I need scarcely say that this soul-subduing beauty is Angelica—'the beginning of the ruin of Orlando,' the cause of the wanderings of Rinaldo, and, in consequence of the absence of these heroes, almost that of the dismemberment of Charlemagne's empire. She announces that she and her brother, Uberto of the Lion, have travelled from their distant country on the banks of the Don to be present at this tournament, attracted simply by the love of fame; that the only conditions they claim are, that every knight unhorsed by Uberto shall remain his prisoner; but that if, on the contrary, he be unhorsed, he shall thereupon depart with his giants, whilst his sister remains the prize of the victor.

But whilst all the other knights are captivated by the charms of Angelica, and wild to fight for her possession, a suspicion of the truth of this fair one's specious tale strikes Malagigi, the cousin of Orlando and Rinaldo.* Malagigi is skilled in the arts of magic, but he seems to rely chiefly on the powerful spells contained in a 'little book,' the mere opening and reading of which suffices to summon a host of 'devils' to

* Amon of Dordona, father of Rinaldo; Otto of England, father of Astolfo; Buovo of Agrament, father of Malagigi; Milo of Anglante, father of Orlando; Gerard of Rousillon; and Leo, afterwards Pope—were all brothers, sons of Bernardo of Antona. This account of the relationships of the paladins is given by the author of the *Innamoramenti di Rinaldo*.

do his bidding.* By means of these spirits he learns that Angelica is really the daughter of Galafron, King of Cathay.† That her brother is not Uberto dal Lione, ‡ but Argalìa, a warrior not only of exceeding prowess and strength, but, by his father's care, provided with a suit of enchanted armour, with a golden lance which overthrows everyone it touches, 'were it even Orlando or Rinaldo;' with a horse of extraordinary swiftness; and above all, with a ring, which worn on the finger dissolves enchantment, carried in the mouth renders the bearer invisible. Malagigi learns, moreover, that Angelica herself, 'angel-fair' as she is, is yet full of fraud and malice, and is acquainted with the whole art of magic and all evil wiles: that the whole plan of the expedition has been conceived by Galafron, with the view of bringing all the paladins of Charlemagne prisoners to his court; but that he trusts more in that beauty, 'which is unique in the world,' for the accomplishment of his project, than in all the magic equipment of Argalìa.

On learning this, Malagigi determines at once to destroy the source of such terrible danger to his friends and his country. For this purpose, by the aid of his spirits, he secretly enters the encampment of Argalìa at the rock of Merlin, and casts a spell of heavy slumber upon all around. He then draws his sword, and steals into the tent to destroy Angelica; but when he beholds her sleeping, her 'angel-face' disarms him, and the magician is himself subjugated by the more powerful magic of beauty. She has Argalìa's ring upon her finger, and consequently is not, as he supposes her to be, overpowered by his spell. She awakes, and her screams rouse her brother, who seizes and binds Malagigi; and she, having possessed herself of his magic-book, makes use of it to despatch him, by means of its subject-spirits, prisoner to her father, with the message that her mission will now soon be accomplished, since this was the only enemy she dreaded.

Meantime, a serious dispute has arisen amongst the paladins, as to who shall first go out to joust with Argalìa. Orlando angrily asserts his

* These 'magic-books' are constantly in requisition, but we are not told who were the compilers; they remind us of the 'mighty book' of the wizard Michael Scott, to obtain which William of Deloraine made his night journey. The rumour of the existence of such books may no doubt be traced back to the Arabian love of the marvellous, and to the schools of magic which existed at Toledo and Salamanca. There was, according to Pulci and Arnouillet, a Mangis or Malagigi, who was renowned as a 'master' in magic, and who held the professional chair in these arts at Toledo. But the Malagigi of the poets is always rather held up to ridicule in Boiardo and Ariosto; and his enchantments, though intended to serve his friends, generally only serve to involve them in serious dilemmas.

† The old name of China.

‡ We meet with the real Uberto dal Lione later, amongst the knights imprisoned in the Fairy Dragontina's garden. He was a considerable romance-hero, and the history of his deeds was written in 'his book,' Boiardo tells us; but I do not know this romance, nor indeed whether it be extant. In the pages of Boiardo he is one of those minor planets, whose lesser glory serves to add by comparison to the effulgence of the principal orbs.

claim; the rest, as angrily, deny it. Charlemagne, however, settles this dispute by ordaining that they shall cast lots.

The first name drawn is that of Astolfo; the second, that of Ferrau; Rinaldo's is third; but the turn of Orlando does not follow till the names of thirty goodly warriors have left the urn.

Astolfo, handsome and light-hearted, clad in armour rich with gold and blazing with jewels, flashes into the field like a meteor, making his horse curvet and prance beneath its sweeping housings of silk-embroidered leopards. The English duke loves to 'go gallantly.' He has but one defect—he is an adept at falling!*

But, even had he been firm as Orlando in the saddle, it would have availed him no more than did his magnificence: at the first touch of the magic spear Astolfo measures his length on the field, and is led prisoner, to the tents.

On the next morning, Ferrau rides forth to try the prowess of Argalla. No carpet knight is Ferrau, but fierce and rough, and strong of heart and arm. Nevertheless, he follows the example of Astolfo, and is unhorsed at the first onset. All unused to such a fate, Ferrau, mad with rage, forgets the laws of the lists, and springing up, rushes on Argalla with his sword. The giants interfere, but he kills them all; and though his helmet is battered to pieces in the contest, still, bare-headed as he is, he insists on renewing the battle with Argalla.†

After the exchange of some particularly hard blows, the two knights are so mutually astonished at the hardness of their respective heads, that they come to a parley: Argalla apprises his opponent that his armour is enchanted; to which Ferrau rejoins that he only wears his 'for the sake of ornament,' for his whole person is enchanted, except in one spot. Struck by such singular personal advantages as these, Argalla is now inclined to listen to the proposals of this hardy suitor, and refers him to Angelica herself. But Angelica is not favourably impressed with his appearance, for Ferrau is brown in complexion, his eyes are red, and his expression ferocious; whilst not only are his hair and beard frizzled and black as a coal, but, with a view of making his visage more terrible, he carefully abstains from ever washing it! Now Angelica has an especial predilection for the blonde in complexion, and she confesses she had rather drown herself than marry such a very dark man. Besides, she has not the slightest taste for fighting; the sound of swords clashing always terrifies her, so that her only impulse is to run away. Now therefore, her giant-guards being slain, and this terrible Ferrau insisting

* 'Che nel cader alquanto era latino.' The word 'latino' is frequently employed in this sense. It was in common use to express all the nations which were united under the headship of the Pope; all their peoples were 'Latina,' hence the colloquial sense of the word was in some degree equivalent to our expression of doing a thing 'like a native.'

† The description of this combat has either been interpolated by some other hand, or it has not been re-touched by Berni. It is especially grotesque.

upon appropriating her whether he kills her brother first or not, she hurriedly determines to throw up her enterprise and make the best of her way back to Cathay. She begs Argalia therefore to resume the battle for a time, in order to afford her an opportunity of escape; and then, trusting to his fleet Rabican, to give Ferrau the slip and rejoin her in the forest of Ardennes. Argalia, in obedience to her wishes, suddenly darts away in mid-combat. Ferrau, raging at finding him gone, follows; and thus Astolfo is left sole tenant of the encampment.

Seeing his captivity thus terminated, Astolfo joyfully arms himself; but his spear has been broken in the encounter with Argalia. Looking round to supply the lack, he sees the beautiful golden lance of Argalia, leaning against a tree; all unconscious of its virtues, he gladly lays hold of it, and sets out merrily towards the town.

On his way he meets Rinaldo riding forth to learn how Ferrau has sped. Pleased to find a listener, the light-hearted duke hastens to relate all that has befallen. But the news leaves Rinaldo in no mood for words; scarcely waiting to hear that Ferrau is in pursuit of Angelica, much more to give reply, he fiercely spurs forward upon the track of pursued and pursuer, leaving his cousin to wonder as he gazes after him.

On entering Paris, the first person Astolfo meets is Orlando, who, wild with repressed mortification and impatience, is hanging about the gate hoping to gather news. To him the gay young duke, who is no mean gossip, has something still more strange to communicate; not only are Angelica and Argalia fled, with Ferrau in hot pursuit, but Rinaldo, too eager even for speech, is following fast on their flying traces.

Orlando's emotions on learning this are no matter for the thoughtless prattle of a trifler like Astolfo; he conceals them till he is shut into his private chamber, when he throws himself on his bed in despair. But his nature is one of action; he soon resolves to waste no more time in lamentation. He waits impatiently till it grows dark; then saddling the good Brigliador, and concealing the famous quarterings of his shield,* he sallies forth unattended from the city, and, in his turn, takes the road to Ardennes.

(*To be continued.*)

* The history of these 'quarterings' is variously given. Boiardo tells us that Orlando gained them, together with his helmet, horse, sword, and horn, from Almonte: Dardinello bore the same, in right of Almonte, whose son he was; but the distinction of the 'vermilion and white' cost the young king his life. The German version of the story is, that Bertha and Milo being banished from court, Bertha, after Milo was killed by Almonte, lived in a cave in great poverty, with her son the 'child Roland,' who boldly entering, took from the Emperor's table food for his mother's wants, and provided for his own clothing by stripping boys bigger than himself—the different colours of the clothing thus appropriated being the origin of the 'quarterings.'

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

(EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER'S DAUGHTER.)

CHAPTER VI.

'At length the long-expected day arrived, which liberated us from our tedious imprisonment; and early in the morning of the 5th February we literally jumped into the carriage which conveyed us to a magnificent hotel in the Rue Canabière. I consider this the third æra in my little life.

'The Carnival had just commenced, and the whole population of Marseilles were more or less affected with their periodical insanity; for indeed their conduct and amusements at this time are scarcely those of rational creatures. Several troops of masks, dancers, musicians, charlatans, Polichinellos, Savoyards, and Marmots, passed in rapid succession; and instead of the sallow complexions, black mantilhas, and formal gravity of the Portuguese, we saw nothing but gay dresses and merry faces. The curiosity which the first appearance of our countrymen had excited in the South of France had not yet subsided, and the inhabitants of Marseilles were anxious to prove, by their attention to the English, the depth and fervour of that loyalty to the Bourbons, which, during the Revolution, had been more than doubtful.

'On Ash Wednesday we removed to some apartments in the Rue Sainte; but we soon determined to change these quarters. Our landlord spoke with such vehemence of his devotion and fidelity to the Bourbons, that my father at length began to suspect him of being either a Bonapartist or a Republican in disguise: and upon inquiry we found that this Royalist *enragé* had been one of the most active agents of police under Robespierre; one of the most devoted *espions* under the ex-Emperor; and was now ready, according to his own expression, to shed the last drop of his blood for the legitimate Sovereign—the Father of his People, Louis XVIII. In the evening we joined the procession of carriages to the Porte d'Aix, where we stopped to see the ridiculous ceremony of burning a large figure, grotesquely attired, which was intended to represent the termination of the Carnival with all its follies. I believe this is an ancient custom.

'We made a pleasant excursion to the Château Vert, an inn situated on the shore, and well known to epicures for its excellent dinners of various kinds of fish—we had no less than seven different varieties. We had a good view of the Lazaretto; and a very interesting glimpse of Massena, Prince d'Essling, who was at that time Governor of Marseilles, and, as we may reasonably suppose from his subsequent conduct, busily employed in hatching treason at the very moment we saw him walking with another gentleman on the most unfrequented part of the beach,

dressed in coloured clothes, evidently wishing to pass unnoticed, and engaged in deep conversation; finding, however, that our party had recognized him, as we passed he took off his hat and tried to look gracious; but his grim smile betrayed a very different feeling, and several of our party predicted, what was afterwards verified, that Napoleon's old Marshal had not lost sight of his ex-Emperor.

May 1.—We made an excursion to the Château d'If,* a state prison founded by Francis I. The massive iron gates were opened by a soldier, and we found ourselves backed into a large court overgrown with moss and grass; into this court opened the small grated loop-holes of at least an hundred different cells; in the middle was a well; a flight of narrow stone steps conducted us to the interior of the fortress; many of the cells were perfectly dark, others had just sufficient light to shew the hooks in the wall to which the chains of five or six prisoners were fastened; but society, as we were informed by the gaoler, far from alleviating their sufferings, seems rather to increase them, and tends only to irritate their worst feelings. The cells destined for a higher order of *détenus* were provided with an old bedstead, a deal table, and a few broken chairs; a small glazed window opened into each, and gave them an appearance of comparative cheerfulness. On the white-washed wall we saw several sketches and portraits very well executed in crayon, probably by the hand of some unhappy prisoner, to beguile the hours of solitary confinement. The celebrated Mirabeau had been imprisoned here; but I confess that for him I felt only that kind of pity which one feels for a condemned malefactor. Mirabeau is one of the historical characters towards whom I feel a kind of imaginary private dislike; he seemed to find such a fiendish pleasure in lending his brilliant talents, and the exciting power of his eloquence, to the subversion of every right feeling. Amongst the actual prisoners in the Château d'If, was a Portuguese of high birth, brother to the pretty Madame de Ponte de Lima, whom we had met in exile at Aveiro. He served with the French army against his country during the war, and he experienced the usual reward of treachery: he was despised and mistrusted by all parties in his adopted country, and was now imprisoned in consequence of having committed forgery. He looked at us as we passed, with that eager conscious look which tells of curiosity suppressed only by shame; if he had known that of all the inhabitants of Marseilles, we were perhaps the only individuals who knew his story, his birth, and parentage, I think he would not even have crossed our path. As we were entering the boat I happened to look up, and saw the wretched man leaning over the ramparts, and watching our movements with a look, which, if it did express envy, might well be forgiven.

My father had determined to pass through Paris on our way to England, and on the 3rd of March he despatched great part of our

* This was just the time at which Dumas describes Edmond Dantés' imprisonment in the Château d'If as having begun.

luggage to Lyons; but in the course of the same day we had great reason to regret his having done so. I was quietly seated in the school-room, taking my lesson of Italian from a man who, as well as I can recollect, had served under Napoleon, when we heard an uproar in the street, which attracted every one to the windows; at the same moment, our landlady, Madame Pustavény, burst open the door, and screamed into our ears the *astounding* news that Bonaparte had landed at Antibes from Elba. Oh, the delicious bustle and excitement of that day to our young and thoughtless minds! how little did we think of the widows and orphans that were to be—how little did we dream of Waterloo! Delighted to be the bearer of such important news, I ran to my father's room and told him what we had heard; in a few moments, the cries of "Vive le Roi!" "à bas Napoléon!" became so deafening, that there could be little doubt as to the general feeling being favourable to the Bourbons, although our landlady's ill-concealed joy in announcing "l'Empereur" convinced us that the report we had heard of her being a furious Bonapartist in disguise, was not unfounded.

'Such, indeed, was the loyal enthusiasm of the Marseillais, such their eager desire to march against the unwelcome intruder, that there was little doubt in public opinion as to what would have been the result if Massena had taken any measures to intercept his movements. But this *serviteur dévoué* to the Bourbons actually allowed twenty-four hours to elapse before he despatched any troops for that purpose, and even then it was only in compliance with the popular cry of "Nous voulons combattre, nous voulons mourir pour notre bon Roi, à bas Napoleon." They besieged the doors and windows of Massena's hotel, and would probably have demolished it, if the old traitor had not appeared unarmed, and cried out with well-affected enthusiasm, "Soyez tranquilles, mes enfans, j'ai pourvu à tout, vive le Roi! Soyons fidèles à notre souverain légitime!" Query—in the opinion of Massena who was the *souverain légitime*?

'White flags were seen at every window, the Bourbon cockade was universally resumed, busts of the King were carried through the streets amidst redoubled shouts of "Vive le Roi!" and the enthusiasm of this hot-headed people became so violent, that it became unsafe to reside under the roof of our democratic landlord, whose opinions were generally known. Accordingly we removed to very comfortable apartments in the house of the Marquise de Gravison—a lady, who like all other French Marchionesses, "avait tout perdu par la revolution," and who had two little daughters about my own age. Clémence and Laure were two perfect specimens of well-behaved, well-dressed, young ladies; I remember very little concerning them, except that I envied them the privilege of dressing in the last Parisian fashion, and wearing their hair *à la chinoise*—two steps in the ladder of girlish vanity which I was most anxious to climb, because I flattered myself the next step would be emancipation from Miss S—— and the school-room.

‘We were now so comfortably situated, that my father thought he might safely leave us under the protection of Madame de Gravison, whilst he went to Lyons to offer his services as a British officer to the Comte d’Artois; and having first consulted Sir Eyre Coote upon the propriety of this step, he set out for Avignon on the 10th of March. We spent three days of misery and anxiety during his absence; every hour brought with it some important news. When the official report arrived, that Grenoble had surrendered, and that Napoleon’s march to Paris promised to be rather that of a conquering hero, than the stealthy progress of a returning exile, our countrymen at Marseilles began to think of dispersing; and during the few days my father was absent, a general clearance of English faces took place. The Duchess of Devonshire, Sir Eyre and Lady Coote, were among the fugitives; and we remained, I believe, the only English family. Not having heard from my father, we began to anticipate every misfortune which could happen; but on the evening of the 14th we had the happiness of seeing him enter the room—a happiness not a little increased by the bustle and excitement of sitting up half the night, listening to his adventures, and making preparations for leaving Marseilles the following morning at day-break.

‘He had reached Avignon the day on which Napoleon had entered Valence and Grenoble, but found it impossible to proceed further, the communication with Lyons being thus interrupted; he was in constant danger of being arrested—the Royalists suspecting him to be a spy of Napoleon’s, and the Bonapartists an agent of Louis XVIII. Provence, through which he was travelling, had been and still was the focus of all Royalist fervour; and the English were in the greatest possible disgrace, because they were most unjustly suspected of having favoured Napoleon’s escape from Elba. Having entered a small inn called La Calade—for the purpose of obtaining a few hours sleep, my father found the landlady, an elderly woman, seated by the fire, leaning her head on her arm, apparently in deep thought; her eager inquiry was, “Ya t-il des nouvelles, Monsieur? Vous avez sans doute appris à la porte de Grenoble? O Monsieur est Anglais!” she said, turning round with a look of mingled hatred and contempt: “C’est à vous autres que nous devons nos remerciements de nous avoir *vomi* ce monstre!” It was in vain that my father urged her for her own sake to be more discreet and guarded in her expressions; she said, “Qu’on fasse de moi ce qu’on voudra—j’ai déjà trop dit;” but finding that my father, although an Englishman, was very loyal in his feelings, she told him her little history, of which the following anecdote was all that he remembered:—

‘When Napoleon was on his road to Elba, he was so roughly treated by the populace in various parts of Provence, that he more than once preceded his suite on a very shabby horse, hoping to escape the indignities which always accompanied his public entry. In passing through a small town called Orgon, he requested one of his aides-de-camp to take his

sat in the carriage, and rode on to La Calade, where he seated himself by the fire, and began a conversation with the landlady, who was not more guarded in her expressions of hatred to Napoleon than she had been on this occasion to my father: "C'était un gueux, une bête feroce, un despote!" "Quel mal vous a-t-il donc fait?" said Bonaparte, who was by this time inured to French compliments *à l'envers*. "Comment! quel mal?" and then she proceeded in a tirade which sounded better in a landlady's mouth than it would appear in my journal. It was interrupted by the arrival of Bertrand and the suite, and the poor woman was too happy when she had lost sight of the whole party. Now, very naturally, she dreaded Bonaparte's recollection of her dislike of him.

'We had little time for conversation: Miss S—— packed up all our treasures; my father bought a carriage which had belonged to Murat; I talked "missish" sentiment with my two young friends, Clémence and Laure; and the whole concern was in marching order at day-break the next morning, when, with three rope-harnessed horses and a pig-tailed postilion, we commenced our flight to Nice, from whence—*via* Turin and Milan after crossing the Alps—my father purposed returning by the Rhine to England.

'On our road to Aix, a gloomy ill-built town, thickly peopled with the hungry descendants of noble families, we passed a magnificent château, the actual residence of Barras—the well-known friend and confidant of Napoleon when first he commenced his extraordinary career. The town was in a perfect *fever* of loyalty; the streets lined with troops, and the population all on the *qui vive*, in consequence of the Duke of Angoulême's expected arrival. We slept at La Gallionère, a miserable little inn; and breakfasted on milk and eggs by the kitchen fire at another *guinguette* of the same description, called La Pagère. It was late in the evening when we reached Vidaubon; the landlord of La Porte, where we took up our quarters for the night, proclaimed himself to be a *serviteur dévoué* of Napoleon, and seating himself very uncere- moniously upon a table in our sitting-room, told us that the English had acted perfectly right in favouring his escape from Elba. He added, that we could not do better than remain under the protection of his well-known loyalty at Vidaubon, as Murat had just landed at Antibes with seventy thousand men, and we should certainly be intercepted on our journey. This *disinterested* advice was thrown away upon my father; and our host's loquacity was interrupted by the entrance of an ultra-Royalist, whose budget of intelligence was more comforting, although equally unfounded, being all on the bright side for poor Louis XVIII.

'March 17th.—A very interesting day's journey, and one which I can remember, after the lapse of several years, with pleasure. My father was anxious to pass through Fréjus (a town devoted to Napoleon) before the courier who was hourly expected to bring orders for the detention of the English could arrive. On our road we passed three men, dressed as Turks, with whom my father entered into conversation; one of them

was evidently a native of some northern country; he was tall, fair, and very like an Englishman. There was an air of mystery about them, which convinced my father that they were spies; and as they were met by other travellers in the same spot within a few days, there is little doubt that such was their profession. We crossed a little stream, which my father told us was celebrated as having been the spot where Mark Antony and Lepidus united their forces against the Senate; it was called by the Romans "Fluvium argentum," and is now called the "Fleuve d'argent."

'We reached Fréjus at eleven, and prepared ourselves to undergo a strict examination of passports, &c., instead of which we received a most polite visit from the Mayor, who came to inquire whether we purposed making any stay, &c.; finding that we intended crossing Mont l'Esterel the following day, he recommended us the escort of two *gens d'armes*. Upon inquiry, we found this precaution was really necessary, as many travellers had been recently attacked by a band of thieves, who took advantage of the political confusion to commit their depredations with impunity; and accordingly we set out with our two fierce sun-burnt warriors (one at each window) armed *jusqu'aux yeux* with swords, blunderbusses, and mustachios. Fréjus had been the scene of many remarkable events in the life of Napoleon. It was from thence that he embarked for Egypt, and it was also the scene of his return from that unsuccessful expedition. He again embarked there for Elba, and would have again landed in this memorable spot, if the wind had not proved contrary. It was, in fact, the only town in Provence which had invariably proved its attachment to him, and he made this remark to the Mayor during his last and least agreeable visit.

'The scenery of the Esterel is perfect; and having said thus much, I shall, as usual, travel through it *au grand galop*, and arrive at Cannes, a small fishing town situated at the foot of the mountain, where the white flag was waving on the church steeple, and white cockades were very numerous, notwithstanding its vicinity to Fréjus. My father told us that the extensive plain we had now entered was the scene of a memorable action between the Emperors Otho and Vitellius, in which the former was defeated. On a hill to our left we saw the town of Grasse, through which Napoleon had lately passed, and where he had left his travelling-carriage. About four o'clock we reached the Golfe Juan, one of the most interesting spots which will ever be mentioned in modern history. It was here that Napoleon landed with his few faithful followers; we left the carriage, and spent some minutes in walking over the field in which his little band had spent the first eventful night after their landing: the marks of fires were still visible. Napoleon's first care had been to secure all the post-horses and even the postilions of Cannes, in order to prevent the news of his arrival from being too rapidly circulated; and our post-boy was of the number. He had spent the night in the bivouac with the soldiers, and was able to point out the

identical tree under which Napoleon slept in a sitting posture, enveloped only in his military cloak; he woke frequently—looked about him—and having ascertained that all was safe, slept—or pretended to sleep. The field was thickly planted with olive trees, even to the very edge of the sea. We observed a small corvette anchored in the Golfe Juan, and met some of its officers walking on the road; they looked anxiously into our carriage as if they expected someone, and my father thought it most probable that the frigate was stationed off this coast to convey intelligence to Murat of Napoleon's movements.

'We reached Antibes at seven o'clock, and considered ourselves fortunate in arriving before the gates were shut. The only recommendation of this ugly ill-built town, was its having refused admittance to Napoleon when he landed. At the door of the hotel we met a young Englishman, who begged us not to leave the carriage, as he had himself found it impossible either to sleep or eat in such a wretched hole. My father thanked him; but, as an old soldier, he thought we might try, and on the whole we found our traveller's report rather exaggerated. We afterwards met him at Brussels, and found that he was a young M. P., probably very unaccustomed to "roughing it." The Commandant of the National Guard called whilst we were at supper, to inquire whether we had brought any news.

'18th.—A delightful day's journey along the richly-cultivated shores of the Mediterranean: crossed the wooden bridge on the river Varre which separates France from Piedmont, and to my great delight we found ourselves in Italy. At the Hotel de York, at Nice, our carriage was surrounded by a dozen English gentlemen, who eagerly congratulated us on being alive—a report having been circulated, and believed, that all the English residents at Marseilles had been massacred.

(To be continued.)

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XVI.—AMUSEMENT.

THE amount of society and amusement that young people enjoy is regulated by their parents' will and circumstances, but the right and wrong of the matter needs consideration; for perhaps the consistency of such with our vow to renounce the world is one of our chief difficulties. In fact, it all depends upon the spirit, not on the kind or quantity.

The Evangelical party took a much easier line when they flatly denounced all balls, theatres, and the like; but it was not long before it was felt that there could be just as much worldliness at a religious tea

as at a ball; and the reaction from their severity is hardly having a happy effect at present, for there is a tendency to bring the utmost amount of amusement into the closest and most incongruous juxtaposition with the highest forms of worship.

That strange and unsatisfactory book, 'Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism,' declares that any enjoyment of life is absolutely inconsistent with the faith that there is danger of hell fire, and thus makes the cheerfulness of ordinary society an argument against the reality of our Christian faith. This is absolute forgetfulness that we are the ransomed of the LORD, with everlasting joy on our heads; that our joy in the Resurrection of our LORD no man can take from us; and that 'the joy of the LORD is our strength,' and will shew itself not only in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, but in lightness and gladness of heart, and readiness to please and be pleased with the trifles on our way.

St. Paul's is the perfect rule: 'Rejoice in the LORD alway, and again I say rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The LORD is at hand.'

Alas, it is our want of moderation that is known unto all men. We are most unlike George Herbert's birds, that do but sip and look up to the better joys above; and thus our joy is not 'in the Lord,' and has not that restraint which alone can make it safe or innocent. Safe, indeed, nothing is, for ten thousand temptations beset us everywhere; but in itself the pleasure need not be wrong.

Of course there is another way of looking at it, namely, that a penitent sinner has enough to do to keep the strait path in fear and trembling, without seeking after distractions that may lead to thoughtlessness and evil. Some temperaments see the dark side, and are so strict themselves, so earnest in their single aim, that they would restrain all others from what they only look on as waste of time and running into temptation; but these, however it may be for themselves, cause temptation to those under them, by the rebellion, if not hypocrisy, which is sometimes provoked by their intolerance.

Just as play is necessary to children, so play or pleasure of some kind is wholesome for the average human being. In youth, the instinct is so strong, that, unless the spirits have been crushed, some outlet will and must be found—from 'the Sunday out' of Sarah, upwards. Happy homes, with varieties of simple diversions, find these recreations naturally; but still there are pleasures enhanced by numbers, and there are duties of friendship and neighbourhood that ought to bring people together. It is a real blessing to a neighbourhood, when those who have large rooms, and gardens, and ample means, provide innocent occasions for meeting to those around them, and set the example as to style, time, and manner. Some people there will always be reckless of anything but pleasure and excitement; and if the whole management be left to these, evil will be sure to accrue to the more undecided characters,

who may be kept straight by the example and good management of those who can carry a sense of duty into the providing and partaking of amusement.

I am leaving out all that marks these times of amusement with a really dark line of worldliness, namely, the treating them not as occasions of pleasure but of speculation or ostentation. What I want to consider is the expedience of ordinary amusements for conscientious though lively girls, with a natural appetite for variety and gaiety. Such girls are to be found, from the fashionable young lady who has seven engagements a day throughout the season, down to the maiden to whom a garden-party at the squire's is a bewildering delight. And the query, where is duty, and where is dissipation, is often equally hard to both.

In both cases, quantity and quality, choice and compulsion, cause and effect, all come into consideration.

The girl who goes where she is taken, delights in the anticipation, and enjoys herself with all her might wherever she is, yet can be quite happy without gaiety, and can resign herself good-humouredly to disappointment, is likely to be pretty safe.

So is she whose great aim is to make things pleasant for other people, and help her mother through the representation and hospitality her father's station demands. What is dissipation to the damsel in private life, is to her an almost daily duty, and not at all an unimportant one; for to have the drawing-room of a person high in command, rank, or station, made a place of kindly intelligent refinement, and lively innocent cheerfulness, makes an immense difference to all who revolve about that little centre, and sometimes gives a tone for life.

But the danger begins where there sets in the strong passion for pleasure which bears down opposition, is impatient and weary of all quiet home life, and which so occupies the mind and spirits, that devotion and duty alike are either neglected or perfunctorily employed.

The young lady who drags out her weary or ailing mother, or insists on going with some friend not quite approved as a chaperon, or who over-rules her father's questions as to expense or desirableness, is transgressing those borders of safety that give us a right to pray, 'Lead us not into temptation.'

'Oh, never mind what anyone says—we must have our fun, in spite of old-world fogies! Mother will like it when she is there. Father will afford it *somehow*, only he likes to grumble. It is all prejudice and old-fashioned notions. Let me have my swing!'

When a damsel has come to that state of mind, it is only to be hoped that it is a fever, which may pass at the touch of trial. But she will little heed what is here said; so all that it is needful to add is to beg those who are yet in a lucid state to try and keep themselves from such a condition—by not making their own pleasure and amusement the prime object of their lives, and by accepting all the little checks as to expense, convenience, or the seasons of the Church, or health, as so

many providential means of being guarded against what Bishop Wilson calls 'living in such a state as we should fear to die in.'

We all know the story of St. Carlo Borromeo, when he was asked what he would do if the last trumpet should sound when he was playing at billiards. 'Try to make a good hit,' he replied. If the thing be innocent recreation, do it as well as possible, and enjoy it without shame or fear.

On the other hand, 'Whatever is not of faith is sin.' Indeed, I believe what St. Paul says to the Romans and Corinthians as to heathen feasts, is the store-house of principle for Christians with regard to amusements. Whatever you can simply enjoy without a qualm of conscience, is right; whatever costs you a scruple, is better avoided. A garden-party, if you go against home desires, if you flirt, or if you play unfairly, may become sin to you; an opera or ball may be gone to in perfect innocence.

In dancing as dancing, and in balls in moderation, there is no necessary harm. It is true that fashion chooses the most absurd time for giving balls, partly no doubt for the sake of that feverish excitement which late hours produce; but as this is not likely to be reformed in our time, our young ladies are free to declare there would be no fun if it began early, &c., to enjoy their fairy-land, and unless they be very strong, pay for it the next day. It is better they should have the pleasure than thirst after it as a forbidden but mysterious sweet, and in moderation it does no harm. If jealousies come in as to partners, dances, good looks, or good dress, that is not the fault of the dancing, but of the world. These are the things to be struggled with. When the grudge once comes in at being surpassed, then it is time to fear.

It does not seem to me that in right measure theatres or operas need be shunned by those in whose way they come naturally. Of course there is a choice of pieces, and those on which rests any reproach as to tendency, or the character and language, must be avoided. Some of the great masterpieces ought to be seen and heard in as full perfection as possible; and for everyone's sake the performance should be encouraged. There is no reason against what is merely amusing and pleasurable in moderation, unless experience shews it to have a bad effect on an individual mind. For all these amusements are like articles of food. Most people, even healthy ones, find that some few things are poison to them though eatable by others. One person cannot eat lobster, another cannot drink tea, &c.; in the same way, the pleasure which is harmless to one mind, may dissipate or excite another. Some music, especially opera music, is found to be bad for certain states of mind. When this is the case, surely the pleasure should be given up. But to most the enjoyment is a safe one, and a delightful study of the real beauty and purpose of the isolated passages already learnt. The other consideration which strongly moves many against these spectacles, is the harm they do to the professionals and to the lower grade of persons they attract. This, besides the actual disgust of the sight, is an absolute reason against

the ballet ; but the other grades of actors and singers in well-regulated theatres are often beyond all reproach, and take delight in the exposition of the beauty of their parts. Of course it would be doubtful whether a profession involving so much display and simulating of sentiments is always a safe one ; but it seems to me that where gifts are bestowed in such manner as they were upon the Kemble family, it is a token of their being intended to serve for the good of man.

There is much more to be said for concert singing, and 'Mademoiselle Mori' has shewn us how the voice, even in secular music, may be under a dedication to duty and nobleness. So that these enjoyments, whether of the ear or the eye, need not be prohibited.

Races appear to me by far the most questionable of our fashionable amusements ; and their tendency has been of late to grow more and more mischievous. It is true that the mere occasion for a drive and a pic-nic-ing luncheon, with the meeting of friends and neighbours, and the mere sight of a crowd of gay dresses, are innocent pleasures in themselves ; also, that those who understand horses may be intensely interested ; and those who do not, are carried along by feeling for their friends, as well as by the excitement of the multitude. The thud of the advancing horses' feet, the rush, the breathless watch, the sight of the beautiful creatures as they flash along—all these excitements must be felt to be appreciated. 'The Derby Day' is the great London holiday—so delightful to thousands, that it is very hard to condemn it ; and yet is not Frith's great picture a very sentence against it ?

Try it every way, and we find that there was a deep parable in the old Greek legend of the mares of Diomedes, who fed on human flesh, and ended by devouring their master. Only a very few men can be much 'on the turf' without ruin in property or character. There are a few names, and these mostly of the last generation, that stand high and noble for honour and good influence ; but is the good influence they have exerted by any means equal to the evil influence of the being able to cite such names as the sanction for what is avowedly temptation ? As to the benefit to the breed of horses, good judges tell us that the racers are not the valuable kind for use ; but of this there is no need for an ignorant person to speak. My argument is with women, and amounts to this—that they have no right to sanction and foster, by their presence, what does such infinite harm.

For the evil to the owners of the horses is a very slight part of the matter compared with the frightful betting system. It has created a sort of predatory class, calling themselves gentlemen, and speculating on the folly and blindness of others ; and it is the first step in ruin of hundreds of young men, who run into it as a mere act of manliness or fashion, or as a means of proving their interest or enhancing their excitement. How many families have been impoverished, how many hearts have been broken, by the betting father, son, or brother ! And this mischief extends even more deeply among the middle classes than among

gentlemen, and especially among men-servants. How can any woman encourage the excitement that leads to things like these? How can any woman touch the accursed thing, by betting for pairs of gloves, or the like? If we remember the sacred stewardship that money really is—a talent lent to us to be used with justice and discretion, to do our duty by all around us, and to serve God with—we can never feel it right to stake any of it for the mere pleasure of excitement, or as a support to our opinion, far less to join in what so soon becomes absolute vice.

Nay, there is more behind among the evils attendant on races. Look at the crowds of godless nomads, who wander from one such scene to another, with shows, shooting-galleries, and far less innocent attractions for the visitors? Can the system be innocent that maintains such a class? Look at the intoxication of the young farmers, shopmen, and clerks, who have spent the day in dissipation, licensed by the example of their betters. Ask any clergyman, whose parish is near any of the more popular race-courses, whether demoralization is not the consequence, and whether there are not boys and girls in the place whose downward course dates from the race day. After that, consider whether you can tempt out the village girl by shewing your own gay bonnet in a place where you—in your guarded seat—catch no harm yourself, but where your presence becomes one of the excuses that lead others to evil.

Far be it from me to blame all who attend races in the ignorance that is bliss; but I do say that I cannot understand anyone promoting them who has once thought over the harm they do to all classes, and for the sake of a pleasure such as in itself can do nobody the slightest good; and I think that all women who have any heed for their neighbour's soul, ought, as races are at present managed, to discourage them to the utmost of their power.

To conclude. Pleasure is no sin: it is the gay blossom of happiness; and it comes to the young of itself. To provide wholesome pleasure is a duty of those in authority; and in almost all cases, the evil lies not in the amusement, but in the sentiments that they excite, and the inordinate appetite for them, and want of consideration for others, especially servants.

Excitement that makes the evening prayer impossible; Saturday-night fatigue that hinders Sunday morning's feast; fast days of the Church invaded—all these are notes of evil. So is the want of pity that kills ladies'-maids by sitting up, or calls up men-servants, after a night of waiting, to take the lady to an early Celebration. So is the passionate determination not to miss a pleasure at any cost, and the disregard of parents' wishes, while an unwilling consent is, Balaam like, wrenched out. And such is the fluttering longing for attention, that feels embittered by being postponed to anyone else.

All these, and many more temptations, turn that blossom, not to happiness, but to deadly poison fruit.

(To be continued.)

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

XI.—THE NEW HOUSE.

It is necessary, at this stage of our progress, to repeat the warning against hurry. Great care must be taken to keep the purely *experimental* character of the scheme so far prominent, that failure, possibly entire, and certainly partial, for which the promoters must be prepared, shall not compromise and wreck the prospects of Sisterhoods in the town or district. With this end in view, it is well to avoid all acts and phrases which assume that the little company of ladies whom the founder has got together are as yet a Sisterhood at all. There ought to be no house regularly built for them—building, for reasons to be given below, ought to be almost the very last thing undertaken—the house they occupy should be allowed to retain its former secular name, as ‘100, Blank Street,’ ‘Woodfield,’ &c., and not receive any ecclesiastical title, such as ‘St. Agatha’s Home,’ or ‘St. Mary’s Convent.’ The ladies ought to retain their accustomed names, as Mrs. Dash and Miss Threestars, and not be styled Sister Mary or Mother Sophia. And their dress, albeit quiet and subdued, should not be a uniform, nor resemble a conventual habit. In short, pains should be taken to direct as little attention as possible to them for the first three or four months of their joint tenancy, because it is almost certain that some at least, and more probably two out of every three, of the first candidates will either prove inherently unfit for the life, or will lack perseverance. And every such failure, if displayed by a lady adopting the garb and name of Sister, and professedly belonging to a Religious House, seriously damages the prospects of an infant Community. But if it be merely Miss Pliable who has been staying for a month or two on a visit in Blank Street, and has gone home again to her family, no harm is done by the spread of the news.

Another matter, of very serious importance indeed, has next to be considered. When, after two or three weeks’ experience of one another, some of the ladies find that they can get on well together, and agree to prolong the experiment, in view of becoming Sisters, it will be needful for them to put a very strong and decided check on visitors from outside, during at the very least three months. All visits, save on business, should be steadily discouraged for this time; and the business visitors should be restricted to one particular room, and not be permitted to go over the house, join in the meals, or pass the night on the premises. And this restriction should extend, except in the case of the illness of an inmate, even to very near kindred.

The reasons for this apparently harsh rule are as follows. In the first place, the new Community is made up of women who expect to pass their lives together, and it is essential that they should learn to

depend on one another for society without external help. It is only by excluding outsiders that sufficient closeness and frequency of contact can be insured to create intimacy. Next, the privation of intercourse with old friends serves as a useful test of resolution. If a woman find that a strain of this kind is too much for her endurance, she has certainly not got the self-devotion necessary for a true Sister, who may have to give up not only friends, but country, and life itself, in her vocation. Thirdly, (and here is the most important reason of all,) it is quite impossible to give the tone of a religious community to a house through which a current of secular visiting and talk constantly flows. The weak, infant, conventual element will certainly be overborne by the sturdy and full-grown worldly intrusion; and the regulations which are being tentatively drawn up for the guidance of the household will be broken like cobwebs, by the advent of visitors accustomed to be ruled only by their own caprice and convenience.

Even when a House has been long established, and has acquired a definite tone, it never answers to give secular visitors free access to all places and persons in it; but to do so at the outset is simple destruction to discipline, tone, and all that nameless something which marks off a religious Community from even the very best of secular households. The fitness and wisdom of leaving a young married couple to themselves for several weeks after their union, that they may fall into more intimate companionship than is practicable amidst the distractions of society, is generally recognized and acted on; and there is enough analogy between the two cases to make the example worth imitation at the earliest formation of a conventual family. Some tact and good sense will be very necessary in making and enforcing this rule, in order to avoid any affectation of mystery, or any likelihood of giving offence to friends and relations of the ladies; but it will be usually enough to say that they have agreed to live together for a while, and will be far too busy in settling down to have leisure for receiving visitors for several weeks.

But if it be necessary, as it certainly is, to withdraw the members of the new Society for a time from intercourse with their acquaintances, it is no less necessary that they should find compensations in their new dwelling.

It ought to be, in the best and highest sense, a Home; pleasant, cheerful, attractive, albeit plain and unluxurious. It should be wholesome, neat, and pretty. And that for a reason which has been mentioned already; that it is designed as a place of rest and refreshment for persons who have been toiling diligently, often amidst squalid scenes, during many continuous hours for long periods together, and who cannot possibly hold out under such a strain if no certainly recurrent mode of relaxation be provided. It cannot be too often or too clearly impressed on the managers of active religious communities, that it is impracticable to combine a very large measure of physical austerity with a very high standard of strenuous industry.

Here is one of those pieces of unintelligent antiquarianism which

often mar admirable schemes. People forget, on the one hand, that the ancient Sisterhoods were (until the Crusades) almost invariably Contemplative, making but slender demands on bodily strength; and on the other, that they were for the most part originated in Egypt, North Africa, Syria, and Italy, where the warmth of the climate, even to the present day and amidst the ordinary population, makes a dietary, a form of dwelling, and a mode of dress, quite sufficient, which would be found altogether unsuited to a more northern climate, and a more laborious race. And so they copy, without due thought, rules which prove to be quite incompatible with practical activity long sustained. A thoroughly capable and experienced Sister is as valuable, and as difficult to replace, as a hardy veteran in an army; so that one aim which her superiors must keep definitely before them is that of making her term of efficiency as long as possible. And to achieve that end, her surroundings must be cheerful and restful, to recruit her spirits; her lodging, clothing, and food, must be abundant and wholesome, to sustain her bodily powers at a high pitch of permanent energy. I shall have something to say later on concerning dress and diet, but at present it is expedient to confine our attention to the dwelling-house.

The reasons for not building a specially designed house at an early period of the Community's existence are clear and decisive. To do so involves a very heavy immediate outlay, draining resources which are scantiest at first. It ties the Society down to a spot which the changes of even a very few months may make altogether unsuitable. It perpetuates evils of construction which nothing but experience can avert. The best plan, then, is to obtain possession of a large, rambling, solid, old-fashioned mansion, such as were once plentiful in the City of London, before the dwellings of George the First's merchant princes were pulled down, in the mania for erecting vast ranges of offices which raged about ten years ago. Houses of the same kind may still be seen in the greater county towns of England, such as York, Exeter, and Norwich; and a few survive in villages like Brompton, which have been overtaken and passed by the rapid growth of the metropolis. A comparatively short lease, renewable for a much longer term, is the best tenure, unless a very considerable reduction in rent, or a large immediate outlay by the landlord in repairs or alterations, be offered as an inducement to take the house on a long term. It is very desirable that the house should be so situated as to make the addition of an annex, either by the adaptation of out-offices such as coach-house and stables, or the erection of a fresh building, easy if it should be needed. Failing such a mansion as that described, the next best scheme is to take a house in a street where there is a reasonable prospect of being able to obtain those successively next door one by one, as the Society grows, and to break doors in the party-walls, so as to establish interior communication throughout, avoiding the necessity of passing into the street to reach any apartment.

The most important rooms, which must be always provided and arranged first, are (a) the *Chapel*, which may be an iron, wooden, or brick annex in the garden, but which should in that case have a covered way to a door of the house, to exclude rain and wind; (b) the *Common-room*, answering to the drawing-room of a secular house—a spacious, bright, cheerful apartment; (c) the *Superior's room*, which may be arranged, if space be restricted, as both sitting-room and bed-room, but which should be large enough to allow of several persons transacting business together in it; (d) the *waiting-room*, office, or *parlour*, for outsiders who come to pay a passing visit or to do business; (e) the *dining-room* or *refectory*, which should never be the common-room, but for which a large cheerful kitchen can be used as a temporary substitute. Next in order to these come (f) the *dormitories*; and when the Community has been long enough organized to admit of receiving boarders, or visitors who stay, (g) a *guests' sitting-room*. That the Chapel should be the most beautiful thing in the house, I have already specified as most desirable; but it is also extremely important to give an air of brightness and comfort to the Common-room. It should either have a cheerful paper on the walls, or, what is better still, a very high dark wainscot, (technically called a *dado*,) and the walls tinted in some pleasant shade above it, to form a back-ground for good chromos or engravings. Chromos, if well chosen, are more cheerful, and look better in various lights, than line-engravings or lithographs, and so are to be preferred. Carpets are costly and luxurious, and it is better to cover the centre of the room with a large piece of matting, while the edges of the floor all round may be stained dark, and receive a double coat of varnish; and a rug in front of the fire-place gives the finishing touch to the room so far. The chairs should be strong, and sloping enough at the back to rest a tired spine; while a few easy-chairs, of straw or basket-work, (such as those known as 'Ingestre chairs,' and made at Derby,) ought to be provided for the more aged or feeble members.

As to the bed-rooms, the aim should be, so far as it is possible, that each Sister may have a room entirely to herself. A dormitory, though sometimes inevitable, is at best an evil—certainly physical, and possibly moral.

Its physical disadvantages are twofold—vitiation of the air, and transmission of noise. Even where there are high cubicles to form screens, neither of these drawbacks is at all overcome. In truth, wooden cubicles are terribly resonant, and the heavy breathing of one inmate, or the restless tossings of another, may keep all her fellows awake through the night; while the words 'ward-fever,' so familiar in hospitals, indicate a more formidable peril.

Morally, the dormitory system tends to blunt the more delicate edges, to withdraw that veil of privacy which is essential to the highest spiritual and bodily refinement, and to make complete retirement and security from intrusion, which are occasionally necessary to perfect the Religious

Life in its individual aspect, well-nigh unattainable. A Sister should be able to feel, not merely that the common-room is a cheerful scene of family intercourse, but that her own room, the 'cell' of mediæval convents, is indeed her very own, and that during the time she is at liberty to spend there, no one save her Superior has the right of entrance. It is true that rules forbidding visits to the dormitories are usual in Religious Houses; but nevertheless rules are sometimes broken, even in such houses; and it is much less probable that an intrusive visit will be made to a separate room with its own door and independent access, than to a compartment of a jointly tenanted chamber, defended only by a curtain. The bed-rooms ought to be well ventilated, without being draughty, (to which end it is very desirable that each should have a fire-place and a chimney, of great value during illness); and they should be as cheerful and pleasant in their degree as the common-room, with neat strong furniture, pretty papering on the walls, and large and abundant toilet apparatus, to allow all facilities for those frequent and thorough purifications, which Sisters who have to work much amidst the poor and sick find absolutely essential to the preservation of health and energy. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the disadvantages of a common lavatory are far greater than of a common dormitory; but it may not have occurred to every one to note how much of the cheerfulness of a bed-room depends on a bright coverlet and pretty toilet-ware, which is just as cheap as the cold plain white delft commonly seen.

(To be continued.)

R. F. L.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXXIV.

THE CARDINAL'S FALL.

At home, Henry found his people very much averse to any war which would cut off their wool from the Flemish looms. Wolsey thought he had arranged a sale for them in France; but the cities in the Low Countries were the manufacturers of the world, and no opening for trade was found in France; but in fact nobody but Wolsey was disposed to the French alliance—not even Henry, who hoped to persuade Charles to consent to the separation. Marguerite, the Governess of the Low Countries, begged for peace in her people's name, and a truce was made with her; though England and Spain were still supposed to be at war.

Another step was made this spring to the divorce. Wolsey sent a learned ecclesiastical lawyer, Stephen Gardiner, with Edward Fox, the King's almoner, to Orvieto, to demand of Clement what was called a

decretal bull—namely, a sentence on his own authority that the command in the Law of Moses forbidding a man to marry his brother's widow, was like the great moral law, so binding, that the dispensation of Julius II. was null and void, so as to prevent the long delay of the regular trial of the case before the two Cardinals—which, as Henry apprehended, might last far beyond his life-time.

But for one Pope to reverse the formal sanction of another would have been contrary to all precedent, unless there could be proved to have been false evidence laid before the first; and Gardiner could only obtain that the commission to examine should at once be sent forth, and empowered to separate the parties if expedient.

Edward Fox carried home the answer; and Henry was delighted, sending off to request that Cardinal Campeggio, the same who had appeared at the Diet of Worms, should be joined with Wolsey in the commission. He was Bishop of Salisbury, and Henry hoped to influence him. Anne Boleyn likewise manifested much exultation.

But here Wolsey began to hesitate. He had at first thought that as Henry VII. had applied for the dispensation for the marriage without the knowledge of his son Henry, this fact constituted an informality; but whether his further inquiry into the law convinced him to the contrary—or whether he did not wish to open Anne Boleyn's way to the throne, he told the King that if his conscience and judgement should lead him to decide that the marriage was valid, he must abide by that sentence, and pronounce it, whatever might be the consequence.

Henry kept silence at the time, but the next morning gave vent to his temper, and abused the Cardinal violently. Wolsey began to see that the heartless scheme of state policy he had set on foot would become his own snare. What would become of him? If the marriage were pronounced indissoluble, Henry would never forgive him; and if it were broken, it would only be on behalf of Anne Boleyn, who had hated him ever since he had crossed her love for Percy. He felt himself tottering, and hastened to complete all the noble institutions which, in spite of his vulgar arrogance and display, prove him to have had real grandeur of intellect. He hoped to please and content the King by making him a present of his beautiful house and gardens at Hampton Court, and Henry was gratified for the time; but Wolsey was still very anxious, and told his friends that if he could only see the divorce pronounced, and the succession secured by a male heir, he would retire to his See, and spend his latter days in his episcopal duties; but they do not seem to have thought he could ever bring himself to retire voluntarily.

He now sent off fresh letters to Rome, beseeching the Pope to save him from ruin by signing the decretal bull, promising to conceal it from everyone but the King. The Pope was very unwilling; but Gardiner and the other English emissaries harassed him unceasingly, and at last he signed it, giving it, however, to Cardinal Campeggio, with orders never to let it out of his own possession, but to read it to the King and

Cardinal and then burn it. The fact seems to have been that Wolsey wanted the bull to set his own conscience at rest; but after all, it could say no more than that if Katharine had been Arthur's wife she could not be Henry's; and the whole matter turned on whether they had been mere children or really husband and wife.

Campeggio hated the commission, and tried hard to get free of it, on the plea of being ill with the gout; and the perplexities of the Pope increased. Florence had taken advantage of his captivity to revolt and turn out his nephews; and the pestilence engendered in the sack of Rome had spread all over Italy and into the French camp, where Lautrec had hardly a thousand soldiers in fighting condition; and though ill himself, was struggling bravely to keep back the Spaniards, till he sank at last, and died on the 15th of August. His remaining troops tried to retreat, but were pursued by the Spaniards and made prisoners, when most of them died in their crowded quarters.

The great English and French alliance was certainly not doing much to support the Pope against the Emperor's displeasure; but this same pestilence spread to England, and roused Henry's conscience, perhaps all the more that he had found out a little flirtation between Anne Boleyn and the poet Sir Thomas Wyatt, who had exchanged a tablet and a ring. Anne indeed gave the ring up to the King, and persuaded him that the tablet had been taken from her by force; but he never entirely forgot the suspicion she had aroused by the coqueties which no doubt were part of her very nature.

The sweating sickness, as the pestilence was called in England, was very severe. Henry sent Anne to her father's castle at Hever, and frequented Katharine's company. He tried, with the assistance of Dr. Butts, to find a remedy for the disease; and he made no less than thirty-nine wills, being no doubt sorely perplexed how to provide for the welfare of his kingdom, and the poor girl whose succession he had endangered. Probably these difficulties served to justify him in his own eyes for his endeavours to free himself of his present Queen; and he kept up a close correspondence with Anne; and when she and her father both fell sick of the disease, sent Dr. Butts to attend her.

Campeggio arrived in October, but was at first too ill to do anything; and probably was glad to wait and watch the course of events. Anne was sometimes at Court, sometimes at Hever, accordingly as the King thought her cause best served by her absence or her presence; and Campeggio was, by Clement's suggestion, entreating Katharine to cut the knot by a voluntary retreat into a convent; but the high-spirited though undemonstrative Queen would by no means thus give up her own cause, nor that of her child, and chose to abide her trial—demanding, however, that she might have counsel, not English subjects, but of her own country. She was allowed to have two of her nephew's subjects, but they were not to be Spaniards, but Flemings.

Meantime, Charles V., being free of Lautrec's French army in Italy,

reinstated the Pope, and restored to him far more than he could have expected, but made him understand at the same time that he was to defend the cause of the English Queen; and having once felt the power of united Spain and Germany, Clement was not likely to be in haste to offend again; but he complained of the neglect of France, and perhaps it was this that stirred up François to make another attempt at redeeming his honour, by sending Charles V. a challenge to fight a duel in person with him. Charles, as the challenged, was to name the spot; and accepting the defiance, he sent his herald, Burgundy, back to arrange the preliminaries, and guarantee a field of combat near Fontarabia. On Burgundy's arrival, the following strange dialogue took place:—

‘Herald,’ said François, ‘dost thou bring such guarantee of the field as thy master should offer to such a challenger as I?’

‘Sire, let me do my office, and say what the Emperor has charged me to say.’

‘No! I will not listen till thou givest me a letter signed by thy master, securing the field.’

‘Sire, I have orders to read you the cartel and then give it to you.’

‘What!’ cried the King, rising in a rage, ‘does thy master bring new fashions into my kingdom, and teach me in my court?’

‘Sire—’ began Burgundy again.

‘No,’ said François; ‘not a word till I have the security of the field. Give it me, and I will hear.’

‘Sire, I cannot do my office without your consent. If you refuse it, give me a safe-conduct for my return.’

‘Let it be given to him,’ said the King. And that was the end of the royal duel!

Probably neither Sovereign seriously expected that it would take place; but in spite of all François’ bravado of chivalry, it was he who backed out of it by a ridiculous quibble of etiquette. But the truth was that François was nearly worn out after having lost so many armies by his bad management; and Charles was anxious to be free for the war with the Turks. So they agreed that François’ mother, Louise of Savoy, should meet Charles’s aunt, Marguerite of Austria, at Cambrai, in the course of the summer of 1529. The two ladies met alone, and together settled the matters in dispute, and what each should give or take. France was obliged to take worse terms than at the treaty of Madrid—though her vanity was saved by keeping Burgundy. The two boys were to be ransomed, and François to become the unwilling husband of Leonor of Austria. The Italian differences were adjusted by François’ renouncing all claims there: and thus was concluded what goes in history by the name of the Ladies’ Peace.

In the meantime, the Pope had a sharp illness, and Wolsey’s old hopes revived; for indeed his election to the Papacy would have been more welcome now than ever, as cutting the knot of the entanglement in England: but Clement recovered; and after all sorts of delays, some

willful, some unavoidable, the Court was prepared in the Hall of the Black Friars' convent in London, which was then often used for the assembly of parliament.

Queen Katharine's speech is almost word for word given by Shakespeare:—

That I have been your wife, in this obedience
Upwards of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of this time, you can report—
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person—in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foulest contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
The King your father was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgement. Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince that there had reigned for many
A year before. It is not to be questioned
That they had gathered a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly
Beseech you, Sir, to spare me till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised.

She rose, and commanding herself, though her eyes were full of tears, she made a low obeisance to the King, and walked out of court. The crier was bidden to summon her back, but she took no notice; and when Griffith, her usher, said, 'Madame, you are called,' she said, 'I hear it, but on—on—go you on—for this is no court wherein I can have justice.'

Henry could not help saying it was the first time she had ever disobeyed him. 'She hath all the virtues and good qualities that belong to a woman of her dignity, or to any other of meaner estate. Surely she is also a noble woman.'

Then Wolsey, thinking that her appeal against him as a partial judge required refutation, demanded of the King whether he had been the prime mover of the divorce; to which the King replied with a long speech, declaring that it all came of the scruples of the French ambassador, which had tossed his own mind with waves of doubt.

They never could bring Katharine back into the court; she only answered by appeals to Rome: but she was pronounced contumacious, and the trial went on, but slowly; and in July came the summer vacation, when, as malaria forbade all business at Rome, the legates declared they must cease to sit. This was a great grievance to Henry, who thought it all a piece of procrastination on the Legates' part; and Anne Boleyn, who, with her father, now Lord Rochford, was living at Greenwich, stirred him up to still greater impatience.

On that day, as Wolsey was returning in his barge from Blackfriars, where he had had a separate interview with the King, he took the Bishop

of Carlisle with him; and on the latter complaining of the heat of the weather, answered, 'Yea, if ye had been as well chafed, my Lord, as I have been to-day, you would be warm indeed.'

As soon as he reached home, he undressed and went to bed; but was almost immediately pursued thither by Lord Rochford, with a message from the King, that he and Campeggio were to go and persuade the Queen to retire into a convent rather than undergo the disgrace of the decision.

'You and the Lords of the Council,' exclaimed Wolsey, 'have put fancies into the King's head which trouble all the nation, and for which you will receive but little recompense from God or from this world.' Rochford must have been ashamed of the affair, for instead of retorting that the fancies had begun with the Cardinal, he fell on his knees and burst into tears.

However, early in the morning both Cardinals were at Bridewell Palace, where Katharine was at work with her maids, and came to speak to them with a skein of red silk round her neck. 'You see my employment,' she said. 'Thus do I pass my time with my maids, who are indeed none of the ablest counsellors; yet have I none other in England—and Spain, where are those on whom I could rely, is far off.' Wolsey and Campeggio went with her to her privy chamber, and what passed there is not known; but Katharine remained as resolute as ever in retaining her position, and defending that of her daughter.

A day or two after, the court met again at Blackfriars; and the Legates, having received a communication from Rome, insisted on the adjournment till October. Thereupon the King's brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk, dashed his hand on the table, and exclaimed, 'Now is the old saw proved true—that never Cardinal brought good to England.' 'Sir,' retorted Wolsey, 'if it had not been for one Cardinal, your head would not be on your shoulders.'

However, the court was adjourned, and Henry took it quietly. Wolsey had in fact devised another mode of dissolving the marriage—by home ecclesiastical authority, and then confirming the step by act of parliament; but before this could be attempted, there came from Rome a citation to Henry, to appear in the Pope's court to plead his cause. It was a matter of form, but it made Henry very angry, and he insisted that Wolsey should hinder it being served on him. This the Cardinal contrived; but his influence was gone, and there was nothing now to save him. He had long been very unpopular. His magnificence was looked on contemptuously by the people, who in a current rhyme declared that the precious stones on his shoes were worth a thousand pounds.

'And who did for those shoes pay?
Truly many a rich abbey
To be eased of his visitation.'

The nobles abhorred him as an upstart, who eclipsed and curbed them.

all; the more corrupt clergy hated him, as one who wished to reform them, and the better sort suspected him of being bribed to hinder reform; but his worst foe was Anne Boleyn, who knew he would never willingly see her a Queen.

He found no opportunity of seeing the King; for the whole court, Queen and all, were gone on progress to Grafton. There Campeggio was to go to take his leave, and Wolsey obtained leave to accompany him; but when he arrived there, he found, to his amazement, that though a chamber had been prepared for his companion, there was none at all for him; and he was beholden to Sir Henry Morris for a room in which to take off his riding-gear. However, when they met in the presence-chamber, Henry treated him with his usual cordiality; and the lords and gentlemen who had been laying wagers that the King would not speak to him, had faces which amused his faithful clerk, Cavendish.

The Lords of the Council and the Cardinals dined together, and there was a talk of forbidding absenteeism of clergy from their benefices. The Duke of Norfolk said it would be meet for my lord Cardinal himself to do the same. Wolsey returned that he would be quite contented if the King would give him license to retire to his diocese of Winchester. 'Nay,' quoth my lord of Norfolk; 'to your benefice at York, where your greatest honour and charge is.' 'Even as it shall please the King,' quoth my lord Cardinal.

Winchester, which this unblushing pluralist held as well as York, reached far too near to the court to suit the jealous nobility as the place of Wolsey's retirement; and Norfolk, who was Anne Boleyn's uncle, expressed their opinion. Nay, the lady herself, with whom the King was dining, was as much as she durst 'shewing him her vexation at the favour with which the Cardinal had been treated.'

'Sir, is it not a marvellous thing to see into what great debt and danger he hath brought you, with all your subjects?'

'How so, Sweet-heart?' said the King.

'Forsooth,' said Anne, 'there is not a man in all England, but he hath indebted you to him!'

'Well, well,' said the King, 'for that there was no blame to him. I know that matter better than you or anyone.'

To which Anne made answer by invective—'There is never a nobleman but if he had done half as much were well worthy to lose his head; yea, if my lord of Norfolk, or my lord of Suffolk—or any other man, had done much less than he hath done, they should have lost their heads ere this.'

'Then I perceive,' said the King, 'you are none of my lord Cardinal's friends.'

'Why, Sir, I have no cause, nor any that love you—no more hath your Grace.'

The waiters, who reported all this to Cavendish, here had to carry off the table and retire; but the King seems to have listened so far only with

amusement to his 'Sweet-heart's' womanish spite at his old counsellor, for he took him by the hand, led him into his privy-chamber, and there conversed with him till dark night. Then, however, it proved that no bed-room had been provided for the Cardinal, and he had to go by torch-light to sleep at Euston; the King bidding him return in the morning to continue their consultation. But when he arrived, Mistress Anne had arranged a ride for the King, to view a piece of ground to make a park; and Henry, who was just mounting, took a hasty leave of the Cardinal, and put off the discussion. At the park at Harewell, Anne had a dinner ready, to take the King by surprise, and amuse him there; so that Wolsey might be obliged to escort Campeggio away from Grafton before Henry's return. The device was successful; Wolsey never saw his master again.

Wolsey, as Lord Chancellor, opened the Michaelmas Term at Westminster Hall with all his wonted state and splendour; but the next day arrived the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, to demand of him the Great Seal, and intimate the King's commands that he should retire to Esher, a house in Surrey belonging to the Bishopric of Winchester, giving up his abode at Westminster to the King. He replied that he had letters patent giving him the Chancellorship for life, and could not give up the Seal without their shewing him their commission. But next day, they brought Henry's unmistakeable orders; and the Cardinal prepared to resign. He caused lists to be made of his amazing accumulation of magnificent articles of all kinds, all which he left to the King's pleasure, and proceeded with his train to his barge, which was waiting for him on the Thames. A great crowd stood round, and one of his attendants officiously told him that they were in hopes of seeing him taken to the Tower. 'Is this the best comfort you can give your master in adversity?' said Wolsey. 'It hath always been your inclination to be light of credit, and lighter in the reporting of lies.' And he then went on to say that the King had a full right to everything in his house contained, since all had come from him.

He went by water to Putney, where he landed, and had just mounted his mule, when Sir Henry Morris galloped up, having been sent off privately by the King, with his signet-ring as a token—when free for a moment from Anne and her clique—to reassure his old friend that no harm was intended him, but that his Majesty was only following advice. Wolsey, who really loved the King, was so much comforted, that he dismounted, knelt on the ground, and returned thanks. He gave Morris a gold chain, with a reliquary containing a piece of the true Cross, in gratitude; and then, looking about for something that would please the King, he spied 'a facetious natural' who had often amused Henry, and sent him off as a present; though the poor fool was so unwilling to go, that six strong yeomen had to carry him to court in their arms.

Esher was a large house, but unfurnished and dreary; no small contrast to the splendid and ostentatious plenishing to which the Cardinal

was accustomed at York House. There he stayed, deserted by all who were not immediately dependent on him; while Henry assembled his Parliament for the first time for seven years—during all which time Wolsey had contrived to carry on the government, and subsidize foreign princes, by the many means of raising money that feudality afforded, as well as by methods that Henry VII. had made the most of, and loans from individuals.

Now Parliament was assembled for the welcome task of impeaching the Cardinal, though his presence was not required. The first impeachment was absurd on many points; and though the Lords, who were his great enemies, passed it, his attorney, Thomas Crumwell, so well defended him in the Lower House, that it was thrown out.

A second impeachment was then drawn up, accusing him of having accepted the Legatine commission without the King's consent; and thus having transgressed the statute of *præmunire*, which forbids English clergy to make any appeal, or receive any commission from the Pope, without permission from the King.

It was a monstrous accusation, since Henry had been very anxious that he should become a legate; but Wolsey, who constantly received kind messages in secret from the King, preferred trusting himself to his master's mercy, rather than to the judgement of his hostile peers; so, though he could have shewn the King's hand and seal to his appointment, he pleaded guilty. Then York House, now called Whitehall, was demanded of him, as had been expected; and he submitted, though sending a message by the judge who had been sent to him at Esher—'Shew his Majesty from me, that I must desire his Majesty to remember that there is both a Heaven and a Hell.'

Thereupon sentence was pronounced upon him, and all his possessions were declared to be forfeited—even his two colleges, a most bitter grief to him. He wrote to the King on his knees, to implore him to spare that at Oxford; but he had no answer. He was broken-hearted. There had been real love between him and Henry, and the coldness of his master grieved him more than the loss of his splendours. The Bishop of Bayonne, who went to see him at Esher, found him incoherent with grief, and his face half the size it had once been. He was deeply grieved for the members of his retinue, who had depended on him for their maintenance; for if he was ostentatious, he was really munificent and kind-hearted; and he was grateful when Crumwell proposed that his former chaplains who had been preferred to rich benefices, should each contribute something for their support.

Many, however, had to be dismissed; and this Wolsey did with much kindness and dignity, advising them to go to their homes as if on their yearly visit, and promising to recall them so soon as the King should take him into favour again.

For all this time, Henry was comporting himself so that Wolsey really believed that his own disgrace was only intended as a means of frighten-

ing the Pope into dissolving the marriage; and most likely, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Anne Boleyn, his chiefest foes, so represented it to the King, for frequent messages came by private hands, generally by night, to keep up his spirits; and when, at Christmas, he fell sick of a fever, Henry sent off his favourite physician, Dr. Butts, to attend him, and anxiously demanded, 'Have you seen yonder man?'

'Yea, Sir,' quoth Butts.

'How do you like him?' said Henry.

'Sir, if you will have him dead, I warrant him he will be dead within these four days, if he receive no comfort from you shortly, nor from Mrs. Anne.'

'Marry!' cried Henry. 'God forbid that he should die. I pray you, Master Butts, go again to him, and do you care unto him; for I would not lose him for twenty thousand pounds.'

'Then must your Grace send him some comfortable message, as shortly as you can.'

'Even so I will,' said the King, taking off a ring with a ruby carved with his own likeness. 'This ring he knoweth right well, for he gave me the same; and tell him I am not offended with him in my heart, nothing at all, and that he shall know shortly.' Then turning to Anne Boleyn, he bade her, as his good sweet-heart, to send a token also; and she took a tablet of gold which hung at her waist, and sent it with comfortable words. Henry sent three more physicians; and his solicitude, far more than their skill, contributed to restore the Cardinal, who was allowed to go and reside at Richmond Palace, instead of at his dismal house at Esher. Moreover, he was re-instated in the See of York, and allowed one thousand marks a year from that of Winchester; and the King, of his own accord, unknown to his council, returned him six thousand pounds worth of the spoil of York House.

Still he was much out of spirits; and as he walked up and down the gardens at Richmond in the spring evenings, he shewed it to his friends and chaplains. Cavendish says that one evening, when waiting to attend the Cardinal—who was in church—in his walk, he saw 'certain images of beasts counterfeited in timber,' standing in a corner, the which he repaired to behold; and the Cardinal found him fixed in admiration of a dun cow, on which the sculptor had 'most lively shewed his cunning.' 'Yea, marry,' said the Cardinal, 'by this cow hangeth a prophecy—

"When the cow masters the bull,
Then, priest, beware thy skull."

The dun cow was a cognizance of the earldom of Richmond, and Boleyn—or Bull-en, had the canting arms of a black bull's head; so that Anne might be termed the cow, and Henry the bull.

The Cardinal was threatened with dropsy, and he seems to have taken

home the warning; for he was constant at his prayers, wore a hair-shirt, and spent much time at a Carthusian convent at Richmond, in the cell of one of the oldest fathers, who, as Cavendish says, 'converted him' from the vain glory of the world.

Commands came that he should reside in his diocese of York; and in Lent he set forth—with a train, even in his diminished state, of one hundred and sixty horse and seventy-two waggons. He paused at Peterborough, for Easter; and on Palm Sunday, bore his palm, or willow branch, in procession, singing with the monks of St. Peter's minster; and on Maundy Thursday, he washed and kissed the feet of fifty-nine poor men—the number of his own years—and gave each three ells of good canvas for shirting, a pair of shoes, a cast of red herrings, and three white herrings, and twelve pence.

He took up his abode at Cawood Castle, twelve miles from York; and there turned his whole attention to his proper episcopal business, which he seemed thoroughly to enjoy. His people were delighted to have him among them, and all went well throughout the summer. He had never been installed in his Cathedral, and he appointed the first Monday in November for the purpose, making the arrangements with, for him, unwonted simplicity—which was thought to prove his conversion.

Kind messages from the King continued to come in, and he was very happy in them; and by no means prepared for the blow, when on the Friday before the intended ceremony, as he sat at dinner, the Earl of Northumberland arrived, and after a time begged to see him alone; then, with much pain and grief, shewed him a warrant for his apprehension for high treason! This earl was the same Henry Percy, whose marriage with Anne Boleyn had been hindered by the Cardinal. He had forgiven his old master, but she had not.

It is difficult to tell why this blow was struck; for Henry's private messages were as affectionate as ever. Thomas Cromwell, Wolsey's attorney, had passed to the King's service; and it was from that time that the dark change came over Henry's counsels. Was he concerned? Or was it that the Cardinal's popularity in the north alarmed his enemies, and they persuaded the King to permit the trial, on the plea that it would clear him? At any rate, the termination could not have been expected by anyone.

The Cardinal's conscience was clear; and he professed himself ready to take his trial. His people thronged about him, much grieved at his leaving them; and all respect was shewn to him, both by Northumberland and Lord Shrewsbury, with whom he spent a fortnight at Sheffield Park; but while there, an attack of illness came on, which weakened him much; and when the Constable of the Tower, Sir William Kingston, arrived, he was hardly fit to travel. When he heard the name of the keeper, he smote his hand on his thigh—remembering a prophecy that at Kingston he would die. Still, he would not accept the Constable's offer to wait for his recovery, thinking

the delay might be turned against him. The journey increased his disease; and on the third day, when he arrived at the Abbey of Leicester, he had already been nearly fainting on his mule several times. The abbot and monks were drawn up to receive him by torch-light at the gate; and his salutation to them was, 'I am come to lay my bones among you.' He went at once to his bed, where he lay sinking all the next day—a Sunday.

On Monday morning, as Cavendish was watching him, he asked the time, and being told it was eight o'clock—'That cannot be,' said the Cardinal, repeating 'eight of the clock,' several times over—'for at eight o'clock you will lose your master!'

However, he lived through that day, and had an interview with Kingston on money after which the King was inquiring. On the next, he made his confession; and afterwards saw Kingston, and sent a long message to the King by him, as a dying man; in the course of which occurred the memorable words—'If I had served God as diligently as I have served my King, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my diligent pains and study that I have had to do him service—not regarding my service to God, but only to satisfy his pleasure.' He added that 'He is a prince of royal courage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than miss any part of his will or pleasure, he will endanger the loss of one half of his realm. For I assure you I have often kneeled before him for the space sometimes of three hours, to persuade him from his will and appetite, but I could never dissuade him therefrom. Therefore, Master Kingston, I warn you, if you chance to be of his privy council, be well advised what you put into his head, for you shall never put it out again.'

He further sent strong advice to the King to have 'a vigilant eye to depress this new sort of Lutherans,' adding numerous arguments from the example of Huss and Wickliffe, wondrously acute for a man whose life was so nearly ended—for he spoke on till his tongue faltered, his breath failed, and his eyes became fixed. His chaplains 'spake to him of the Passion of Christ,' and the Abbot came to give him Extreme Unction; and as the clock struck eight, on the eve of St. Andrew, 1530, this master spirit departed, dying, it would seem, of a broken heart.

One day he lay in state in his chamber, and at four o'clock the next morning he was buried in the Abbey Church; and then Kingston and his attendants, mounting their horses, rode for Hampton Court, where the King was residing in the stately palace raised 'by the right triumphant Cardinal of England.'

Henry was really grieved and touched by his old friend's death, which had come about through the disgrace that he had permitted, rather than desired—yielding to a cabal with unwonted easiness, arising from his own flattered self-will and the blandishments of an ambitious and malicious woman.

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY CHILD.

A LEGEND OF ROSSGARROW.

IN picturesque old days, before the school-master stepped in with his books to enlighten mankind, superstition had it all her own way among the mingled Scotch and Celtic people of the north of Ireland.

Mermaids sang plaintive songs as they floated down the rivers; witches cast the evil eye upon their neighbours' cattle; fairies held possession of every flowery lane, and of each old hawthorn tree, or wild tract of natural wood.

The entire parish of Rossgarrow was admitted to be a very 'eerie' place; but most 'eerie' of all was the Moss, near the little sheebeen house belonging to Matt Callaghan. This Moss was a waste piece of land, intersected by boggy pools, and beautified by pretty knolls, where the greenest moss and fern, and the gayest wild flowers, lay hidden at the feet of black-thorn and crab-apple bushes, in a tangle of luxuriant dog-roses and trailing woodbine.

It was well known that the fairies had held their mid-night revels there from time immemorial; sacred to them was each thorn and crab and hazel. Neither spade nor plough-share had ever turned up a single sod—no mortal had attempted such daring intrusion. The people who lived near the Moss were most desirous to keep on good terms with neighbours whom they believed to be both capricious and powerful; and as it was a turf country, and fuel consequently cheap and abundant, they were in the habit of making up a good fire before going to bed each winter night, in order that the 'wee folk' might come in to warm themselves at their fire-sides, if it so pleased them.

So many a door was left unlocked, and many a hearth carefully swept, and the fire made up, for the accommodation of the 'good people' who might find the nights cold in their grand underground dwellings.

It was not often that the visitors deigned to make themselves visible to their hosts; but here and there someone was to be met with who could tell graphic histories of mid-night awakenings, and of little red-capped men, and tiny red-cloaked women, whom he had then seen seated by his fire-side.

Matt Callaghan and his wife had always been anxious to keep on good terms with the Moss, whose proprietors were spoken of most respectfully in whispers.

Carters stopped for a glass in great numbers every market-day, and the sheebeen house flourished. The cabin had mud walls, dark thatch, and a broken window; there was nothing very blythe or bonnie about it, if we except its youngest inmate, little blue-eyed flaxen-haired Alick.

Matt and his wife were ordinary-looking hard-featured people, and their eldest son and daughter had taken after them; but Alick was lovely as a picture, with his rosy cheeks, and long curls that danced up and down as he ran. His dress was a blue calico pinafore, covering his little coat and trousers.

Tom was seven, Peggy six, and Alick five years old, when one market-day, as it drew near the gloaming, their mother stepped down the Moss for a can of water from the spring, leaving them to keep house.

Matt was gone to market; and his wife regretted the necessity of quitting the shop, and hoped no customers would call during the few minutes of her absence.

But customers did come, shouting for Matt, producing their half-pence, and clamouring for a glass; and the two boys volunteered to run to meet their mother and hasten her return.

As they went down the Moss, a number of little figures kept coming up to, and passing, them one by one; and each, as he went by, touched Alick's shoulder, saying, in a clear shrill voice, 'Jig, Alick! jig!' as though inviting him to play.

Alick was nothing loth, and stood still several times to look after them; but Tommy, guessing who they were, was greatly frightened, and dragged his little brother on by the hand.

'Why but you let me play with the wee childer, Tommy?' asked he pettishly.

'Whisht, whisht, Alick! those isna wee childer, ava,' said he hurriedly. 'Come on to Mother.'

Mrs. Callaghan was extremely startled when Tommy related what had happened.

'Save us, wean, but you did weel to bring him on!' cried she. 'Weel was it for Alick that you'd that much wit, for I'm sair afeared the good people has set their hearts on him. We maun watch him careful, for fear they'd be stealing him awa.'

Matt shared her fears, and agreed that little curly-headed Alick stood in serious danger of being stolen, and must be jealously guarded in future.

'Isn't it the pity he's sich a bonnie wee chiel?' said one to the other, looking from their pretty son to sturdy broad-faced Tommy and Peggy, who were too plain to win the hearts of the fairy people.

The carters who frequented the sheebeen house were told the story, and all united in warning the parents to be cautious how they let Alick venture to play in the Moss, especially as twilight began to fall.

Their warnings were laid to heart: for several weeks Alick was kept close to the cottage, and fretted much at having his freedom curtailed; but Matt and his wife were busy people—customers were constantly passing along the high-road, and stopping at their door—and it became inconvenient to watch the child so closely.

A bright day came, at that enchanting period of the year when the

blackberries were beginning to colour, and mushrooms were to be gathered upon the knolls; and the children slipped out for a long morning's play in the Moss, Tommy and Peggy conniving at Alick's escape from surveillance. It was not until dinner-time that the parents missed them, and then Mrs. Callaghan stepped forth to look if they were coming. She met the brother and sister making their way homewards, their mouths much smeared with blackberry juice, and hands filled with gay branches of scarlet rose and honeysuckle berries.

'Where's Alick?' called she.

'He's coming after us, Mammy; he stopped at the Tod's Knowe for a wee minute to get a wheen big blackberries.'

Scolding the children for having taken Alick with them in the first instance, and still more for having left him behind in the Moss, Mrs. Callaghan put her shawl over her head, and hurried down the path towards the well, calling, 'Alick! Alick!' at the extent of her voice.

When minutes passed, and no answer came, her cries grew more frantic. The Tod's Knowe was searched, as well as many another bowery place, where she fancied the child might have hidden himself in play, but in vain—all in vain her search!

Sick at heart she returned, to summon Matt and the neighbours to her aid. The boggy pools were dragged, each yard of the Moss thoroughly explored, but no little Alick was to be found. Very ominous were the head-shakings of the dwellers on the borders of the Moss, as they looked at one another, on accompanying the poor parents back to the sheebeen house. Tommy and Peggy cried themselves to sleep in their bed, which felt unusually roomy, because Alick was not there. They missed their little brother for some days, and frequently asked their mother where he was gone; but at length their grief died out, they became accustomed to his absence, and played merrily without him.

But his poor mother could not be comforted. Many and many a night, when Matt and the two children slept peacefully, she lay awake, weeping for her lost boy, and wondering what kind of life he was leading.

Had he a warm bed in the fairy halls she had been told about? Were his new play-fellows as tender with him as she had been? Was there anyone to call him 'darling,' and smoothe his flaxen curls?

It will not be wondered at that questions like these kept her wakeful. Finding it impossible to sleep, she made up a large fire each night before going to bed.

Looking round one night, she saw a little figure in a blue pinafore, seated on a stool before the fire. The flickering flames, dancing on blackened walls and rafters, touched his flaxen curls—his elbows rested on his knees, and his chin was supported upon his hands; he seemed to be gazing intently at the embers, while he stretched out his little feet towards the warmth.

Poor Mrs. Callaghan recognized her lost child. In a flutter of

agitation she turned to waken Matt; but quickly though she turned, and rapidly though she spoke, her little wanderer was gone when she again looked towards the fire.

‘Why but you blessed him, an’ he’d ha’ got stopping wi’ you?’ said the neighbours, to whom she told the story next morning.

After that night she made brighter fires than ever, and watched unceasingly for Alick, ready to speak the holy words that were to release him from his eerie captivity; but she watched only to be disappointed. Whether the fairy people had fires or not, he never came to hers.

Tidings of him she certainly had at intervals, but such tidings as tantalized and famished her motherly heart. Now and then the children of the district told how Alick had joined them at play; and one bright autumn day her own little ones came home, with eyes very wide and sparkling, to tell that their little brother had been with them.

‘How did you know him?’ asked the agonized mother.

‘Oh, bravely, Mother! We were pulling sloes in the wee lane, an’ we seen him peeping at us frae the back o’ the dyke. I called “Alick, is that you?” an’ Peggy took a hold o’ his hand, an’ helped him down; an’ he stopped to play wi’ us a good wee while.’

‘How did he look? Was he anyway failed?’ asked the mother, tremulously.

To this the children replied that his eyes were bright, and his cheeks rosy, just as they used to be, and that he could play as well as ever; that they asked him to come home with them, but when they did so there was a loud clapping of hands from behind the hedge on both sides, and they heard a number of little voices calling, ‘Alick, Alick! Come back, come back!’ and that then he seemed to be very much frightened, and said he dare not go home.

‘Was he cheery and contented, like, dears?’

‘Whiles he laughed, Mammy—but he sighed very heavy when we fleeced him to come home,’ replied Tommy, (an expression of strange trouble coming over his childish face;) ‘an’ he said they were good till him, an’ he had a quare grand place to live in, but he’d sooner be at home wi’ Daddy an’ Mammy.’

Years rolled on. Tommy was a tall boy, in such great request among the farmers when hiring term came round, that he could command high wages. Peggy was a good hand at needle-work and cookery, and began to have ideas about admirers. They both remembered their little brother still, and sometimes spoke of him as they sat by the fire after a hard day’s work; but they had long ceased to mourn him.

Not so the mother. She loved her fairy child better than the rest, and watched for him through many a sleepless night; but twilight became darkness and darkness gave place to dawn many hundred times, yet he never came. She looked for a little figure with soft cheeks and flaxen curls, for she knew he was still, and would always be, a child. But he never gladdened her eyes, now grown dim with much weeping.

At length she died, and the neighbours were assembled at her wake. Many pipes were smoked, and, as is usual on such occasions, many stories were told, to pass the long hours of watching. One of these was naturally the story of the deceased woman's fairy child.

As the tale drew to a conclusion, the company became aware that a 'creepie,' or little stool, near the fire, was occupied. A child sat upon it, looking wistfully, with sweet blue eyes, from one to another.

'Who is he?' whispered the women.

'That's my brother Alick!' replied Tommy, addressing the crone who sat next the table, whereon stood the little bowl filled with holy water. She dipped her fingers in the water, and sprinkled some drops in the fairy child's direction. He must have guessed her intention, for he was already beyond their reach, moving towards the door with the same weird and wistful smile.

Tommy, notwithstanding his seventeen years, burst into tears, and cried bitterly; the unexpected glimpse of his lost brother had stirred up a host of strange memories, and renewed his almost forgotten childish sorrow.

The next appearance of the fairy child took place when Tommy was an elderly man. Two of his children, the youngest members of a very large family, were fond of playing in the Moss, as he and Peggy used to do. Fine nuts still grew upon the hazels; the moon-light turned each boggy pool into a silver mirror, as of old—and the dawn and sun-set gilded the flowery tangles as gloriously as ever; blackberries, sloes, and crab-apples, were plentiful, and there were always many happy children to enjoy these good things; but the Moss was considered a much safer place than it was in former days—the 'wee folk' were now very seldom seen or heard of.

Tommy, who was his father's successor in the sheebeen house by the road-side, sat smoking one evening, while his wife baked oaten cake at the little table, and Peggy, now a grey-haired wrinkled woman, crooned plaintive songs to the accompaniment of her spinning-wheel at the opposite side of the fire.

The latch was lifted, and young Tom and Maggie ran in, full of excitement, and all eagerness to relate the adventures of their day.

'O Daddy! we played at the Tod's Knowe, in a grand house we made under the crab-apple trees; an' there was sich a nice wee wean came to play wi' us—sich a bonny wean!' cried they, pushing up to the hearth beside their aunt.

Their father and she exchanged glances.

'What was he like?' inquired the former.

'He wasna as big as Maggie, an' he'd blue eyes, an' lint-white curls, an' a wee blue pinafore on him. He laughed sae blythe; an' he knowed the best place to get the blackberries. Daddy, I wish you seen him!'

'I ken him weel, dear; an' a bonnie wee wean he is, sure enough!'

‘Did you see him, Daddy?’ asked both children, resting their elbows on his legs, and staring up into his face.

‘Ay, childer dear, your aunt an’ me played wi’ him mony’s the time in days lang syne.’

‘Who is he, Daddy?’

‘Do you allow me to tell them, Peggy?’ inquired he of his sister, taking his pipe from between his lips, and thoughtfully knocking out the ashes.

‘You canna hide it frae them now, Tom,’ was her reply.

‘Weel, dears, that bonnie wean is your Uncle Alick, that was lost in the Moss, an’ kept to live wi’ them that owns the place.’

‘What makes him sae wee?’ asked they wonderingly.

‘The “good people” stole him awa, an’ they keep him a wee wean in their grand parlours; your Grannie fretted after him, an’ lamented him sair, but she couldna win him back. He’ll never be won back any more—he’ll aye be a cheery wee chiel, wi’ lint locks an’ bonnie red cheeks.’

‘Will he never grow old an’ big, Daddy, an’ have grey hair, like Aunt Peggy an’ you?’

‘Never, dears, never!’ and the father sighed—a sigh that was echoed by Peggy.

Lost Alick would, it was true, always remain young and merry; but the world-worn brother and sister had a dim perception that, notwithstanding their fading strength, grey hair, and saddened spirits, they were, after all, much better off than the fairy child.

LETITIA.

A LETTER FROM AMERICA.

Dear Monthly Packet,

The accounts which appear from time to time in your pages of some of the English Sisterhoods, give so much pleasure to your American readers, and do so much to awaken a warm interest in Church work, especially that done by these institutions, that I venture to hope a few words about a Sisterhood on this side of the Atlantic may not come amiss to your English readers.

But first, I should like to say how welcome a sight your blue or black covers are to many a household out here, and to tell you how much you have done and are doing, even in very out-of-the-way corners, to arouse a love for the Church, and to give a true *understanding* interest in what she teaches, and in the work being done at home. Not only in towns, and among the more educated, but in backwoods settlements also, ‘the last volume of the Monthly Packet’ is anxiously inquired for, and by its varied reading opens many windows in minds which have few

opportunities of acquiring light, enlarging their interests, and through your 'Correspondence' and mention of charitable works, drawing out their sympathy, and suggesting the inquiry, 'Is there nothing I can do in this world so full of need and suffering?' to many who might otherwise never have been awakened to a knowledge of others' needs and their own responsibilities.

It is hard for English people to realize how different a position the Church holds in the world in the United States and in Canada, to what she does in the old country; how many hundreds there are who have never even heard of her, how many thousands who know nothing of her claims on their loyalty and obedience. And though, thank God, she is, year by year, steadily 'strengthening her stakes, and lengthening her cords,' there is so wide a field and so few labourers, that were there not the firm conviction that Truth must conquer, the heart would often sink when one looks round at the many-branched upas-trees of Sectarianism and unbelief, which flourish so rankly in the New World. In this state of things, whatever makes the Church known, and shews her in her true colours, is of untold value; and it is for this service that your American and Canadian readers owe you their warmest thanks.

It is to help in this work, as well as in hopes of interesting your English readers, that I venture to ask for a little space, to introduce to those of your readers in America who may be ignorant of its existence, a Sisterhood of the American Church. A Sisterhood I have said, but I might almost have written *the* Sisterhood, for (with the exception of one just started in Albany, and of which I know too little to speak,) it is the only community that is entitled to be considered as a religious order, the other so-called Sisters being more of the Deaconess type.

Of all the features of the Catholic revival of this century, one of the most noticeable is the attraction towards the Religious Life which simultaneously stirred the hearts of so many; and the abundant blessing which has crowned the small beginnings shews how entirely this restoration of the Religious Life in the English Church is an indication of the Divine Will, not merely a human theory or fashion. That it should first begin in England was but natural; and that in a land so full of glorious religious memories, the souls that were thus called should have made that a reality which at first must have seemed even to themselves an impossible dream, is less strange than that in America, where no external circumstances could awaken such ideas, similar thoughts were stirring some hearts; thus forming a striking illustration of the Master's words, 'The Spirit bloweth where it listeth.'

Many of those who felt thus drawn found a home in English Sisterhoods; and these now, as it were, pay back the debt they owe the States for the Sisters who have come from there, by sending out branches to aid in the Church's work; Clewer, All Saints, and East Grinstead, being now represented in America.

But some there were, who wished to give their labour to their own

country; and it is of these I would now speak—the Sisters of St. Mary, who have their Mother-house in New York. They began their work but a few years ago, with five Sisters; they now number twenty-five, and have every prospect of increasing in some proportion to their work, which grows upon their hands with wonderful rapidity. It may sound strange to English ears to be told that their work lies as much among the rich as the poor, but so it is; in this land of curious ‘unlikenesses’ to the old country, even Sisterhoods require to be adapted, both as regards their aims and their rules, to the national needs and character.

It would take many more pages than you could spare to explain how many are the differences in character and customs between English and Americans, which strike one the more because in some way they are so similar to one another. One of the social differences is in the manner of educating the daughters of the upper classes of society. Governesses are the exception, boarding-schools the rule; and for this reason Church schools are found most useful, not only in providing careful teaching for the daughters of those who belong to the Church, but as a means of bringing into the Fold many who would otherwise never come within her influence. Most of the dioceses have such a school, in which the Bishop takes a warm interest, and in some cases a personal share in the work. As children are, as a rule, left to choose their own creed as they grow up, parents who are not Church people do not seem to mind the result which naturally follows from sending them to such schools. As the influence of women in the States is very marked, the advantage of having them brought up good Churchwomen is great; and the benefit which may result to the Church in a few years, owing to these schools, is beyond calculation.

To this work the Sisters of St. Mary particularly devote themselves. They have three such schools: one at the Mother-house in New York, where about a hundred girls, half of whom are boarders, receive a most thorough education; one at Peckskill, on the Hudson, where the terms are much lower, owing to the less expense of living in the country; and one at Memphis, Tennessee.

The battle of Sisterhoods has been fought and won in England—here they are still looked upon by many with suspicion, and to the majority the name of Sister suggests only Roman Catholicism; so that outside of New York the Sisters of St. Mary were, comparatively speaking, little known till this summer, when their exertions at Memphis during the yellow fever which devastated that city for weeks, brought them into more general notice.

At the request of the Bishop, three Sisters had been sent there to open a Church school, and they arrived at the time when this terrible pestilence was beginning to make frightful havoc among the poor and unacclimatized; and, without experience as they were, they at once offered themselves as nurses, and by their unwearied exertions earned the gratitude of the people of Memphis for their Order.

The blessing of God was upon them: hourly exposed to infection, straining their strength to the utmost, they passed unscathed through all the horrors of those weeks, and by their care in nursing and cooking for the sick, saved many a life that, but for them, would have ended amid all the miseries of poverty and neglect.

By their exertions during these terrible weeks, they have done more to gain a hold on the confidence and esteem of the public than years of ordinary work would have won for them; and when the fever was over, and they opened their schools, scholars were at once forthcoming beyond their expectations.

And now to speak of their work among the poor. A House of Mercy at Manhattan, one of the suburbs of New York, is under their charge; and there seventy women and girls are cared for, and helped, as far as it is possible to help them, to turn away from their old lives of sin and wretchedness. Work among that class is always the most trying of all; but theirs is peculiarly so—for these women are, many of them, committed to the House of Mercy by the city authorities, and are violent and utterly wicked, without the least desire of amendment, so that the term 'penitent' can in no sense be applied to them.

When one looks at the hard faces of some of these poor miserable creatures, and notices of what expressions they are capable, one wonders how the three or four Sisters can control such a number of undisciplined beings; but disheartening as the work is in its results, as far as the numbers who actually become reformed, it is cheering to see that they are not impervious to the influence of those who, as they see, devote themselves for their benefit, and the word of a Sister is able to control the most unmanageable. Many of those who voluntarily come to the House come but to die; and with these, say the Sisters, the most comforting work is done; for, softened by suffering, they listen to the teaching which speaks to them of pardon and peace.

A Children's Hospital, where the children of the poor are nursed, in many cases entirely without charge, and kept and cared for till quite strong and well, is also one of their good works; and no one could pay a visit to the long room, where the little cribs each hold a child who, but for their loving care, would be lying in some miserable room, either mis-cared-for or un-cared-for, without feeling almost envious of those who have it in their power to do so much for Christ's little ones. An Industrial School, it is hoped, will grow from the Hospital, and already there are several children there to whom it is a home, and who are being taught and trained.

An Orphanage at Memphis has also been put under their charge, and an Infirmary in a poor part of New York is at this time being opened under their auspices; so that though, as we have said, the Sisters' work lies also among the rich, the poor have their full share of their thought and labour.

It is too soon yet to speak of results; but already has so much been

accomplished, that all who are interested in St. Mary's have much cause for thankfulness and encouragement. But there is much more for them to do, and fresh work will be yearly claiming their attention, so that they need, and will need, all that prayer, alms, and personal assistance and sympathy, can do to aid them in their labours.

Those who may think of a Sister's life as an indolent shrinking from hard work in the world, as a round of pleasing light duties, with exemption from care, should visit St. Mary's and learn what labour of mind and body means. There are only twenty-five Sisters to do all that I have mentioned; and though in the school at New York they have the assistance of paid daily teachers, and in the other houses are not without help, the real burden, of course, must fall entirely on them; and as in all they do, they do it as unto the Lord, and not unto men, the thoroughness of their work, and the personal interest and anxiety they feel for each soul under their care, increases the strain, and adds to the toil of their life. Nothing, it seems to the writer, could sustain them in their arduous work, but the intense reality of their life as one consecrated to God, the frequent Offices in their beautiful little chapel, the carefully observed rule; above all, the frequent celebrations of the Blessed Sacrament keep their minds ever fixed on the aim of their labour, and give them strength to go on month after month, and year after year, in work which has nothing exciting or attractive in it.

I have said nothing of the persecution and opposition they have met with in the first years of their community; it is not well to revive the recollection of such things; and I only mention it to shew that they have not been without their trials, though God has always turned them into ultimate blessings.

If this little notice of St. Mary's moves one heart to help in any way, by prayers, alms, or personal assistance, the writer will feel thankful that she has been able to do something for those whom she so loves and honours.

The Mother-house and School is at 8K, Forty-sixth Street; and the Children's Hospital in Thirty-fourth Street; and the writer may venture to say that any, either Americans or English, who may feel curious or interested in their work, will be kindly received by the Sisters, should they call at either of these houses.

A CONSTANT READER OF THE MONTHLY PACKET.

WORK AT ST. MICHAEL'S, WANTAGE.

It is just a thousand years ago, since our Saxon King, Alfred, was working to lay deep in our land the foundations of Christian liberty and learning: true liberty—freedom to do right, not to do wrong; true learning—that which will make men not cleverer merely, but wiser, nobler, better. To those who know how much we owe to King Alfred,

and who sympathize with his aims, we appeal for a work that is now being carried on in, we trust, much the same spirit, at his birth-place, the little town of Wantage, lying amidst the Berkshire hills. Wantage is a town of schools; but it is not of this we would now speak, but of an institution which is somewhat unusual in its aims and work. This is St. Michael's Home for pupil-teachers, who are desirous of obtaining certificates as National School-mistresses. The pupils learn the practical part of this work in the large and efficient National Schools; while in the pretty and quiet Home, they are helped and guided in their own studies by those who have themselves taken first-class certificates. One part of the building is devoted to an industrial school, and is under the charge of a Lady Superintendent; but the Sisters undertake the personal supervision of the pupil-teachers. Their object is to send forth teachers whose work shall be based upon sound Church-teaching and loving faith; while at the same time, in what are called secular subjects, it shall be the best that can be had. It is hoped in time to make the Institution self-supporting; but as it was begun without any foundation, it is at present very up-hill work.

The charge for a pupil-teacher when she first enters is only £20 a year; and as soon as she is able to be placed upon the regular staff of teachers required in the school, it is reduced to £15 15s.; and when a vacancy occurs on the Government-paid staff of pupil-teachers, she receives her education free of expense. The funds thus obtained are not sufficient to support the present establishment; and yet to make a higher charge would be to exclude many who are in every respect well fitted to become pupil-teachers. Those who have any acquaintance with the class from which our National School-mistresses are supplied, may know, perhaps, how much £20 is to them. And putting aside higher considerations, the worldly advantage for which such a sum is scraped together is not great. A hard wearing life, with less pay than a milliner or shop-girl often obtains—this is what the world offers. And it would be hard indeed, if because they cannot give more than £15 or £20 a year, we must refuse those who, for such small worldly profit, are willing to devote head and brain to the great work of training Christ's little ones. It would be hard indeed, if, when so many labourers are needed, we must stint our help to those we can get, and not send them forth worthily prepared for their labour. Rather we must put forth all our energies, that the rearing of the children of our people may not fall into the hands of those who can indeed give them the knowledge which will make them sharper and cleverer in the ways of the world, but will leave their souls untrained and uncared-for.

In these days, when the very foundations of our social and religious life are assailed—when progress is thought to mean the sweeping away of all that we hold to be most dear, when we are waking up to the fact that our neglect in time past has alienated from the Church of Christ those whom it is now our work to reclaim—in these days the teaching

of our children is real missionary work; and our teachers should be prepared for it with at least as much zeal and earnestness, as are those we send to the heathen abroad.

We are not over-stating the case in saying it is a work in which all Churchmen should take an interest, and for which all should make some sacrifice; for upon its being well done depends in no small degree the welfare of our Church and country. We ask, then, for help in carrying on our portion of this work, in continuing and extending that which we have so far successfully begun.

We have already prepared many candidates for the Salisbury examinations, where they have obtained first-class certificates; and we have others now working up for the same object. But we greatly need funds; and we ask all who can to lend a helping hand, and those who cannot give money, to help us by their prayers, and by making our work known.

Any communication should be addressed to

THE SISTER IN CHARGE, ST. MICHAEL'S, WANTAGE, BERKS.

‘LOOKING FOR MORE.’ *

THE sun is warm on the village green,
The snow is gone away;
A lovelier morning ne’er was seen,
’Tis a bright St. Valentine’s day.
‘The Spring is come!’ saith the child in glee;
‘No! Winter is not yet o’er;
There’s a lump of snow ’neath the white rose tree,
It is waiting there for more.

To what shall we liken the bright fresh day?
’Tis a vigorous youthful heart;
Slate-pencils and grammars are all put away,
And the teacher has done his part.
To what shall we liken the lump of snow,
Too near the threshold stone?
’Tis an unrepented sin—I trow
’Twill not long lie there alone.

Canterbury, 1860.

* *Vide* The Monthly Packet, February, p. 115.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

JUNE, 1875.

AN ETERNAL BETROTHAL.

‘I will betroth thee unto Me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in Righteousness, and in Judgment, and in Lovingkindness, and in Mercies. I will even betroth thee unto Me in Faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord.’—*Hosea*, ii. 19, 20.

I SAW Thee—Righteousness supreme,
Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
To Whom the Heavens are not clean—
I saw Thee, and my soul adored:
‘Draw me, I follow Thee,’ I cried;
‘I reach towards Thy Purity;
No foe shall pluck me from Thy side,
In Righteousness betrothed to Thee.’

But then athwart the vision crept
The shadow of one foul within
And foul without; and while I slept
A voice said, ‘Wake, and face thy sin.’
I seemed to see a Great White Throne,
To hear a sentence passed on me;
‘Yet so,’ I sobbed, ‘I am Thine own,
Betrothed in Judgment unto Thee.’

I knelt, and owned to all my past,
I bathed the Wounds that I had made,
And all my sins, from first to last,
Trembling before the Cross I laid.
Then came absolving accents sweet—
‘Rise up,’ Thou saidst, ‘forgiven, free;’
‘All Thine,’ I murmured, at Thy Feet,
‘By Loving-kindness bound to Thee.’

And still upon my upward road
 Shines out at times Thy pard'ning smile,
 And glimpses of Thy fair abode
 My sometime weary steps beguile.
 Thy very Self becomes my Food,
 Thy strength supports my misery;
 I cling for ever to Thy Rood,
 Betrothed in Mercies unto Thee.

And oh! if thus Thine own in life,
 How tenfold more Thine own in death!
 The vows that nerved me for the strife,
 Renewed with my last failing breath;
 For then the Love so dimly known
 Shall break in fulness over me,
 And then I shall be Thine *alone*,
 In Faithfulness betrothed to Thee.

F. W.

ODDS AND ENDS OF WEATHER WISDOM AND FRAGMENTS OF FOLK LORE.

APRIL.

When proud pined April, dressed in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

Shakespeare.

APRIL and Easter are quite as closely connected as Lent and March, seeing that they also once shared the same name, April being formerly called Oster or Ester, in honour of the goddess Eoster, whose festival was celebrated during this month—Verstegan telling us that 'Our Saxon ancestors called April by the name Ostermonat, some thinke of a goddessse called Goster, whereof I see no greate reason, for if it tooke appellation of such a goddessse, (a supposed causer of the Esterly windes,) it seemeth to have bin somewhat by some miswritten, and should rightly be Oster, not Goster. The windes indeed, by antient observation, were found in this moneth most commonly to blow from the East; and East in the Teutonicke is Ost; and Ost-End, which rightly in English is East-end, hath that name for the Easterne situation thereof, as to the ships it appeareth, which throwe the narrowe seas doe come from the West; so as our name of the feast of Easter may be as much as to say the feast of Oster, being yet at this present in Saxony called Ostern, whence commeth of Oster monat, their and our old name for April.'

However, whether the patroness of the East winds was Oster or

Goster, matters the less since so little is known about her, that Grimm is inclined to think that she must be the same as the goddess Freyja, who gave her name to Friday, and that this is the reason why the hare appears in so many of the Easter customs—especially in Germany—since the hare was the peculiar property of Freyja, who is still thought to walk in the fields at Aargau accompanied by a silver-grey hare, while at other times she was followed by two hares who carried her train. In Saxony it is the Easter hare that brings the Easter eggs; while the Suabian children begin their Easter by hunting for the hare's nest. But hare superstitions are so common to all countries from India to Lapland, that it seems as if one ought to go further back than Freyja and her favourites to find a reason for its appearance. The dislike which most south-country people have to meeting a hare, is thought to be a belief which has been handed down to them ever since the days when

‘The Romans in England they once did sway;’

for the Romans thought it a bad omen to meet either a hare or a woman the first thing in the morning. In later days it was held that if a hare crossed any one's path, that person would go out of his mind; while hare's flesh was to be avoided as likely to cause melancholy; and even now-a-days it is thought that if you eat too much hare you will be likely to be a coward. It is curious that a dislike to hares is common to a tribe called the Namequas, living on the south-west coast of Africa; but they give as the reason for it, that once upon a time the moon called to the hare and told him to take this message to man—‘As I die and am born again, so you shall die and be again alive;’ but the hare, instead of saying the right words, forgot, and said, ‘As I die and am *not* born again.’ The moon was so angry when he came back and told him what he had done, that he threw a stick at him with such force that it split his lip, and so it has remained to this day; and the hare was so frightened that he ran off, and has never stopped running from that time to this. The old Namequas say, ‘We are still disgusted with the hare, because he brought us such a message, therefore we will not eat him.’ But if the hare is disliked in Africa, it is held in high honour in Ceylon, where the natives are fond of borrowing telescopes in order to look for him in the moon, where they say that Buddha placed him as a reward for offering to be roasted for his supper when he had lost his way in a wood and was dying of hunger.

To return to England, however: though it is still bad luck to meet a hare, yet if you are unfortunate enough to do so, you can easily set matters right by spitting over your left shoulder, and saying,

‘Hare before,
Trouble behind:
Change ye,
Cross, and free me.’

or else by the still more simple charm which consists in touching each shoulder with your fore-finger, and saying,

‘Hare, hare,
God send thee care.’ *

I have never heard of more than these two lines being used, and indeed I do not think that the old man who told me of them knew any more ; but still it is singular that they should be the commencement of the disenchanting rhyme which witches used when they wished to resume their own shape. Even now, in these nineteenth century days, many people firmly believe that witches still take the shape of hares ; (though their motive for doing so is not easily to be discovered, since a hare is perhaps the most defenceless of animals ;) so that perhaps the dislike felt to these creatures may be partly accounted for in this manner. And yet the hare is good for something, for a hare’s foot worn round the neck or carried in the pocket is a remedy for the cramp, and has been as long ago as January 20, 1664, when Pepys wrote in his journal : ‘Homeward, in my way buying a hare and taking it home ; which arose from my discourse to-day with Mr. Batten in Westminster Hall, who shewed me my mistake that my hare’s foot hath not the joint in it, and assures me that he never had the colique since he carried it about.’

The Latin name, April, is said to come either from a Greek word for foam—because Venus, to whom this month was sacred, rose from the foam—or from Aperire, to open ; or as Scaliger thought, from Aper, a boar ; but Mr. Richardson says that the reasons against the two first derivations are stronger than any that exist for the last, so that he does not leave us much wiser than we were before.

April is tolerably well supplied with sayings. Everybody knows so well what to expect when ‘April weather’ is mentioned, that few people trouble themselves to add the

‘Rain and sunshine both together,’

which is the lawful termination ; though Shakespeare may have been thinking of it when he wrote of

‘The uncertain glories of an April day ;’

And yet rain and sunshine were not thought to be a happy combination ; indeed, in the Netherlands, there is said to be a fair in hell when this happens ; while the Poles hold that the witches are making butter ; and in Germany and in the North of England, if it rains while the sun is shining, the devil is beating his grandmother—he is laughing, and she is crying.

* ‘Hare, hare, God send thee care ;
I am in a hare’s likeness now,
But I shall be a woman even now :
Hare, Hare, God send thee care.’

Demonology and Witchcraft, 278.

'Averil le doux,
Quand il se fache le pire des tous,'

is a proverb for which we have no English equivalent; though we have plenty of our own, nevertheless; for instance: 'A sharp April kills the pig,' and 'April wears a white hat,' probably because there are so many white frosts during this month. In Wiltshire there is a saying—

'Plant your "tatars" when you will,
They won't come up before April;'

and we also know that

'April, with his hack and his bill,
Plants a flower on every hill.'

The Italians go further, and say that April makes the flowers, but May has the credit of it, for April and May are the keys of the year; but any way,

'The bee doth love the sweetest flower,
So doth the blossom the April shower;'

and there is a Spanish proverb, 'I will give you the whole world if you will give me April and May.' In Haute Saône there is a saying, 'Averil pleut aux hommes Mai pleut aux bêtes,' because rain in April is good for corn, and in May for grass; therefore, at Milan, April is ordered to 'Rain, rain, and make large sheaves;' while in England the 'April showers bring milk and meal;' and 'A growing April and a dry May, are good for wheat, but bad for hay.'

'April the first stands marked by custom's rules,
A day for being and for making fools;'

though, as Mr. Brady observes, it is rather to be regretted that not any custom or rule

'supplies
A day for making or for being wise;'

and certainly, April Fools day is so generally observed, that though our almanacks do not now, as they used fifty years ago, deliberately set down 'All Fools day' for the first of April, yet few people, particularly if they happen to possess any school-boy relations at home for the Easter holidays, are allowed to forget it. I believe the correct thing to say upon this occasion is—

'Fool, fool, April fool,
You learnt nothing by going to school;

but the legitimate period for fool-making is only till twelve o'clock; and if anyone attempts to make a fool after that time, the retort is—

'April fool time's past and gone,
You're the fool, and I'm none.'

This process is called hunting the gowk in Scotland, and the means by which it is accomplished is by sending an unhappy creature from place to place with a letter, in which is written,

‘ On the first of April
Hunt the gowk another mile ;

while the German children are sent to fetch crab’s blood and gnat’s fat, in the same way in which the English people go for strap oil, or pigeon’s milk.

Every European nation celebrates this day after the same fashion ; and even in India there is a festival called the ‘ Huli Festival,’ which takes place much about this time, where ‘ a subject of diversion is to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the people sent.’ *

In France the custom is called *Poisson de Averil*, and ‘ *Donner du poisson d’Averil*’ is to make a fool of anyone. The reason for the word *poisson* is not clearly known, since the derivation which connects it with our Lord’s Passion appears as far-fetched as it is irreverent.† Other writers say that ‘ the practice began from the mistake of Noah in sending the dove out of the Ark before the water had abated, on the 1st day of the month among the Hebrews which answers to our 1st of April ; and to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some sleeveless errand, similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch.’ A third suggestion is, that this custom may be traced to a memorable transaction between the Romans and the Sabines, when the Romans took possession of the Sabine women !‡ One certainly feels inclined after this to agree with Poor Robin—

‘ The first of April, some do say,
Is set apart for *All Fools day* ;
But why the people call it so,
Nor I nor they themselves do know.

* * * * *

But ’tis a thing to be disputed,
Which is the greatest fool reputed—
The man that innocently went,
Or he that him designedly sent.’

* Per. Cal. 156.

† Quant au mot de poisson il a été corrompu par l’ignorance du vulgaire car au lieu qu’on dit presentment *Poisson* on a dit *Passion* dès le commencement parceque la passion du Sauveur du Monde est arrivée environs ce temps là et d’autant que les Juifs furent faire diverse Courses a lui pour se moquer de lui le renvoyans d’Annè a Caïphe de Caïphe a Pilate ainsi on a pris cette ridicule ou plutôt impie coûtume de faire courir et de renvoyer d’un endroit à l’autre ceux desquels on se vent moquer environs ces jours là.—*Belingen Etymologie*, 1656.

‡ Ellis Brand, vol. i. 79.

Seriously, it seems most likely that April Day is celebrated as part of the festivity of New Year's Day, which used to be on the 25th March; for great festivals being usually attended by an Octave, the 1st of April, being the close of that Octave, may have been employed in fool making, all other sports having been exhausted in the foregoing seven days.

'If it thunders on All Fool's day,
It brings good crops of corn and hay,'

is one of the sayings belonging to this day; while if the first three days of April be foggy, there will be a flood in June. In Ireland, these three days, and not the last three in March, are called the borrowing days, and bad weather may be expected on them; and there it is said that March begged them of April, in order that he might finish killing the old woman's cow.

The 3rd of April comes with the cuckoo* and the nightingale, and I am told that in Switzerland it is thought that the cuckoo cannot sing before this day. They have a proverb—

'Am dretta Abarella,
Moss der gugger grüena haber schuella.'

for not a note can he sing till he has sucked the egg of another bird. If the nightingale is heard before the cuckoo, then, according to Milton,

'Thy liquid notes that clear the eve of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love.'

It seems rather retracing one's steps to go back to the cuckoo, but I heard another saying connected with him the other day, which was new to me:

'Go and hear the cuckoo cry,
Sit and see the swallow fly;
See the foal by its mother lie,
And there'll be a good year for ye;'

while

'Cuckoo oats† and woodcock hay
Make the farmer run away,'

I suppose because both are untimely crops.

There is another piece of good advice belonging to April, which is common to most countries: 'In April don't put off a thread, in May put on double;' the French version being, '*Au mois d'Averil ne quitte pas fil*;' while the Italian is—

* There are two extra lines to the common cuckoo's song, which are current in Sussex—

'In August go he must,
For a cuckoo in September
No man can remember.'

† Cuckoo corn is corn sown very late in the spring, and always a bad crop.

'Avril pa' un fil,
Maggie addagie,
Giung' slargo l'pugna. *

The 2nd of April is dedicated to St. Francis of Paula, the founder of the Minimite Order, who, although he is not commemorated in our Calendar, is worth remembering if only for the sake of the pretty story about him and the swallows. He was preaching at a place where he could not make himself heard because the swallows, who were building their nests, made such an incessant noise. At last he said, 'Sister Swallows, it is time for me to speak; as you have said enough, pray be silent:' and so they were.† Our own saints, St. Richard and St. Alphege, have no sayings of their own; but St. George is rich in them, as becomes the patron saint of England, and one of the seven champions of Christendom, who was the

'St. George of merry England, the sign of victory!'

though England cannot alone claim him, for several other countries chose him for their patron as well. His connection with England is said to be derived 'from his having appeared at the head of a numerous army, carrying a red cross banner, to help Godfrey de Bouillon against the Saracens at the siege of Antioch; since which time he has been regarded as the champion of Christendom, as well as of England.' He was first acknowledged as the patron saint of England at the synod of Oxford, 1220,‡ though before that time the place had been filled by Edward the Confessor, while the Order of the Garter was founded 1349.

St. George was invoked for nightmare among other things, by the following charm, which is given in Scot's 'Discoverie of Witchcraft,' 1584.

'St. George, St. George, our ladies knight,
He walkt by daie, so did he by night;
Until such time as hir he found,
He hir beat, and he hir bound;
Until hir troth she to him plight,
He would not come to hir that night.'

* 'In April not a thread; in May gently begin; in June open your hand. (freely change.)

† We have this pretty story; but, alas! it belongs to St. Francis of Assisi, founder of the Minorites, not the Mimimites.

‡ Selden, in 'The Titles of Honour,' however, says, 'In the consideration how he came to be as the Patron Saint of England, we may easier gness at the reason why his name was chosen by them than when it was chosen; . . . but though I have not observed any warrantable story either of invocation of his name, or other peculiar honour done to him by the English, as drawing him to their part, before Edward III., yet it is very likely that he was long before taken by our nation as their patron saint. . . . But I should sooner have gnessed that his name had been taken to us by Edward III., if I had not seen that even in a most antient Martyrology peculiarly belonging to this kingdom he is the only saint mentioned for the three-and-twentieth April, though both in the Greek and Latin martyrologies there be divers more beside him on that day. Unless there had been some singular honour given him from this nation, why should his name alone be so honoured with it? I determine nothing here. I see not light enough.'

There is a French prophecy connected with St. George—

‘Quand George Dieu emancipera,
Que Marc le ressucitera;
Et que St. Jean le portera,
La fin du monde arrivera.’

If Good Friday falls on St. George's day, Corpus Christi will be on St. John's, and the end of the world will come. I believe that the first two facts will be realized in 1886. At Milan there is a somewhat similar saying—

‘Quand Sant Giorg el ven in Pasqua,
Per el monâ gh'e gran borasca.’

i. e. when Easter falls on St. George's day there will be great trouble throughout the world. Strangely enough, this really happened in 1848, the year of revolutions. Another proverb of this nature is,

‘Quand Jean fait jeuner Dieu
Abondance de bien en tout lieu,’

for when Easter falls on the 24th of April, Corpus Christi will fall on the eve of St. John, which is a festival.

The Russians say, ‘St. George feeds the cow, St. Nicolas (May 9th) the horse, St. Elias (July 20th) begins the harvest, the Blessed Mother of God (Sept. 8th) ends it, and St. Mary the Intercessor (Oct. 1st) clears the field;’* while there is a Serbian legend, which also allots their respective shares to these saints, though St. George is the hero of it. ‘Once upon a time the saints assembled to divide among themselves the treasures of the world, and in this division each saint obtained something which satisfied him. Summer and its flowers fell to St. George's share. St. Elias had the clouds and thunder, St. Pantelija the tempest, St. Peter the keys of Heaven, St. Nicolas the ships, St. Michael the souls of the dying, St. John friendship, and the holy Lady Mary, the cursed country of the Troyans. After a time the Holy Mary returned to the other saints, saying that she could do nothing with the Troyans, as they were devoted to a silver idol, and she wished that they should be punished by lightning; but Elias, the owner of the lightning, proposed that their punishment should be mitigated, and that they should have “a warning” in the shape of snow, which should fall at Mitrovdan, and last till St. George's day, and then more snow should fall on St. George's day (April 25th, O. S.) and last till Mitrovdan. This, however, did not cure the Troyans, and small-pox was sent them, which also failed; and they were finally subjected to the inroads of a dragon, who fed on young men and maidens. At length, when it came to the turn of the King's daughter, a knight appeared, who was none other than St. George himself, who pinned the dragon to the bottom of the lake which it chiefly haunted, with his lance. He then rode in triumph to the city, and gave the so long stiff-

necked people some good advice, which had the effect of turning them from the error of their ways, whereupon he returned to the lake and made the sign of the cross above it, when it instantly disappeared, carrying the dragon with it. Having done this, St. George went back to Heaven, to recount to the saints there assembled the conversion of the Trojan people.*

Who was St. George, besides being

‘The famous president of Wara,
Whom we adore instead of Mars’?

is a question which many people have asked before now, and which I suppose one must go to the Popular Myths of the Middle Ages for an answer; and yet, nevertheless, one feels an irresistible impulse to reply to it off-hand out of the dear old ‘Seven Champions of Christendom.’ How ‘St. George’ was stolen from his nurse by Kalyb, the lady of the woods; and how, when he grew up, he rescued Sabra, the daughter of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, from a burning dragon, but was betrayed by Almidor, the black King of Morocco, and confined seven years in prison in Persia. (His adventures were an excellent lesson in geography.) How he escaped from prison, and again rescued the Queen of Egypt from her enemies—in doing which, he fell in with St. David, St. Patrick, St. Andrew, St. Anthony, St. James, and St. Denis; and what hair-breadth ‘scapes they went through in company, till at last they married: St. Denis having Celestine Princess of Thessaly; and ‘the Italian champion, Rosaline, the fair daughter of the King of Thrace;’ while ‘St. Patrick† married another of the six Thracian ladies, and had a son, Sir Phelim.’ All these particulars have been too firmly impressed upon one ever since one’s earliest days, ever to be forgotten. Still, to do full justice to the Seven Champions, I fancy that it ought to be read as soon as one can read anything—for no one can fully appreciate it if they read it for the first time when they are past the age of believing that everything in print *must* be true—and if, added to this, it had to be spelt (as I had to spell it) out of an old black-letter copy, where every third word was a puzzle, and yet the story was too delightful to be given up, then the charm is perfect, and St. George and his companions are friends for life.

Though

‘St. George he was for England, St. Denis was for France,’

yet the French have a good many sayings belonging to the former; for instance, in Picardy, they say—

* Serbian Folk Lore, Edited by Rev. W. Denton.

† The real St. Patrick is said to have married St. Sheelah or St. Sheeley; and her day is the 18th of March, the day after St. Patrick’s. If it rain on that day, the Irish people say that St. Patrick is beating his wife.

‘Georget, Market, Croisset (May 3rd), Urbanet (May 24th),
Sont, quatre mauvais garçonnets (garçons),
Et encore, Philippet (St. Philip of Neri, May 26th),
Sil en meldit;’

while at Aube, it is said—

‘Georget, Marquet, Phalet (St. Vitalis, April 28th),
Sont trois casseurs de gobelets;’

for if it rains during these three days there will be a bad vintage, while if it freezes on these days, it is a sign of a bad harvest.

Blue is St. George's colour, and the hare-bell his own special flower, according to the Catholic Florist—

‘Against St. George, when blue is worn,
The blue hare-bell the fields adorn,’

though the rose is the English emblem.

‘St. George cries Goe,
St. Mark cries Hoe,’

is a very old saying, but one for which I have not been able to find any explanation; but St. George and St. Mark are so often coupled together, that perhaps some of my readers may be wiser than I am.

Another English proverb is—

‘To smell of April and May,
Black-cross day;’

for St. Mark's Day was so called from the black covers of the crosses and relics in the procession of the Great Litany, used at Rome on this day, and instituted by St. Gregory the Great, A. D. 590, on occasion of a pestilence.

There are two curious superstitions connected with St. Mark; one a Welch one—that no farmer dares hold his team in Wales on that day, because, as is believed, one man's team that did so was marked by the loss of an ox; the other, which is common to all parts of England, is that if anyone will watch in the church-porch from eleven to one, for three successive years, on St. Mark's Eve, he will see, on the third, the shades of those who are to die during the ensuing year, go round the church, and then enter it. And I have been told of a man who won for himself a bad word, but good treatment, from all his acquaintances, by doing this—as if anybody offended him, he could ‘forespeak’ them; and every south-country person knows what are the ill effects of ‘forespeaking;’ while another man actually died of fright at seeing what he fancied to be his own ghost pass by him.

‘Black-thorn winter,’ or the hard weather which comes when the black-thorn is in blossom, is usually towards the end of April. Indeed, the Scotch include April in their winter quarter, and say, ‘Winter never

comes till ware comes.* In Germany, the black-thorn is said to spring from the grave of a heathen; while the English people do not trouble themselves to account for its growth, but think of it as a death-token if it is brought into the house; though, as a single primrose, a snowdrop, and a daffodil, are all likewise death-tokens, it by no means stands alone in this questionable honour.

April is a tolerably fortunate month, according to the 'Shepherds' Calendar, for there are only two unlucky days, the 6th and 11th, to three lucky, the 13th, 22nd, and 27th; but an old MS. quoted in 'Notes and Queries,' added the 1st to this number, for—

'The first Monday in April, the day on which Cain was born, and Abel was slain;
The second Monday in August, on which day Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed;
The 31st December, on which day Judas was born, who betrayed the world;
These be dangerous days to begin any business, fall sick, or undertake a journey.'

Finally, seeing that the Second Sunday after Easter usually falls in April, there is another April saying—to wit, that mackerel are never in season till Balaam's ass speaks in church, (or the twenty-second and twenty-third chapters of Numbers are read;) with which proverb I may as well conclude, hoping that most people will agree with me in thinking that it is

'Oh to be in England now that April's there!'

(To be continued.)

B. C. C.

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DEMONSTRATIONS.

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

Burns.

THE hours of the *soirée* had been early; but the breakfast was so irregular and undecided as to time, that no one took much notice of an intimation which Jenkins had received from the grim Mrs. Grindstone that Mrs. Charnock Poyntsett would take breakfast in her own room. Indeed, they all felt glad that her views of etiquette did not bind them to their places; for Frank was burning to be off to Sirenwood, forgetting

* In the peculiar pronunciation of Galloway, *w* is sounded for *v*; thus February, March, and April are called the ware quarter, from *ver*, spring.—*Dean Ramsay.*

that it was far easier to be too early than too late for Sir Harry Vivian, who was wont to smoke till long after midnight, and was never visible till the mid-day repast.

And thus it was Lady Tyrrell who came to Frank alone. 'Early afoot,' she said; 'you foolish impatient fellow! You *will* outrun my best advice.'

'Ah! but I'm armed. I always told you we might trust to my mother, and it is all right. She loves Lenore with all her heart, and consents freely and gladly.'

'Indeed! Well, the dear child has made her conquest!'

'I always knew she would, when once reserve was broken down.'

'Did you get up the alarm on purpose?'

'Really, one would think I had done so. One such moment was worth years of ordinary meetings! Half the battle is won!'

'Have you seen your mother this morning?'

'No; but she knew I was coming.'

'Then you do not know what her feelings are, on cooler reflection?'

'My mother would never retract what she has once assured me of,' said Frank haughtily.

'Forgive me—of what has she assured you?'

'That she regards Eleonora as a dear daughter, and that implies doing the same for me as for my brothers. If Sir Harry would but be so good as to come and see her—'

'Stay, Frank, you have not come that length. You forget that if you have, as you say, gained half the battle, there is another half; and that my father very reasonably feels hurt at being the last to be favoured with the intelligence.'

'Dear Lady Tyrrell, you can see how it was. There was no helping it when once I could speak to Lenore; and then no one would have let me utter a word till I had gone through the examination. We never meant to go on a system of concealment; but you know how everyone would have raved and stormed if I had betrayed a thought beyond old Driver, and yet it was only being at rest about Lenore that carried me through without breaking down. Can't you see?'

'You special pleader! May you win over my father; but you must remember that we are a fallen house, unable to do all we wish.'

'If I might see Sir Harry! I must make him forgive me.'

'I will see whether he is ready.'

Could Frank's eyes have penetrated the walls, he would have seen Lady Tyrrell received with the words, 'Well, my dear, I hope you have got rid of the young man—poor fellow!'

'I am afraid that cannot be done, without your seeing him yourself.'

'Hang it! I hate it! I can't abide it, Camilla. He's a nice lad, though he is his mother's son; and Lenore's heart is set on him, and I can't bear vexing the child.'

'Lena cares for him only because she met him before she knew what

life is like. After one season, she will understand what five hundred a year means.'

'Well, you ought to know your sister best; but if the lad has spoken to her, Lena is not the girl to stand his getting his *congé* so decidedly.'

'Exactly; it would only lead to heroics, and deepen the mischief.'

'Hang it! Then what do you want me to say?'

'Stand up for your rights, and reduce him to submission by displeasure at not having been consulted. Then explain how there can be no engagement at once; put him on his honour to leave her free till after her birth-day in November.'

'What, have him dangling after her? That's no way to make her forget him.'

'She never will under direct opposition—she is too high-spirited for that; but if we leave it alone, and they are unpledged, there is a fair chance of her seeing the folly both for her and for him.'

'I don't know that. Lena may be high-flown; but things go deep with the child—deeper than they did with you, Camilla!'

Perhaps this was a stab, for there was bitterness in the answer. 'You mean that she is less willing to give up a fancy for the family good. Remember, it is doubly imperative that Lena should marry a man whose means are in his own power, so that he could advance something. This would be simply ruin—throwing up the whole thing, after all I have done to retrieve our position.'

'After all, Camilla, I am growing an old man, and poor Tom is gone; I don't know that the position is worth so much to me as the happiness to her, poor child!' said Sir Harry wistfully.

'Happiness!' was the scornful answer. 'If you said "her own way," it would be nearer the truth. A back street in London—going about in a cab—and occasional holidays on sufferance from Mrs. Poyndsett.'

However little happiness either father or daughter had derived from their chosen ways, this idea was abhorrent to both; and Lady Tyrrell pressed her advantage. 'If we keep him waiting much longer, he will be rushing after Lena; and if you shew the least sign of relenting, he will insist on dragging you to an interview with his mother.'

The threat was effectual; for Sir Harry had had passages-at-arms enough with Mrs. Poyndsett to make him dread her curt dry civility far more than either dun or bailiff, and he was at once roused to the determination to be explicit.

Frank met him, with crimson face and prepared speech. 'Good morning, Sir Harry! I am afraid you may think that you have reason to complain of my not having spoken to you sooner; but I trusted to your previous knowledge of my feelings, and I was anxious to ascertain my position before laying it before you, though I don't believe I should have succeeded, unless my mind had been set at rest.'

Soft-hearted Sir Harry muttered, 'I understand, but—'

The pause at that 'but' was so long, that Frank ventured on going

on. 'I have not had an official communication, but I know privately that I have passed well, and stand favourably for promotion, so that my income will go on increasing; and my mother will make over to me five thousand pounds, as she has done to Miles and Julius, so that it can be settled on Eleonora at once!'

'There, there, that's enough!' said Sir Harry, coerced by his daughter's glances; 'there's plenty of time before coming to all that! You see, my dear boy, I always liked you, and had an immense respect for your—your family; but, you see, Eleonora is young, and under the circumstances she ought not to engage herself. She can't any way marry before coming of age, and—considering all things—I should much prefer that this should go no further.'

'You ought both to be free!' said Lady Tyrrell.

'That I can never be!'

'Nor do you think that she can—only it sounds presumptuous,' smiled Lady Tyrrell. 'Who can say? But things have to be proved; and considering what young untried hearts are, it is safer and happier for both that there should be perfect freedom, so that no harm should be done, if you found that you had not known your own minds.'

'It will make no difference to me.'

'Oh yes, we know that!' laughed Sir Harry. 'Only suppose you changed your mind, we could not be angry with you.'

'You don't think I could!'

'No, no,' said Lady Tyrrell; 'we think no such thing. Don't you see, if we did not trust your honour, we could not leave this in suspense. All we desire is that these matters may be left till it is possible to see our way, when the affairs of the estate are wound up; for we can't tell what the poor child will have. Come, don't repeat that it will make no difference. It may not to you; but it must to us, and to your mother.'

'My mother expects nothing!' said Frank eagerly; but it was a false step.

Sir Harry bristled up, saying, 'Sir, my daughter shall go into no family that—that has not a proper appreciation of—and expectations befitting her position.'

'Dear Papa,' exclaimed Lady Tyrrell, 'he means no such thing. He is only crediting his mother with his own romantic ardour and disinterestedness.—Hark! there actually is the gong. Come and have some luncheon, and contain yourself, you foolish boy!'

'I am sorry I said anything that seemed unfitting,' said Frank meekly. 'You know I *could* not mean it!'

'Yes, yes, yes, I bear no malice; only one does not like to see one's own child courted without a voice in the matter, and to hear she is to be taken as a *favour*, expecting nothing. But, there, we'll say no more. I like you, Frank Charnock! and only wish you had ten thousand a year, or were anyone else; but you see—you see— Well, let's eat our luncheon.'

‘Does she know this decision?’ asked Frank, aside, as he held open the door for Lady Tyrrell.

‘Yes, she knows it can go no further; though we are too merciful to deny you the beatific vision, provided you are good, and abstain from any more little *tendresses* for the present.—Ah!’ enter Cecil; ‘I thought we should see you to-day, my dear!’

‘Yes; I am on my way to meet my husband at the station,’ said Cecil, meeting her in the hall, and returning her kiss.

‘Is Raymond coming home to-day?’ said Frank, as he too exchanged greetings. ‘Ah! I remember; I did not see you at breakfast this morning.’

‘No!’ and there was signification in the voice; but Frank did not heed it, for coming down-stairs was Eleonora, her face full of a blushing sweetness, which gave it all the beauty it had ever lacked.

He could do no more than look and speak before all the rest; the carriage was ordered for the sisters to go out together, and he lingered in vain for a few words in private, for Sir Harry kept him talking about Captain Duncombe’s wonderful colt, till Cecil had driven off one way, and their two hostesses the other; and he could only ride home to tell his mother how he had sped.

Better than Rosamond, better even than Charlie, was his mother as a confidante; and though she had been surprised into her affectionate acceptance of Eleonora, it was an indescribable delight to mother and son to find themselves once more in full sympathy; while he poured out all that had been pent up ever since his winter at Rockpier. She almost made common cause with him in the question, what would Raymond say? And it proved to be news to her that her eldest son was to be immediately expected at home. Cecil had not come to see her, and had sent her no message; but ungracious inattention was not so uncommon as to excite much remark from one who never wished to take heed to it; and it was soon forgotten in the praise of Eleonora.

Cecil meanwhile was receiving Raymond at the station. He was pleased to see her there in her pony-carriage, but a little startled by the brief coldness of her reply to his inquiry after his mother, and the tight compression of her lips all the time they were making their way through the town, where, as usual, he was hailed every two or three minutes by persons wanting a word with him. When at last there was a free space, she began: ‘Raymond, I wish to know whether you mean me to be set at naught, and my friends deliberately insulted?’

‘What?’

A gentleman here hurried up with ‘I’ll not detain you a minute.’

He did, however, keep them for what seemed a great many, to the chafing spirit which thought a husband should have no ears save for his wife’s wrongs; so she made her preface even more startling—‘Raymond, I cannot remain in the house any longer with Lady Rosamond Charnock and those intolerable brothers of hers!’

'Perhaps you will explain yourself,' said Raymond, almost relieved by the evident exaggeration of the expressions.

'There has been a conspiracy to thwart and insult me—a regular conspiracy!'

'Cecil! let me understand you. What can have happened?'

'When I arranged an evening for my friends to meet Mrs. Tallboys, I did not expect to have it swamped by a pack of children, and noisy nonsensical games, nor that both she and I should be insulted by practical jokes and a personal charade.'

'A party to meet Mrs. Tallboys?'

'A ladies' party, a *conversazione*.'

'What—by my mother's wish?'

'I was given to understand that I had *carte blanche* in visiting matters.'

'You did not ask her consent?'

'I saw no occasion.'

'You did not?'

'No.'

'Then, Cecil, I must say that whatever you may have to complain of, you have committed a grave act of disrespect.'

'I was told that I was free to arrange these things!'

'Free!' said Raymond, thoroughly roused; 'free to write notes, and order the carriage, and play lady of the house; but did you think that made you free to bring an American mountebank of a woman to hold forth absurd trash in my mother's own drawing-room, as soon as my back was turned?'

'I should have done the same had you been there.'

'Indeed!' ironically; 'I did not know how far you had graduated in the Rights of Women. So you invited these people!'

'Then the whole host of children was poured in on us, and everything imaginable done to intercept, and render everything rational impossible. I know it was Rosamond's contrivance, she looked so triumphant, dressed in an absurd fancy dress, and her whole train doing nothing but turn me into ridicule, and Mrs. Tallboys too. Whatever you choose to call her, you cannot approve of a stranger and foreigner being insulted here. It is that about which I care—not myself; I have seen none of them since, nor shall I do so until a full apology has been made to my guest and to myself.'

'You have not told me the offence.'

'In the first place, there was an absurd form of Christmas-tree, to which one was dragged blindfold, and sedulously made ridiculous; and I—I had a dust-pan and brush. Yes, I had, in mockery of our endeavours to purify that unhappy street.'

'I should have taken it as a little harmless fun,' said Raymond. 'Depend on it, it was so intended.'

'What, when Mrs. Tallboys had a padlock and key? I see you are

determined to laugh at it all. Most likely they consulted you beforehand.'

'Cecil, I cannot have you talk such nonsense. Is this all you have to complain of?'

'No. There was a charade on the word Blockhead, where your brother Charles and the two De Lanceys caricatured what they supposed to be Mrs. Tallboys' doctrines.'

'How did she receive it?'

'Most good-humouredly; but that made it no better on their part.'

'Are you sure it was not a mere ordinary piece of pleasantry, with perhaps a spice of personality, but nothing worth resenting?'

'You did not see it. Or perhaps you think no indignity towards me worth resentment?'

'I do not answer that, Cecil; you will think better of those words another time,' said Raymond sternly. 'But when you want your cause taken up, you have to remember that whatever the annoyance, you brought it upon yourself and her, by your own extraordinary proceeding towards my mother—I will not say towards myself. I will try to smoothe matters. I think the De Lanceys must have acted foolishly; but the first step ought to be an expression of regret for such conduct towards my mother.'

'I cannot express regret. I ought to have been told if there were things forbidden.'

'Must I forbid your playing Punch and Judy, or dancing on the tight-rope?' cried Raymond, exasperated.

Cecil bit her lip, and treated the exclamation with the silent dignity of a deeply injured female; and thus they reached home, when Raymond said, 'Come to your senses, Cecil, and apologise to my mother. You can explain that you did not know the extent of your powers.'

'Certainly not. They all plotted against me, and I am the person to whom apology is due.'

Wherewith she marched up-stairs, leaving Raymond horribly perplexed, to repair at once to his mother's room, where Frank still was; but after replying about his success in the examination, the younger brother retreated, preferring that his story should be told by his mother; but she had not so much as entered on it when Raymond demanded what had so much disturbed Cecil.

'I was afraid she would be vexed,' said Mrs. Poyntsett; 'but we were in a difficulty. We thought she hardly knew what she had been led into, and that as she had invited her ladies, it would do less harm to change the character of the party than to try to get it given up.'

'I have no doubt you did the best you could,' said Raymond, speaking with more like censure of his mother than he had ever done since the hot days of his love for Camilla Vivian; 'and you could have had nothing to do with the personalities that seem to have been the sting.'

Mrs. Poyntsett, true boy-lover that she was, had been informed of the

success of Tom's naughtiness—not indeed till after it was over, when there was nothing to be done but to shake her head and laugh; and now she explained so that her son came to a better understanding of what had happened.

As to the extinguishing Woman's Rights in child's play, he saw that it had been a wise manoeuvre of his mother, to spare any appearance of dissension, while preventing what she disapproved and what might have injured his interests; but he was much annoyed with the De Lanceys for having clogged the measure with their own folly; and judging of cause by effect, he would hear of no excuse for Rosamond, or her brothers; and went away resolved that though nothing should induce him to quarrel with Julius, yet he should tell him plainly that he must restrain his wife and her brothers from annoying Cecil by their practical jokes. He was, as usual, perfectly gentle to his mother, and thanked her for her arrangement. 'It was not her fault that it had not turned out better,' he said; and he did not seem to hear her exoneration of Rosamond.

He had scarcely gone, when Rosamond came in from the village, asking whether he were arrived, as she had seen his hat in the hall.

'Yes, Rosamond. You did not tell me of Cecil's vexation!'

'Cecil? Have I seen her since? No, I remember now. But is she angry? Was it the dust-pan? Oh! Tom, Tom!'

'That and the Blockhead. Did Tom say anything very cutting?'

'Why, it was an old stock charade they acted two years ago! I had better tell her so!'

'If you would, it would be an immense relief, my dear. Raymond is very much annoyed; she says she will speak to nobody till she has had an apology.'

'Then she can be as great a goose as I! Why, the Yankee muse and Mrs. Duncombe took all in good part; but Cecil has not an atom of fun in her. Don't you think that was the gift the fairies left out at the christening of the all-endowed princess?'

Mrs. Poyntsett laughed, but anxiously. 'My dear, if you can make peace, it will be a family blessing.'

'I! I'll eat any dirt in the world, and make Tom eat it too, rather than you should be vexed, or make discord in the house,' cried Rosamond, kissing her, and speeding away to Cecil's door.

It was Raymond who opened it, looking perturbed and heated, but a good deal amazed at seeing his intended scape-goat coming thus boldly to present herself.

'Let me in,' she breathlessly said. 'I am come to tell Cecil how sorry I am she was so much vexed; I really did not know it before.'

'I am ready to accept any proper apology that is offered me,' said Cecil, with cold dignity; 'but I cannot understand your profession that you did not know I was vexed. You could have intended nothing else!'

'But, Cecil, you misunderstood—' began Rosamond.

‘I never misunderstand—’

‘No human creature can say that!’ interposed Raymond, immensely thankful to Rosamond—whatever her offence—for her overtures, and anxious they should be accepted.

‘I could not,’ continued Cecil, ‘misunderstand the impertinent insults offered to my friends and to myself; though if Lady Rosamond is willing to acknowledge the impropriety, I will overlook it.’

Rosamond’s face and neck crimsoned, but Raymond’s presence helped her to rein in her temper; and she thought of Julius, and refrained from more than a ‘Very well. It was meant as a harmless joke, and—and if you—you did not take it so, I am very sorry.’

Raymond saw the effort, and looked at his wife for softening; but as he saw none, he met the advance by saying kindly, ‘I am sure it was so meant, though the moment was unfortunate.’

‘Indeed it was so,’ cried Rosamond, feeling it much easier to speak to him, and too generous to profess her own innocence and give up Tom. ‘It was just a moment’s idle fancy—just as we’ve chaffed one another a hundred times; and for the Blockhead, it is the boys’ pet old stock charade that they’ve acted scores of times. It was mere thoughtlessness; and I’ll do or say anything Cecil pleases, if only she won’t bother Julius or Mrs. Poyntsett about our foolishness.’ And the mist of tears shone in the dark lashes, as she held out her hand.

‘I cannot suppose it mere thoughtlessness—’ began Cecil: but Raymond cut her short with angry displeasure, of which she had not supposed him capable. ‘This is not the way to receive so kind an apology. Take Rosamond’s hand, and respond properly.’

To respond *properly* was as little in Cecil’s power as her will; but she had not been an obedient daughter for so large a proportion of her life without having an instinct for the voice of real authority, and she did not refuse her hand, with the words, ‘If you express regret, I will say no more about it.’

And Rosamond, thinking of Julius and his mother, swallowed the ungraciousness; and saying, ‘Thank you,’ turned to go away.

‘Thank you most heartily for this, my dear Rosamond,’ said Raymond, holding out his hand, as he opened the door for her; ‘I esteem it a very great kindness.’

Rosamond, as she felt the strong pressure of his hand, looked up in his face with a curious arch compassion in her great grey eyes. He shut the door behind her, and saw Cecil pouting by the mantel-piece, vexed at being forced into a reconciliation; even while she knew she could not persist in sending all the family except Frank to Coventry. He was thoroughly angry at the dogged way in which she had received this free and generous peace-making; and he could not but shew it. ‘Well!’ he said, ‘I never saw an apology made with a better grace, nor received with a worse one.’

Cecil made no reply. He stood for a minute looking at her, with

eyes of wondering displeasure; then with a little gesture of amazement, left the room.

Cecil felt like the drowning woman when she gave the last scissor-like gesture with her fingers. She was ready to fall into a chair and cry. A sense of desolateness was very strong on her; and that look in his dark eyes had seemed to blast her.

But pride came to her aid. Grindstone was moving about ready to dress her for dinner. No one should see that she was wounded, or that she took home displeasure which she did not merit. So she held up her head, and was chilling and dignified all dinner-time; after which she repaired to Lady Tyrrell's *conversazione*.

(To be continued.)

SPEEDWELL.

CHAPTER XII.

REAPING.

OWEN's summer holidays had begun, and he was looking forward with great delight to going to Scotland with his uncle's family, as soon as Lord Bebington could leave Town. Meantime, Owen thought he might have been allowed to go home—however, it was so very kind of his parents to consent to his going to Scotland, that he meant to be very good, and hoped that by the time he returned from the moors, Osmond might be well enough for them to see a good deal of one another.

The real state of the case had been concealed from Owen, not exactly intentionally; but Lady Mary did not wish to sadden his holidays sooner than necessary; and she had little idea of the intensity of affection, half indignant nature, half romance, which he bestowed upon a brother of whom she had not heard him speak for years. An accidental revelation came, however, as it very often does in such cases.

There was a dinner-party at Lord Bebington's, after which Owen, as a matter of course, appeared in the drawing-room, and found it very dull work. He did not wish to be patronized by the fine ladies, who indeed on their part had an idea that a school-boy is never so much out of his element as when stepping on tulle dresses, and were therefore shyer of him than of his younger cousins. The gentlemen took no notice of him; and when two young ladies deprived him of his only rational occupation by establishing themselves in front of his volume of Leech's pictures from Punch, he retired in gloomy boredom to a side-table, and began trying in how many different ways he could get off all the solitaire balls.

He had had recourse to this forlorn hope often enough before, not to

find it very engrossing; and when his uncle and a stranger came and stood with their backs to his table, he listened to what they were saying.

‘Lettridge has not been in town this season, I think?’ the stranger said.

‘Scarcely—that is, not so that one saw anything of him. He was here for some weeks, looking after his eldest son, who was ill.’

‘Ah! the reprobate? Has *he* turned up again? What is he doing?’

‘At present he is at Ashmoor, very ill,’ said Lord Bebington, rendered guarded by a consciousness that his nephew might be somewhere near, though he could not see him.

‘What a thorn in your sister’s side he must be! I should hardly suppose she ardently desired his recovery!’

The low grave tone of Lord Bebington’s answer was all that Owen could catch, though he strained his ears with breathless anxiety; but whatever had been said, the stranger evidently perceived that his host did not choose to have the subject lightly treated.

‘Indeed? Well, after all one can’t be sorry. It sounds brutal to say it, but it will be an immense relief to your sister. She has had her hands tied all these years.’

Lord Bebington now succeeded in changing the subject; and although Owen listened with painful anxiety to every syllable he could catch during the rest of the evening, he did not think it was referred to again.

Little as he had heard, it had startled and shocked him extremely, making him feel sure that Osmond was far more ill than he had had any idea of; and the fear that he had been purposely kept in ignorance, and was being sent out of the way, nearly maddened him.

He did not know how to behave with propriety in the drawing-room, and yet he dared not leave it, lest he should thereby lose a chance of hearing more.

At length the visitors departed, and Lord Bebington, after a somewhat long chat with his wife, went down to his own sitting-room. He was not prepared to find his nephew awaiting him; but when he saw him he had little doubt what brought him, though he did not think fit to tell him so.

‘Why are you not in bed, Owen?’ he said, a little nervously.

‘I want to speak to you.’

‘Well, what is it? Would it not wait till to-morrow?’

‘No! I have been waiting all the evening till I am mad,’ Owen burst forth passionately. ‘You must and shall tell me about Osmond!’

‘What about him?’ said the uncle, anxious to gain time, but feeling the boy had been hardly used, and hating the consciousness that he was a party to deception.

‘Is he—’ Owen positively *could* not put the question he had been waiting hours to ask. He changed its form. ‘Is he very ill?’

‘*Very*,’ said Lord Bebington emphatically.

‘And I am being sent to Scotland to be out of his way!’

‘Your father and mother thought you would prefer it,’ said the uncle,

hating his work. 'They do not want you to have a dreary holidays; and with your half-brother so ill, you would find it very dull at Ashmoor.'

'That is a lie, and they know it!' cried Owen furiously. 'I am sure it is the Chaplain's doing. They *know* I had rather be with Osmond, and so they tempt me out of the way.'

There was much of the honest John Bull in Lord Bebington, and he liked the boy for his vehemence, alarming as it was. Still he tried to carry out his sister's wishes.

'Be reasonable, Owen. You know you cannot really care much for a half-brother whom you have hardly seen!'

There is sometimes a sting in the simple word 'half,' that those who say it little guess; and Lord Bebington was by no means prepared for the fury into which it lashed his nephew.

In his frantic excitement Owen seized a book, and appeared ready to hurl it at his uncle. 'Half or whole, he is my only brother!' he exclaimed; 'and throughout my life they have been trying to separate us. I can't and won't stand it any longer. I am not coming to Scotland with you, Uncle!'

'Very well, Owen. I am not going to take you against your will. Come here, and try to think it over rationally. If I were you, I should go home, I confess honestly; and if I had been left to myself I would have told you all sooner, but your mother wished to spare you. Now if I promise that you shall start by the first train to-morrow, will you give me your word that you go to bed at once?'

Owen saw he might trust his uncle, and therefore did as he was bid, glad to find someone who hated trickery as much as he did himself.

'Here is a pretty mess!' soliloquized Lord Bebington, as soon as he was rid of his nephew. 'They'll ruin everything if they don't take care what they are about! They are going the way to drive that boy into heresy, and fair play is the only hope of keeping him amongst us. I shall tell Mary so, plainly; but considering her belief in that Fred Tracey and his brother priests, it's a great question whether she attends to what I say. She will not trust me again for a long time, I know that; but I could not pretend to think the boy fairly used. He is a fine fellow, but if Bernard can tackle him I am much mistaken!'

It was a hot day. The corn-fields, into which sloped the wooded hills that bounded Osmond's view, were glowing with rich harvest gold; and the shadows looked hard and decided, as if they were substantial realities that might be lifted up bodily.

Mr. Lettridge and his son were alone together—the one in restless, the other in restful, inaction.

The former had but little self-command, and made no attempt to keep up an interest in his former pursuits, so that he was a perpetual burden as well as grief to his wife and son; and Osmond often felt that, for his

father's sake, it would be better when all was over, and he was forced to go on as usual once more. He had been sitting by the window the whole of this glorious afternoon, solely occupied with being very miserable, and feeling no sympathy with the joy of harvest that had filled Osmond as he had watched the fields reddening or whitening day by day, none of his interest in the question whether the sickle would be put in to-day or to-morrow, or not till next week.

Suddenly there was a sharp decided knock (such as only a school-boy could give) on the door out of the library: both started, and before Mr. Lettridge could indignantly inquire, 'Who's there?' Owen stood in the door-way.

'Owen!' exclaimed the father, in displeased astonishment, and then turned anxiously to see whether the surprise had been too much for his elder son. At that moment, neither of the brothers was conscious of his presence. Osmond's one remaining but unexpressed wish had been granted as if by miracle; and when Owen sprang to him, he felt that his cup was brimming over with happiness.

Owen had no words for him, and after his first fervent kiss, could only stand by the bed, gazing at him, and pulling his hand about without knowing what he was doing, until his father startled him to recollection by repeating his inquiry whether anything was amiss. What had brought him home?

'Uncle Bebington gave me leave to come,' Owen answered, shortly, and not very respectfully. 'I am not going to Scotland. I have a letter for you.'

The tone of the last sentence was a more befitting one, thanks to a sorrowful look which crossed the face on which Owen's eyes were fixed, and the tightened pressure of the thin white fingers. Osmond looked relieved; and Owen proceeded to find Lord Bebington's letter in one of his many pockets, tossing it to his father at last, to avoid the necessity of letting go his brother's hand.

'I am so sorry about the moors,' Osmond said softly, whilst Mr. Lettridge was engaged with the note.

'Oh, I don't care about them,' Owen said; and lowering his voice, he added, 'some people are better worth seeing than moors.'

'What do you mean? You have not come home on purpose to see me?' said Osmond, greatly touched.

'To be sure. Uncle Bebington said I might if I liked it better than Scotland, and of course I did.'

By this time Mr. Lettridge had finished the letter, and finding in it some unpleasantnesses, was in haste to shew it to his wife, as is the manner of men. 'Where is your mother, Owen?' he said testily.

'I don't know, Papa,' said Owen, without looking round. 'I came in through the library window, so as to see Osmond before anyone could stop me.'

'Very strange behaviour!' murmured Mr. Lettridge, half rising to go

in search of his wife, but hesitating and looking doubtfully at his sons, not quite liking to leave them together. He was a good deal afraid of Owen himself, and feared he might be rough with his brother.

Osmond saw his difficulty. 'Don't be afraid of leaving me,' he said, smiling. 'Owen will take very good care of me whilst you are gone—won't you, Owen?'

Owen gave a choking growl of 'Yes;' and his father went, after somewhat sternly desiring him to be very gentle.

'Does he think he need tell me *that*?' exclaimed Owen indignantly, and yet almost sobbing, as the door closed. 'You are not afraid of me, are you, Osmond?'

'No indeed, my darling,' Osmond said, with a trustful look that fully re-assured his brother; who proceeded to stroke his cheek with shy tenderness, and say, 'You don't look so very bad, after all, Osmond?'

'Don't I?' said Osmond, with a smile and a sigh, wishing it would be true kindness to the boy to make light of his condition. 'Well, when I came home in May I did not at all think I should be still here in harvest time. Several times the end has seemed very near, and yet I have rallied again; but there must come a time when there will be no more rallying.'

He spoke so calmly, that Owen shuddered. 'You don't *wish* that time to come, do you, Osmond?' he said piteously.

'Not just yet, now you are come, my dear dear little Owen. I suppose you will be offended at being called *little* now,' he added playfully. 'You are grown such a great tall fellow; but I forget, I have hardly seen you for so long.'

'You may call me anything you like,' said Owen earnestly. 'I don't care—unless you were to call me a sneak, or a liar, of course!' he continued, laughing; 'but, Osmond, there is *one* name I mean to be called soon, and I will glory in it—not only bear it bravely.'

'I hope you will think well before you take the step, dear Owen,' said his brother, understanding him, and speaking almost discouragingly, though his face glowed with joy. 'It is not one to be taken hastily, or without full knowledge of what you are doing—full conviction that it is your duty, and that it is worth the sacrifice, of not only your own peace, but that of your parents. As you know, I do think it worth it; but I do not suppose you can have had many opportunities of learning the differences between us.'

'Don't say between *us*, Osmond,' cried the boy eagerly; 'what you believe I believe. Do you think I cannot see that for nothing but the truth would you have gone through what you have done?'

'Of course I believe it to be the truth; but what I fear is, that you may set your heart on making the change, just because you are fond of me, without having thought it out properly.'

'I have thought a great deal about it,' Owen said, looking more mature than his brother could have believed possible, as the expression

of resolve came into his face. 'I am always thinking about it, and trying to learn about it. Only I have no one to talk to but old Betty, for I can't bear Mr. Burnett. Osmond,' he added suddenly, 'did you find out what I stole that day I came to see you?'

'No. Did you steal anything? I have not missed it.'

'Haven't you? Something old and black, with silver corners and clasps. Do you know now?'

'My Bible and Prayer-book! I thought I must have left it in church that day. Did you take it?'

'Yes, I wanted one very badly, to make out about it all; only I knew you were such a conscientious old skeleton, it was no use to ask you for it, and yet you would like me to have it. I was sorry when I found it was your mother's, and thought you might be vexed about it; but I could not write to you, or send it back.'

'You are very welcome to it,' Osmond said. 'I certainly should not have felt it right to give it you, but I will not ask for it back. God is leading you, I think; and He will help you to make your choice wisely and bravely when the time comes. I cannot help you, Owen. I am *very* sorry, but I had better tell you so at once. I am here on condition that no one shall attempt to make me change my faith, and under such circumstances you must see that it would be treachery in me to try and shake yours.'

'Yes, yes, I see,' said Owen honestly, though bitterly disappointed; 'but at least you will—pray for me—now—ever; for I am sure you are a saint, if ever there was one. Oh, I forget—I suppose you think that very wicked, don't you?'

'Not wicked, Owen—untrue—the fancy of a loving brother; but though no saint, I may pray for you; and, my darling, how can you think you need ask it? Do you suppose a day has ever passed since you were born on which I have not done so? And one thing you must let me say, Owen, for we shall not talk about this again. Do be more respectful to dear Papa. The curse of the undutiful son is the most terrible there is, and I cannot help fearing lest you should thoughtlessly bring it upon yourself. You think this has nothing to do with the other matter—but it has a great deal, perhaps everything to do with it; for remember, dear Owen, that it is to them that *do* God's Will, He has promised to shew of the doctrine—the Truth.'

A great deal of brightness and spirit had returned to Ashmoor with Owen. However deeply he might at times feel his brother's extreme illness, it was not in nature that a healthy high-spirited boy of his age should be utterly cast down by a coming sorrow, especially with the sight of Osmond's tranquil but intense happiness constantly before him.

It was in his brother's room that he sought and found sympathy with his boyish interests and pleasures. His father was too much overwhelmed to think of anything but himself and Osmond; and though

Lady Mary did her best to win her boy to be her companion, Owen, fond as he was of her, never lost the feeling that it was her greatest desire to separate him from his brother, and drove or walked with her, rather out of duty than from choice.

In Osmond's room he was perfectly at ease, and his ideas, good or bad, comic or indignant, came pouring out, as soon as ever he was with his brother. He had no fear Osmond would think him unfeeling for caring about his carpentering or his Arab—indeed, he was so greatly scandalized that no one had ever shewn his brother his beautiful Zeinab, that he insisted on bringing her under the portico, and making her put her nose in through Osmond's window to be looked at. The proceeding greatly horrified his father; and it must be owned that Osmond could have dispensed with it, but he liked Owen's anxiety to shew him his treasure so much, that he contrived cordially to admire the gentle creature, in spite of the painful clatter of her feet on the stone floor of the portico.

This portico was a favourite resort of Owen's. He used to sit there with his various occupations, coming to, or in at, the window of his brother's room, whenever he had anything to exhibit, or when he was tired of his own society. He was not quiet by nature, and Osmond could not always refrain from a physical shrinking, when he would suddenly burst open the door, or let fall a load of his various odds and ends in the portico, forgetting how near he was to the sick-room. He was always very penitent when he realized that he had troubled his brother; but he knew too well how readily the pain of any such sudden start was forgiven, to shrink from Osmond because he sometimes hurt or tired him.

The brothers understood one another too thoroughly for such things seriously to mar their delight in being together; and it was very touching to see Owen's vigorous though not always successful attempts to be quiet, and the sudden gentleness that subdued his manner, when, as often happened, he came in to find his brother in too much pain to speak or listen to him. He knew, as well as if Osmond had told him, that it was a pleasure to him at such times to feel the awed sympathy expressed by the shy silent kiss, or gentle stroking back of the hair, with which Owen would sit down and wait awhile, in hopes that Osmond might be well enough to attend to him before long. And somehow Osmond never feared the sight of suffering for Owen's brave nature, as he did for his father; and whenever the boy was willing to be with him, he was glad to have him.

'Osmond,' said Owen, one day coming in through the window, when he thought he had left a sufficient resting-time since Mr. Burnett's departure, 'I can't bear that confessor of yours. Do you like him?'

Osmond could not help laughing. 'Poor man! You don't know how horrified he would be at the idea of being called a confessor! I ought to like him, Owen, for he is a very good man, though narrow,' he added, thinking it safer for Owen to admit the fact.

‘Well, I don’t like him,’ said Owen decidedly; ‘what business has he to speak to you as if you were a notorious drunkard?’

‘What makes you think he does so?’ Osmond asked quietly, though surprised at his brother’s evident knowledge of interviews supposed to be strictly private.

‘Because I have heard him,’ Owen said. ‘Osmond, what *am* I to do? If I may not be taught openly, I must in secret; and I have listened outside the window sometimes, though I would have gone away directly I thought you were coming to anything you wanted kept secret. Are you very angry? I hate to be sneaking, but what can I do?’

‘Dear Owen, it is a great difficulty, and one out of which I would give anything to be able to help you. I cannot blame you, but I am afraid I must leave you to fight your own battle, as Amy and I had to do.’

‘But you had each other?’ Owen said sadly.

‘Yes, Owen. We had helps that have not been granted to you; but be sure, for all that, that God will help you: and I think He has given you a strong brave nature, which will overcome all obstacles in the end. You do believe I would help you if I thought it right?’

‘Of course I do, you darling old skeleton. But about this drunkard. Why does he treat you like one?’

‘I can only suppose he thinks I am or have been one,’ Osmond said quietly.

‘Why? because of the lots of brandy you drink all day long?’

‘What a shocking character, Owen!’

‘Well, but you can’t help it. You yourself have told me that you hate it, only you know you must have it. He has no business to think such things.’

‘I don’t suppose that is *why* he thinks it, Owen. Probably he knows nothing about the brandy; but if he does, he understands enough about illness to know that without it I should sink directly. I sometimes think he has an idea that I may have been dissipated, and ruined my health and displeased Papa by it; but he has never said so.’

‘But why don’t you tell him it is not true?’ inquired Owen.

‘I should if he asked me; but repentance is one’s first duty, even if one has been kept from falling into those gross outward sins; and besides, I am afraid of making him think it is Papa’s fault.’

‘Well, but so it is,’ said Owen, not out of disrespect, but of zeal for the truth. ‘It is too bad you should bear blame that does not belong to you. I’ll take care—’

‘You won’t speak to him, Owen,’ Osmond entreated, really frightened. ‘It would be most unbecoming; and I don’t much care if he does think me a little worse than I am.’

‘But I do,’ said Owen; ‘however, I promise you I won’t speak to him about it unless he begins, which he is not likely to do.’

Not at all likely, Osmond thought, with relief; and though Owen made

some sort of awkward advances towards Mr. Burnett, in hopes of his getting into a conversation on the subject, he only succeeded in puzzling the clergyman, without getting beyond the most commonplace topics.

Things were still in this state, when Frank came down to Ashmoor for a night. He had been before since Osmond had left Town, but there had been so decided a change during the last week, that Osmond seemed sinking rapidly, and both friends felt that if he did not come now, they should not meet again.

Frank brought with him the primrose wreath of which Osmond was so fond. To his great distress, he had only this morning discovered that, though packed up, it had been overlooked by Mrs. Bolder when the rest of Osmond's things went down to Ashmoor, and had been lying for months wrapped in newspaper on the sofa in her parlour.

'Never mind,' Osmond said brightly, 'I have done without it. I have had something better from Alston this summer, and I shall not long want anything to remind me of the time when I was young and foolish. Do you remember its history, Frank?'

'Not very clearly. I remember our all criticising it unmercifully one day—ages ago, in the library at home, and some discussion as to what the blue flowers were meant for.'

'Yes, it was Esther's birth-day, and it had been done for her, but Herbert made some rather clumsy jokes about forget-me-nots, so that I could not give it her. I remember being most foolishly disappointed at the time.'

'Just like Herbert!' remarked Frank, feeling bound to say something.

'He meant no harm. I ought not to have cared, though I did. I made the best of it, however; had it framed in the wood of a certain elm tree I had good cause to remember, and ever since have kept it by me, as a bit of Alston. For a long while I hoped a time might come when, whether they were speedwells or forget-me-nots, I might give them to her. Do you remember Helen's saying something about the meaning of the two names being equally pretty? It vexed me at the time, for I felt I had no right to offer a sentimental present, and it made the giving it still more impossible than Herbert's nonsense; but I have often thought of it since, though I had not before. Speedwell is a far nobler motto than Forget-me-not—it is so much more unselfish; and when I felt that, after all, it had been as the second, not the first, I had wished to give it her, I grew ashamed, and felt I deserved never to be able to do so.'

'You could *now*,' said Frank, his unselfish eagerness making him for the time far less conscious than his friend, how nearly the subject touched himself.

'I could, but I don't want to,' said Osmond; 'if you will have it, I should like to give it to *you*—with its own motto, if you will let me say it, Frank. If it is given her, it shall be by you.'

The home thrust, though very gentle, was unexpected, and Frank

could not misunderstand. He coloured deeply, and said hastily, 'No chance of that.'

'I hope so, some day,' said Osmond; 'I should be glad to think it for you both. I say this, because I think possibly some day or other you may be glad to remember that I have said it. You must forgive me, dear Frank, for speaking so this once. I have always felt there never was such a friend as you have been to me; and I thought now that I am dying you would forgive me for letting you see I did *know* how hard it has been. Will you, Frank?'

There was no answer at first. Frank did not feel the tender touch on the old wound as *painful*; but it was very affecting, and it was some time before he could speak. At last he said, 'Thank you. If ever it seems possible to think of such a thing again, it will be a great comfort to know it is no treachery to you.' Just then it seemed impossible to conceive that the woman who loved Osmond could ever give a thought to himself; still Frank was the happier for the words, especially as he knew that Osmond would not allude again to so delicate a subject. Indeed, it had been only the excitement of seeing his friend, which had lent him strength for so much longer and more sustained a conversation than he had been equal to for many days. As Frank rose to leave the room, he turned to look once more at the wreath of flowers. 'They will be both speedwells and forget-me-nots to me,' he said.

'Dear old Frank! To think of my having extracted such a sentimental speech as that from *you*!' said Osmond, with amused delight.

Frank was pleased to have an opportunity of meeting Owen, whom he had been prepared to find the most cordial of the Lettridges; but he was quite unprepared for the way in which the boy accepted him, and especially for his following him to his room at night, and lingering with an announcement that he wanted to consult him.

Mr. Burnett's supposed opinion of his brother galled Owen sorely, and he wanted to see whether Frank would not regard the matter from his point of view. A few words sufficed, to the boy's extreme satisfaction, for making Frank very indignant with the clergyman, (for, of course, Owen exaggerated his suspicions, though without intending to do so.) He promised Owen *he* would go next day and have it out with the Vicar, not feeling it fair, even upon him, to allow him to do Osmond such injustice; and much relieved, Owen thanked him heartily, and then proceeded to ask him some puzzling questions on his own account. Frank was startled by the boy's depth of thought, and the sound sensible way in which he tried to grapple with the difficulties of the controversy; but he felt bound to stop him. Much as he longed to help him, he could not but appeal to his sense of honour, and say with the bluntness that always covered his strongest feelings, that he did not believe anything he said, if he was acting treacherously, would do Owen good in the long run.

'There you go!' exclaimed Owen furiously; 'you profess and protest

all sorts of things; but when it comes to helping a fellow, not one of you will lift a finger!" and he banged out of the room, leaving Frank full of pity, and sorely tempted.

It was after mid-night, and Frank (who had been doing his best to help Owen in the only way he at present considered honesty would allow) had at length put out his light, but was not yet asleep, when a hand on his door startled him, and he sprang up, with the expectation of such a summons as might come any minute; but the door was closed again without any haste, and a sadly unsteady voice called his name. 'Yes, Owen.'

'I say! I beg your pardon. Don't give me up, though I did behave like a brute.'

'Give you up! God forbid!' answered Frank hastily, almost unmannered by the boy's brave humiliation, and by his thus clinging to him after the repulse that had seemed so cruel. In the darkness the hand that was thrust into his felt strangely small, and the strong man's instinct of protection for the weak, put more than usual tenderness into his voice as he said, 'It is very hard for you, Owen.'

'Oh, it is! and I have no one to help me!'

'Don't fancy that. It can never be so whilst the Church prays constantly that it may please God "to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred and are deceived."'

'But that might mean *you*, just as much as me.'

'Yes, we *all* want to be kept in the way of truth. But this is not safe talk, Owen; your father would not like it.'

'Oh dear! don't send me away yet, though. I am so miserable, and so lonely!'

'Poor little fellow!' The words escaped from the depths of Frank's great love and pity. As soon as they were spoken, he feared they might offend Owen's dignity. But in that darkness, perplexity, and sorrow, the boy had dropped all dignity, except what was real; he felt too like a child to resent being treated as one, and, still clinging to that strong hand, he flung himself on the bed, and smothering his face in the pillow, cried bitterly. Frank did not attempt to comfort him—but somehow he *did*, though without speaking a word. After a time Owen became quiet again, then slipped down from the bed, said 'Good-night' resolutely, yet lingered, until a firmer grasp than ever seemed to satisfy him, and he went away, like a brave man, resolved to face his life work.

Frank walked down to the Vicarage early next morning. Little as he had liked Mr. Burnett years ago, he had still the right of an old acquaintance to call upon him, and he was very anxious to clear his friend's character. It was scarcely to be expected that either he or Owen should realize how much excuse there was for the clergyman's distrust. It is those who do well unto themselves of whom all men speak well; and there were not wanting those more capable of believing that Osmond had lived carelessly, and sacrificed life and health, than

that a man of Mr. Lettridge's standing and character should have cruelly neglected and starved his son, as was in fact the case. Mr. Burnett did not know what to think: he was ready to believe much against Mr. Lettridge, certainly; but things had been hushed up—it was not possible to say whether that had been to shield father or son, and he had never understood Osmond. He could not make him out; and though every time he visited him he felt less able to conceive of him as having led an unholy life, he did not speak freely to him, and there was that intensity in his repentance, that may follow upon a very good, or a very bad, life. Mr. Burnett was fairly puzzled; and Frank found him stiff and prepared to be distant, but he listened with deep interest to the short outline Frank gave of the main facts of Osmond's life, and his face brightened with real joy.

Narrow as he was, he was candid; and after he had thought in silence for some time, he said, 'I do not know how to thank you enough. I suppose I have never understood him. I certainly had no idea he had the resolution to fight such a battle, and have always been disappointed not to find him a more powerful ally, considering his influence in the village, if he only used it. I thought him lukewarm, I must confess—in short, the whole business puzzled me from beginning to end. I do not know how to thank you enough for saving me from perpetual injustice.'

'It is Owen's doing,' said Frank, shaking Mr. Burnett's hand with more cordiality than he had ever expected to feel for him. 'Osmond would not let him speak to you, and he could not bear to have him falsely suspected—so, in despair, he told me.'

It was a pity, but little wonder, that those two men, fighting as they had been side by side, had never understood one another. The rough stern Puritanic doctrines and want of compromise of the one, had always jarred most painfully on the sensitive, reverent, scrupulous soul of the other; yet they had honestly respected one another, and Mr. Burnett was thoroughly glad to take up again, stronger than ever, his faith in his Protestant hero.

The two clergymen met again at Osmond's bed-side, before Frank returned to Town that afternoon. No one else was present except Sister Elizabeth and the old blind nurse, whom Owen had been to the lodge to fetch, and whom he established by his brother's side, with the utmost consideration and care. He had led her in, and now he knew he ought to go; but he seemed to lack courage so to do, and lingered, looking so very unhappy, that Mr. Burnett, though he wanted to begin the service, had not the heart to dismiss him.

'Owen!' Osmond said.

The boy came and bent over him. One tender look, and the words, inaudible to the little congregation, 'One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism,' and the work was done, Owen could bear to go. He kissed his brother, and left the room, without looking back. We need not blame him if,

outside in the portico, he knelt drinking in every word that could reach his ear—unhappy indeed, but not miserable.

That night was so bad a one, that they had hardly thought Osmond could have lasted till morning; but day found him better, and though very weary, freer from pain than usual. His father, who had been with him for many hours, consented at length to go and rest for a time, leaving Owen with him. Sister Elizabeth was never further off than the library; both brothers liked to be alone together, and Owen now so sufficiently realized Osmond's weakness, that there was no fear of his overtiring him.

Osmond was full of Frank that morning, and anxious to talk of him, telling Owen more than he had ever heard before of the romance of their lives, in which, after a time, as he ran on with one feeble thread of thought, he spoke of Mrs. Lockhart and Esther, and Alston as it was long ago, as though it were more real to him than the present. But he recalled himself at length. 'That was long ago,' he said, with a smile; 'you should not let me talk such nonsense, Owen; but I like so much to think of her.'

'I can't bear it,' said Owen sadly, 'she must be so miserable.'

'Oh no, she is not. I do not fear for her—she is so good and unselfish and loving, she cannot be miserable—and we have been happier together than we ever thought to be. God is very good. She is not so sad as Papa—and Amy has Charley,' he murmured.

His voice sank before he had finished speaking, and the expression of his face startled his brother, who asked anxiously if the pain were returning. 'No, it is gone,' he said dreamily—'quite gone, only I am so tired.'

A few moments later he spoke again, so low that Owen could hardly catch the words. 'Will you call Papa—don't go,' he added uneasily.

Owen only sprang to the bell to ring it with a sharp note of alarm, that could not fail to startle all who heard it; the next moment he was again kneeling by his brother's side, holding his hand, and asking tenderly if anything would do him good. Osmond made a movement of dissent, and whispered, as if continuing his former train of thought, 'You will be a good son to him, Owen dear!'

Owen promised he would try, and pressed his lips lovingly upon the hand he held. When Mr. Lettridge came in, a fond bright smile greeted, and rested on him until the eyes were closed for ever; but the end had come with merciful suddenness at last, and there was no spoken word of farewell.

Mr. Lettridge was completely overpowered. Owen, child as he was, felt himself the stronger of the two, and with protecting tenderness led him from the room, and sent for his mother. Mr. Lettridge would not let his son out of his sight, and clung to him through all the sad days that followed. He was scarcely himself—almost childish, and seeming as if his mind were shattered by the blow that had at length fallen; and

Owen was with him constantly, for he seemed lost without him to cling to, and almost to lead him about.

His wife was most tender, but he shrank from her. She believed the son he had lost, to be lost for ever; and he could better bear Owen's firm hopes of his brother's happiness than her deep sorrowful sympathy. She was very thankful to see what her bright impulsive boy could be in a time of sorrow—how entirely unselfish, tender, and protecting, was his conduct to his father; and since she had never supposed him to possess self-control, she had no guess at the terrible bursts of sorrow, and almost despair, in which the feeling restrained by day, would find vent when he was alone at night.

He did try to rejoice that his brother's sufferings were over, and he was at rest; but he missed him every hour of the day, and could not think how it would ever seem possible to do without him. How could he be what he had promised and determined to be, now there was no one to guide him to the truth? He felt as if his only friend had been taken from him, and he were left to find his way alone, amongst innumerable rocks and quicksands, into the haven of safety.

That night of grief passed away, and after a few weeks Owen found himself once more able to face life hopefully, not without sadness indeed, but with a brave man's glad conviction that his strength is Heaven-gifted, and that it will be his own fault if, instead of prevailing in the end, he is made to grind in brazen fetters under a hostile yoke.

Mr. Lettridge did not rally—there was too much unacknowledged self-reproach with his sorrow for the wound to heal; and in alarm for mind rather than body, the doctors ordered him abroad. Lady Mary's health, which had for some time been very bad, gave the pretext for this, and it was decided that Owen should accompany his parents. His father could hardly do without him; and his mother and Mr. Tracey (once more her constant adviser) felt that though there were dangers in both courses, the greatest would be in leaving the already wavering boy alone in England, where he would not be safe from Protestant influences.

Lady Mary never saw Ashmoor again. Her earnest faith was spared the terrible grief that must else have fallen upon her; and she died in Italy, not six months after her step-son.

Owen was now absolutely necessary to his father; and during the next few years he never left him, thinking for him, guiding him, protecting him from the tyranny of the Chaplain, long before the time when, with full man's strength, and a timid consent at length wrung from Mr. Lettridge himself, he succeeded in dismissing the Priest, and freeing his father from the mental thralldom in which he had been held for so many years.

From the time of that final dismissal, it was not long before a man, old, not in years but in heart, knelt once more under the white arches of the little church at Ashmoor, between a loving daughter and a son in all the glory and beauty of early manhood.

What had been the protecting, forbearing, chivalrous support of the son during all those years, need not be said: how the ardent spirit had been tempered to bear with infirmity of mind and character—to pity, where nature would have led it to despise—to see excuses for the weak, without lowering its standard of what is to be expected from the strong. How this tender watching had softened the hard lines of a strong character, cannot be told in detail; but that it brought happiness to himself also, no one could doubt who had seen Owen Lettridge rejoicing in his strength, and throwing, as it were, a supporting arm round the father who clung to him for guidance in everything, great or small.

Owen did not try to shield him from the painful parts of his duty. He did not deceive himself as to the great misery the publicity of his recantation must be to one so sensitive as Mr. Lettridge; but it was his duty, for the sake of those who had followed him into error, to shew that he knew he had erred, and he ought to come back to Ashmoor and face his tenants, although he might, and in fact did, delay a few months, until Captain Hay's return to England enabled him to have the support of his daughter as well as his son, under the trial.

Amy had always harboured a prejudice against the son of her step-mother, that no arguments could remove; but almost against her will she learnt to love him heartily, for his tenderness to their father, and the loyal affection for his elder brother, in which she could no longer refuse to believe.

'It is all your doing,' Amy said, half grudgingly, as they stood together under the portico, in the twilight of that day of painful joy.

And Owen answered, hurt and indignant, 'You *must* know better than to think that. If there ever was a case of reaping what another sowed, this is one,'—a speech that found its way straight home to the heart of his sister.

He had clung to his brother's friends steadily—to all, but especially to Frank and the Lockharts; and it was a great happiness to Esther when first she saw that his general romance about the whole family was taking the form of a personal love for May—her pupil, her child, her especial charge, since their mother's death.

Yes, so it was to be; a daughter of Alston was to find her home amongst the oaks at Ashmoor; and Esther rejoiced with a calm thankful joy, in this link between the present and the past.

She was very happy; a calm, holy, ennobling sorrow had fallen upon her, and left her—not what it found her, but a woman with more love, more thankfulness, more sympathy in others' joy. If God had not granted her her heart's desire, He had made the refusal so sweet that she could accept it as His greatest blessing; but she joyed when He poured sunshine on the path of her darling, and lived again the long ago days, as she watched the young ones, both of whom were so inexpressibly dear to her.

And yet the marriage, of which she thought with such joy, would

leave her alone, her home unshared, though scarcely lonely. It was then that one came forward who had loved her for years without her suspecting it. One to whom all other maidens had been as nothing in comparison with her; to whom she was as fair now, as she had been when he first dreamt of her in boyhood, long ago. She had never guessed he loved her, and his long-tried unselfish affection touched her heart and found a ready acceptance. It was not the dream of her youth, but it was most true and noble love, as real and true, if not so sparkling, as that pure young love which had awoke to life amongst the primroses and speedwell, in the days of her girlhood.

The blessing of the dutiful son is, that his days shall be long in the land which the Lord his God shall give him. Was this blessing fulfilled for him, who died rather than struggle unduly with his father?

There is a sense in which we speak of people as immortal here below—they die, but their works do not: and of Osmond Lettridge it may be said, that he lived on long after his death, in the earnest efforts to which he had awakened his brother, and the good that arose out of those efforts, as well as in the hearts and memories of those who had known him. To Owen, as years went on, not in word, but in reality, the thought of his brother was linked with every high aspiration that he had longed to share with him, every path to which Osmond had pointed, and which he had striven to follow alone. Love, such as this, is not barren sentiment—it cannot, will not die.

In such a sense, the days of one who dies early may yet be long even on earth; and there is a better promise to the dutiful child of God, which shall surely be fulfilled—‘He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto Life Eternal.’

(Concluded.)

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘MRS. JERNINGHAM’S JOURNAL.’

CHAPTER XII.

THE reply to Mrs. Wyndham’s note cost Cecil some time and trouble. She did not choose to write in the same unusual and dashing strain as her friend employed, much as she liked it, because that would be such a tame imitation of that friend; besides which, she had vainly hunted for a three-syllable word to put before Juliet, which would be a good response to ‘Capital Cecil.’ So she determined to begin her letter in an ordinary manner. But then, what was that ordinary manner to be? She longed to write the words ‘Dearest Juliet;’ and indeed she *did* write them, and thought them the most charming combination she had ever yet put down

on paper. But then, could she venture? would Mrs. Wyndham like it? would it not be presuming too much on the kindness she had received? It would be better not to use that superlative to Mrs. Wyndham, till Mrs. Wyndham had first used it to her. She knew by experience the awkwardness of replying to a letter couched in more affectionate terms than you are inclined to apply to your correspondent. How one of her cousins, whom she did not particularly care for, had addressed her as 'My dear darling Cecil,' and how impossible she had found it to 'Dear darling' her in return; and yet had felt it would have been a snub to write 'Dear Fanny,' which was all that her heart prompted her to do. And as Cecil was very sincere, she had actually been reduced at last to making her answer in doggerel rhyme, so as to have no commencement to it at all. Her cheeks felt hot now at the idea of Mrs. Wyndham being unable to respond to the warmth of *her* letter, and feeling in consequence any difficulty in writing to her again. The idea of such a thing was horrible; so the sheet of note-paper, with 'Dearest Juliet' on it, was returned to her desk. 'Some day,' she thought with girlish sentiment, 'when our acquaintance warrants it—when she has first addressed me in similar terms—I will allow this to be the commencement of a letter which I will then finish to her—some happy day when I am really her friend, and we carry on a correspondence together;' and then she took out another sheet of paper, and wrote as follows:—

Dear Juliet,

Thank you so much for your note. I am delighted that you are quite well. I could not help coming to see how you were; and I hope the Colonel won't mind it more than he can help. (This, she thought, was a little saucy, but she did not care for that.) Do pray come to the Penny Reading—we are going with the Lesters; and if you are not there and near us, it will be dreadfully dull. I am longing to see you again.

Your very affectionate

CECIL.

She read it through twice, and felt more dissatisfied with it each time. However, she thought to herself, 'I should probably only make it worse if I tried to make it better; and Juliet won't think much about it—it is only just a little bit of a note to her, such as anybody might write about anything;' and so she put it into an envelope, and directed it in the very best hand she could write.

The next morning, when they assembled in the school-room for their studies, Cecil asked Mademoiselle if they could walk to Byfield before dinner, and read history afterwards.

'Ah, yes—it is certain that the early hour is now the very best,' was her reply; 'to Byfield we can go—why not?'

'I have a note,' said Cecil boldly, as if she mentioned an every-day and uninteresting circumstance, 'that I want to send to Mrs. Wyndham; we can get someone to take it in Byfield, can we not, Mademoiselle?'

Mademoiselle laughed cheerily, and gave her a little airy pat on the

cheek. 'And why not?' she cried again. 'Ah, *chère petite*—with your little innocent secrets, with your clandestine notes—and all for a Juliet—what will they be when they are for a Romeo instead?'

'For a Romeo?' said Cecil; 'why, Mademoiselle, what *do* you mean? Colonel Wyndham is my Juliet's Romeo, I suppose; but why should I write to *him*?'

'Innocent little!' replied the governess, with profound gravity, 'why should you indeed? But it is to a Romeo of your own that I make the references.'

'Oh,' said Cecil slowly, and blushing vividly, 'I certainly shall never write clandestine notes to *him*!' And she spoke very disdainfully.

'But why not?' replied Mademoiselle simply. 'If clandestine for a friend, why not clandestine for a lover? Wherein lies the difference, except in a year or two of time?—sixteen and eighteen, or even only seventeen—who can say?'

'Ah, Cecil!' cried Helen, pained and shocked, 'perhaps it is better not to send it at all.'

'But I must,' replied she. 'It is Uncle James's fault; why should I not choose my friends, and write to them, quite as much as himself? I only conceal it because he would prevent my sending it, not because I am ashamed of it, or think that he is right and I am wrong. And he would conceal his letters from me if I could prevent his sending them—but I can't—and so he does not take the trouble to conceal them. There is no pleasure in hiding things—on the contrary, it is hateful; but Uncle James does not deserve any credit, does he, for not hiding things from me? Neither do I merit blame for my concealment: I should conceal nothing if he did not force me, and he would conceal everything if I forced him.'

Helen laughed. 'How can you tell that he would? I think Papa is *extremely* honest. I don't think he would conceal anything.'

'Why should he?' replied Cecil, colouring; 'there is no reason why he should—and yet if he did, nobody would blame him. Would you blame him now, Helen, if you found he had written to somebody, and taken pains to prevent my knowing that he had done so?'

'No—of course I should not,' said Helen, still laughing.

'Then why do you blame *me*?'

'I don't blame you, Cecil.'

'Oh, don't you? Well, Helen, it looked very like it—you spoke of Uncle James being *honest*, as if I was not.'

'You can't suppose I meant *that*, Cecil.'

'It sounded as if you did.'

'Oh, but that is nonsense! Of course, I think you honest.'

'I assure you, Helen, I don't like the concealments one bit better than you do; and I consider it very hard that I should be driven to practise them by the injustice of an elderly man.'

Helen laughed again. 'Poor Papa!' she said; 'but do you really consider, Cecil, that he has no right to settle whom we should know and visit and write to?'

'Do I really? yes, of course I do, really. On what grounds has he the right? who gave it him? why should he assume it? Indeed, Helen, I have explained all that to you twenty times already.'

'Yes, I know you have,' replied Helen, doubtfully.

'Now, young ladies, work while we do work, and play while we do play. Lessons—lessons! if you please—lessons!' cried Mademoiselle, in an authoritative manner; and the girls pursued their studies with unremitting vigour till it was time for their walk.

As they entered the High Street, in Byfield, they perceived Captain Feversham sauntering on towards them.

'He never does anything but walk about the town,' said Cecil, quite aggrieved; 'we always meet him. There is no occasion to stop and speak to him. Let us just bow and pass.'

But to bow and pass is a thing easier said than done, when three ladies are walking side by side, and a gentleman comes to a full stop immediately in front of them.

'Well met!' said he jauntily; 'so glad—are not you?' and he gave a foolish little laugh, which he often indulged in.

'Ah, how dee do?' said Mademoiselle; 'strange that we meet you just when we had the wishes!'

'But I hope that is often the case, Mademoiselle—ha, ha, ha!' laughed the brilliant Captain.

'Just now—just now,' reiterated she; 'here, behold!' and as she spoke, heedless of Cecil's astonishment and indignation, she twitched out of her hand the note she was carrying, and calmly presented it to Captain Feversham. 'A leetle letters for the Colonel's wife—you give it when no one sees—hush!' and she put her finger meaningly on her lips, and laughed.

'No, no!' cried Cecil, scarlet with shame and anger, and extending her hand eagerly for the letter, which however Captain Feversham held firmly, and did not offer to part with it. 'Pray give it me,' she added in a dignified manner.

'Not at all,' replied he, smiling, with what both the girls considered very disagreeable familiarity; 'I am only too happy—I will take the greatest care—trust me—I will give it when no one is looking.'

'All the world may see,' said Cecil proudly.

'What! may the Uncle too?' asked her governess, with vivacious archness; 'is he not one of the world? *fidonc*, then, Mademoiselle Cecil!'

Cecil threw back her head, and Helen's face promised tears.

'Good morning,' said the former, with all manner of stateliness, to Captain Feversham; and she swept by, accompanied by Helen, who walked in a subdued way, and looked humbled, while Cecil was all

haughtiness. Mademoiselle did not hurry on with them ; but neither of the girls attended to her, or knew what she was doing.

‘It is too bad!’ cried Cecil, when anger allowed her to speak, though still breathless with what she had endured. ‘It is intolerable! She shall not remain! I will tell Uncle James; he shall send her away!’

‘You will tell Papa?’

‘Yes; most assuredly I will. Why should we put up with it any longer? He would dismiss her at once if he knew.’

But Helen’s quiet good sense now checked, as it had often done before, Cecil’s impetuosity. ‘You must first tell him of your note,’ she said, in a low but distinct voice.

Cecil stamped her foot on the ground, and wrung her hands. ‘It is horrible!’ she said. ‘Why are we placed in such positions? why have we to endure such things and such people? Are other girls the same?’

‘Ah,’ replied Helen, ‘that is a question I have lately asked myself. Could we not *make* it different, Cecil?’ she added timidly.

‘We?’ cried Cecil—‘we?’ O Helen, how childish you are! How can I turn to you in a difficulty, when you still continue so childish?—as if ~~we~~ we could do anything—as if we would not do anything we could! It is just because we have not the power, that matters are as they are; it is Uncle James’s fault, and Mademoiselle’s—not ours.’

‘Is it?’ said Helen, bewildered.

‘Of course it is.’

‘I wish we had a good governess,’ replied Helen, with a profound sigh.

‘You are always now wishing for a good governess, which is namby-pamby of you!’ said Cecil disdainfully. ‘I wish we had none at all.’

‘Do you?’ said Helen; ‘well, I am almost sure that I don’t.’

Cecil looked over her shoulder. ‘She is actually walking on, ever so slowly and ever so far behind us, with that impertinent man!’ she said. ‘How fond she is of chattering! She will walk with *anyone* for the sake of talking. I am sure she could put up with anyone’s society, if she can with his. Now, for my part, I would rather never speak at all than be obliged to talk to people I don’t like—wouldn’t you, Helen?’

‘I’m not sure—it would be very disagreeable never speaking at all.’

‘And it is worse speaking to horrid people or to wearisome people. Now Captain Feversham is wearisome. Mademoiselle is not a bit wearisome herself; she is as sharp as a needle, so she *can’t* like it.’

‘But, Cecil, will he really take your note, and give it to Mrs. Wyndham, and know it is a secret, and that Papa would not approve?’

‘Yes,’ said she slowly, and colouring again. ‘It was unpardonable of Mademoiselle; but at the same time—disagreeable as it was at the moment—I’m not sure that there is much real harm done. He won’t understand—he knows nothing about it at all; it is just a note from one lady to another, with a joke about giving it privately; and poor Captain Feversham is not bright enough to make much out of *that*, or to think about

it at all. *We* feel that it was putting us on wrong terms with him—a private understanding, you know; and for a minute or two I felt as if it was intolerable—a sort of thing that *couldn't* be—and as if I never could be happy again; but *he* won't understand all that—he hasn't sense enough—so on thinking it over, I don't see that it is so very bad after all.'

'Well, I hope not,' said Helen; 'but I felt as if I never could look up any more.'

'And *I* felt as if I should always be as cold as ice, and so haughty!' cried Cecil; 'why in the world, when we both felt it *so* much, was it so differently!'

'I read in a book,' said Helen, 'that no people could really love each other who did not feel alike; but that, I see, is quite nonsense—for you and I love each other better than we love anybody else, and yet we constantly differ; the same thing makes me humble, and you proud—and that is the greatest difference possible.'

'And I should not like feeling humble,' said Cecil; '*being humbled* must be shocking. I never could be, I know; but it gives me a little sort of a shiver only thinking of it.'

'I like feeling proud, though,' said Helen. 'I have often felt so proud about you, when you have done something or said something that was grand, and I liked feeling it so; and I *have* felt proud about Papa—just now and then, you know, and not lately,' she added apologetically, and with an anxious look at her cousin, who, however, only gave a little laugh at the idea, and replied thoughtfully, 'Yes, it is very pleasant to feel proud.'

They had walked very fast, and were at home by this time; but their governess and her companion were out of sight when they reached the gate.

'She will be late for luncheon; and I shall tell Uncle James she has not come in,' cried Cecil, 'and that she did not walk with us, but miles behind!'

'He won't mind, he trusts her so; he'll blame us for walking too fast for her, and say she is not well yet, and made a great effort, in going out, for our sakes,' sighed Helen, as the two girls ran up-stairs, and hastily prepared for their early dinner, the bell ringing before they were quite ready. They hurried down—Cecil, with her explanation of Mademoiselle's non-appearance at the tip of her tongue; but they were themselves greeted by a grave, though not severe, reproof from Mr. Vaux. They were three minutes late—their elders were actually seated at the table—they had not learned a lady-like rapidity in performing the necessary alterations in their dress; and yet they had an excellent—a never-failingly excellent—example set them by Mademoiselle De Lys, who, since she had entered his house, Mr. Vaux had no hesitation in saying, had never on one single occasion been later than the appointed hour! And indeed, to the disgust of Cecil and the surprise of Helen,

there sat their governess in her accustomed place, with smooth hair and cool cheeks, and not a pin out of order, in her always pretty and becoming dress!

The two girls exchanged glances, not being able to give vent to their feelings in any other way; but those glances expressed a great deal. Mademoiselle gave one of her airiest laughs, and said sweetly, 'Ah, I am older and steadier than two young girls, and thus I think more of the feelings of the others; when they are old as I am, they will be as steady also—trust me!'

Again Cecil and Helen exchanged looks; and Cecil bit her lips, but could not keep silent. 'Not quite the same, I think,' said she, in a low voice.

'Ah, no—not quite the same,' replied the Frenchwoman contentedly; 'there will be differences always; but you will equal me, I hope.'

'I hope so,' said Cecil, shortly.

'The advantages of your example and society, Mademoiselle, will do much for them,' put in Mr. Vaux. 'I have no hesitation in saying that it will do very much for them, if only they will make the most of it.'

'James,' said Aunt Flora, 'very probably we shall meet Colonel and Mrs. Wyndham to-night at dinner.'

'Oh no!' cried Cecil; 'she is to be at the Penny Reading.' Then she stopped, blushing scarlet; and Helen's cheeks rivalled hers in colour.

'And pray, Cecil,' said Mr. Vaux instantly, 'how did you become acquainted with Mrs. Wyndham's intended movements?'

Helen cast a despairing glance at Cecil; but Cecil uttered never a word; she sat silent and overpowered, finding herself on the brink of falsehood, and shocked to discover how strong the temptation was to her; but the irrepressible Frenchwoman came to the rescue. Ready for any occasion, and never at a loss: 'It was Mrs. Lester who did mention it,' she remarked with careless ease.

'But it may be a mistake,' continued Aunt Flora rather anxiously. 'She may not be there—she may be at Mrs. Brownlow's to-night, and so we may meet her and him, James. Do you not think that it may perhaps be a little awkward—just a little awkward, you know, James?'

'Awkward! my dear Flora—why?' said Mr. Vaux very deliberately. 'I am reflecting in what the awkwardness can consist—I am reflecting, and I do not see—will you kindly enlighten me?' He leant towards her in the politest manner, blandly smiling, but with an alarming blandness.

Aunt Flora got a little flurried and excited. 'Well, only—' she said, 'only, you see—not knowing them—such near neighbours—and not calling—do you not think, my dear James, that it might be a good plan if I was to call on Mrs. Wyndham?'

Mr. Vaux looked unaffectedly surprised, and after that a little angry. He did not answer her at once, however, and was completely master of his temper before he did so. 'No, I do not think so, my dear Flora,'

he replied with calm decision. 'When I wish you to call on any of my neighbours, while you kindly are a visitor in my house, I will, I promise you, at once ask you to do so.'

'Oh yes, of course, my dear James, of course!' said the poor lady, blushing like a girl. 'I did not really mean it. I was only thinking.'

Mr. Vaux bowed with an air of conviction; and Cecil whispered to her aunt, 'Oh, what a sneak you are!'

'Pray do not whisper, Cecil,' said her uncle. 'You are too old not to be quite aware that it is not good manners to whisper to one person while others are in the room.'

'The aunts and nieces are so fond in England,' said Mademoiselle good-naturedly; 'they have their little whispers and their little words. It is not the same as ill-bred; oh no—it is *really* nice!'

'What did you whisper to your aunt, Cecil?' said Mr. Vaux partially mollified, as he was sure to be by any mollifying view taken by Mademoiselle.

There was a moment's pause; and then Cecil, irritated by the petty falsenesses of her governess, and by having felt so recently in danger of being untrue herself, answered in a low but distinct voice, 'I told her not to be a sneak!'

'Eh? What?' cried he, leaning forward, sure that he had not heard properly.

'Not to speak,' said Mademoiselle. 'I heard her. She was afraid, I think, that her dear aunt's tooth would again ache, and advised her not to speak. I did hear her, did I not?' addressing Aunt Flora. 'And how is your poor tooth, Mrs. Vining? Did it become better with time?'

Aunt Flora, never for a moment doubting that Mademoiselle really believed she was correctly representing what she had incorrectly heard, could not help laughing, while she assured her that her tooth was so much better, it might almost be called well.

But Cecil felt too angry and too much disgusted to let the matter rest where Mademoiselle's good-natured insincerity had placed it. Her disgust was perhaps increased by the fact, that since she had entered on a path of independence, and persuaded herself that she had as good a right to disobey her uncle as her uncle had to disobey her, she had constantly found herself on the brink of falsehood, and had indeed several times practised a concealment that could, if properly designated, only be called deceitful. She did not examine into or analyze all this—she did not blame herself—she had blinded and deluded her conscience—a conscience which, poor child, she had never been taught to train, so that it might become her best guide and counsellor. The idea of praying for light—of taking her troubles and doubts where only they could be solved and set at rest—never crossed her mind for a moment; but the very fact of feeling tempted to deceit herself, made her more irritated and disgusted when this perfect adept in the same kind of

insincerity exerted her talents with smiling ease on her behalf. So she now said out brusquely, 'That was not what I said.'

However, her uncle unconsciously played into her governess's hands. 'Don't speak so roughly, pray,' he said very softly, and lifting up his hand in a deprecating manner. 'And don't always contradict Mademoiselle. Really, Cecil, your sayings and doings are not of such vital importance, that if a word or a letter, in a whisper that should never have been uttered, is incorrectly heard, the *whole* of our time—I have no hesitation in saying the *whole* of our time—should be taken up in the discussion of it.'

'Time is such a very valuable thing!' said Aunt Flora very seriously; and she sighed as she spoke. The girls looked at her surprised.

'Is it?' said Helen. 'Do you find it so, Aunt Flora?' Somehow, she had a sort of impression that her aunt's time was not so very valuable, and she had no idea that she fancied that it was.

'Oh yes, my dear,' said that lady earnestly. 'There is *nothing* so valuable as time—nothing at all.'

'It is all that we have,' said Mademoiselle, with a light laugh. 'We are bound to make the most of it.'

'*That* is the right way of viewing it,' replied Mr. Vaux approvingly; and his manner seemed to draw a contrast between her speech and his sister's, to the disadvantage of the latter. '*That* is the right way of viewing it. Would that everybody felt and expressed themselves in the same manner.' And he looked rather sadly and reproachfully at Mrs. Vining as he spoke, who became slightly flurried, and answered, 'I am sure I always do.'

After luncheon, they all dispersed to their different rooms and employments. Cecil still felt indignant with Mademoiselle for her repeated insincerities, especially when they were exerted on her behalf, though, as we have said before, she did not feel the same indignation with herself for placing herself in such positions as to render insincerity necessary, if an appearance was to be kept up. Having once set off on her own judgement, in her own way, she was getting further and further entangled in what was wrong, without having yet recognized that there was any wrong in it. Or if from time to time the deceit that she considered forced upon her startled and shocked her, she blamed everyone rather than herself, and especially blamed the Uncle, whom she was in reality bound to obey—and the customs of society—the regulations of domestic life, which she was powerless to change, and which are founded on a Wisdom she could neither penetrate nor understand. Because she could not see the reasons of things, she at once decided that they were unreasonable; and the restraints which she found disagreeable, she instantly determined must be wrong. She was rapidly travelling on a road that was leading her to destruction; and every step she took on it, and every moment she lost, made it more difficult for her to retrace her way. And she was going on without the

least idea that she alone was to blame, while those about her were in the right, or that the day might arrive when she might with anguish of heart desire to return, and find it impossible to do so in her own strength—and then, as she did not know the only Source from which strength could come, or how it was to be sought, what hope was there of her return at all?

But none of these thoughts found any place in Cecil Vaux's mind, often as they must occur to those who read this part of her history. She was bright and gay and self-confident; and while she dressed herself in her prettiest and most becoming clothes to meet her dear Juliet at the Penny Reading, she, as usual, raged to Helen about her uncle's absurdity, her governess's falseness—even her aunt's meekness came in for its share of blame; while her own conduct, which at present was certainly a compound of all these qualities, was covertly if not openly contrasted with the others, as being all that was strong, open, and wise. Helen listened and laughed—sometimes demurring a little—more often agreeing altogether—unaffectedly believing in her cousin's superiority to herself, and doubting her own opinion when it differed from hers. Ah, Cecil! how much you had to answer for, if only in the use you made of your influence over one like her!

(To be continued.)

A YORK AND A LANCASTER ROSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JANET'S HOME.'

CHAPTER VI.

A SNOWY DAY IN THE MODELS.

BITTER bitter cold, and as dark as pitch! Rose Marshall put her nose out of the bed where she lay with all her sisters, about half-past six o'clock on the morning of Lilly's birth-day, and drew it hastily in again. There certainly would be no use in getting up yet for a long time. She had heard her father, who had lately got a job of work in a distant part of London, stirring about in his room, next to theirs; and then she had heard him lift his tool-basket from a nail by the door, and go down-stairs. Out into the cold, without having so much as looked at a fire, without the cup of warm coffee that mother had always had ready for him before he went out last winter; without any nice slices of bread-and-meat in his dinner-tin, such as mother used to cut for him; and father was not a strong man—he had been complaining of his throat last night. Rose sighed, and put her nose out of the bed again; but Polly, who did not like the loss of warmth that followed her sister's attempts to get up,

pulled her back again under the blanket. There was nothing to be done now; and if she had awakened ever so much earlier, what could she have done? There was no meat in the house to cut nice slices from, and very little coffee and bread—only just enough for herself and the children; and yesterday morning, when she had tried to light a fire very early, that father might come in and warm himself, and have some coffee before he started, the sticks had been damp and refused to kindle properly, the room had filled with smoke; and Susie had coughed, and awakened Polly and Teddy, who quarrelled and screamed till father came in, and boxed Teddy's ears, and scolded her for wasting fuel. Father would stop and get a cup of coffee at the first coffee-stall, and go to an eating-house for his dinner; it was not what mother liked—she said she hated such London ways—but, at all events for to-day, Rosie did not see how it could have been prevented. Another day, perhaps, she might be able to remember to put the sticks on the hob over-night to dry; and to have the kettle filled, and a few good lumps of coal chosen out, and put on the hearth handy, as mother used to do when she wanted to get father his breakfast very early, last year. She might manage all that herself, if things would only fall out a little straight during the day, and she had not to go to bed at night in such a scramble, and so very very tired. If only she could find herself again in one of the tidy regular days, when school, and work, and meals, came always at the right moment, and without any struggle—such as used to be in the cottage at Brooklyn, or just the first few months after they came to London, when mother was strong, and father had not so many acquaintances who tempted him to stay out at night. Rosie dropped off to sleep again, with Polly nestling for warmth in her arms, while she was picturing to herself the details of one of mother's tidy days, and wishing she knew how to bring them back.

Time slipped on, and the cold grey light of a London day crept into the room, dispelling the darkness indeed, but shewing a great many objects for newly opened eyes to rest on, that would not certainly have greeted them if it had been one of mother's tidy days they were awakening to. The children were thoroughly roused at last by the sound of stirrings in the third room of their suite, into which mother had taken blind Ben as lodger, when she first began to find how very difficult it was to make up the high rent of even the smallest sets of rooms in such a respectable place as the Models. The notion of having to sink to a less respectable house had been very repugnant to Mrs. Marshall; and she had hit on this expedient, contrary to all rule as it was, to stave off the dreaded necessity as long as possible. Nobody said anything, because it was understood that Mrs. Marshall had taken blind Ben into her family to manage for him; and blind Ben was uncle to the woman who kept the grocer's shop at the end of the street, whose good word was considered worth having, by even the most independent of the lodging-house inmates. The grocer's wife, pleased to have placed her

blind relative in such honest hands, had made herself responsible for the weekly rent to Mrs. Marshall, in money or goods; and it soon became obvious to all who took any interest in the matter, that the doles which blind Ben brought from the grocer's shop on Saturday nights, a great deal more regularly than the husband brought his wages, were becoming more and more important to the sick woman and her little ones.

The comfort of the home had indeed disappeared since Mrs. Marshall had fallen ill; but by that time Ben had grown fond of the children, and declared that he would muddle on as best he could, till his kind landlady's return, rather than seek other quarters, especially as Rosie and Clara had lately learned to make themselves useful to him in taking out the old cane bottoms of the chairs he re-seated, and by thus saving his time for better work, enabled him to give a few pence towards the rent on his own account. He had been listening that morning for the usual sounds in his little neighbours' room; and not hearing them, began to sing, as he moved about, dressing himself, and raking out the cinders in his grate, ready for Rose to come in and light his fire. He could not begin his day's work till that was done, and till he had had a cup of warm tea or coffee. His hands were far too benumbed that bitter morning to serve him for eyes, as they usually did in his intricate work. He sat down to wait patiently when he had done all he could, not even sighing, though he put out his numb fingers to feel the basket he had left half unfinished when he went to bed. He was used to waiting; so he sat still in the cold, and finished the Morning Hymn at the top of his voice.

Rosie had jumped up at the second verse; and was on her knees now before their own fire-place, battling with the damp sticks, and the bits of hard slaty coal, and the unsifted cinders. Her chapped chilblainy hands were bleeding with the cold; and the floor, over which Teddy had spilt a kettle-full of water last night, just before getting into bed, was a sheet of ice most chilling to her bare tender feet. Oh, it *was* cold and miserable! Why could not everyone live in a Happy Valley, like Rasselas, and stay there? Why could not everyone be rich, like that pretty pink-faced little lady? and ride in carriages, and wear soft warm dresses, and velvet hats with rose-coloured feathers in them, and white delicious fur round their necks? Where was the use of getting up to be so miserably cold all day? Should she creep back into bed, and let them all be late for school once more, and trust to the chance of some good-natured woman from the lower rooms coming up by-and-by, and lighting their fire for them? No—for how Mother Ursula looked at her last time they were all late! and the Sisters were never late, though they had to get up in the cold too.

Oh dear! that little tongue of struggling flame, that did seem as if it was going to fasten itself on to the largest lump of coal at last, has flickered and gone out, and all is as dark as ever again. Rose felt as if

she must sit down, and cry in despair. Blind Ben had finished the hymn now, and was beginning at the middle verse over again.

‘Glory to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.’

‘*Endless light!*’ the words seemed to put some warmth and light into Rosie. There was no use in spilling more water about the room, in the shape of tears. It would be all their fire would do before dinner-time, to dry the floor, as it was. She must get two or three more sticks, and try again. What was it Mother used to say about air being one of the things wanted to make a fire burn; and about its being best to build up the sticks and cinders to a pyramid shape? Ah, that was it; now for the bit of paper that had wrapped the rice blind Ben had brought for their dinner yesterday—and let us see the result. This time the effort was successful. The sticks began to crackle hopefully, the smoke went up the chimney, instead of puffing out into the room. Soon the coals began to send out little jets of flame, and the cinders to glow; and there was the household friend, the fire-sprite—which somehow always made Rose think of mother’s face, and of better times—smiling at her from the grate, and trying hard to give a look of comfort and homishness to the untidy little room. Rose got up from her knees, and picking her own boots and stockings from the heap of things on the floor, proceeded to put them on; while she remembered that there were some children in London getting up at this hour, in rooms where there were no damp sticks even, or flinty coals to make a fire with, and no prospect of coffee and bread to come after. She must not forget to return thanks for the comforts bestowed on them; and her voice took up the tune Blind Ben had now left off, and repeated,

‘Glory to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.’

Just at that moment, at the other end of London, a group of warmly dressed little girls were standing, with clasped hands, round a well-filled breakfast-table, in a well-warmed prettily furnished room, while their governess said Grace in German. The eldest girl of the group listened to the words, and tried to follow their meaning with her heart, for it had lately occurred to her that Grace was something spoken to God, to which He listened; but the others stared about them, and made up their minds whether they would have jam or butter on their last slice of bread, when they had eaten up the smoking basons of bread and milk before them. It had really never come into their minds that food, and warmth, and health, and day-light, were gifts from their Father in Heaven, for which they owed Him thanks, at least.

Clara had dressed herself while Rosie was lighting the fire, and they now between them managed to get Susie, and Polly, and Teddy, into

their clothes. The clothes would all have been the better for a little shaking, and drying, and mending, over-night, such as they would have had if mother had been at home; and as Rosie stuck crooked pins where strings or hooks should have been, and saw how Teddy's poor little blue toes stuck out through his undarned socks and broken shoes, she planned how she really would be like mother that evening, and get the children to come in early out of the street, and put them to bed in good time; and then she would beg needle and thread and patches from the Sisters, and sit by the fire, and mend the things; and perhaps father would stay at home and read to her. She would remember to ask at the school library for a pretty book for him, that would tempt him to stay, if things were pretty quiet and comfortable. Only, somehow, the days did go in such a scramble; and Teddy was such a handful, and the other boys in the Models never let him alone, but put such ways into his head! Twice already he had escaped from Rosie's hands, half-dressed, and begun making a slide down the room, where he had last night upset the water, that might now be boiling on the fire for their breakfast.

He had to be left to slide as much as he pleased after he was dressed, though it was making a terrible mess of the floor; for Clara must go to wait on Blind Ben, and Rosie, finding all the water left in the jug frozen to a hard lump, thought she would venture down-stairs to beg a kettle-full of boiling water from some neighbour who had managed to get her fire lighted earlier than herself. She meant to go down to the bottom of the block, for there was the greatest amount of intercourse between the dwellers in the loftiest and the dwellers in the lowest rooms; the tenants of the intermediate floors belonging chiefly to the well-to-do people, whose favourite boast it was that 'they kept themselves to themselves, and knew nothing of their neighbours.' However, it chanced that a passage door on the third story stood open, and Rose paused to look down the gallery; a sitting-room door was open too—how nice it would be if she could get what she wanted there, and be spared the cold cold trudge to Mrs. Chapman's apartments in the cellars! She took a step or two forward, and peeped in. It was Mrs. Johnstone's suite of rooms; the family were just sitting down to breakfast. The eldest son, he that was shopman in a big place in the city, had just brought in a scuttle of coals, (they had a coal closet;) and now he was heaping such lovely round knobs on a fire that blazed half up the chimney already; on one of the hobs a big kettle was sputtering and steaming, and on the other stood a plate piled high with buttered toast—'more, surely, than four people could eat,' Rosie thought. Mr. Johnstone had not appeared from the inner room yet; but there was Mrs. Johnstone sitting before the tea-pot, and the second boy, the telegraph boy, with the red stripes on his brown coat, was drawing a chair to the table, and looking ready enough to begin breakfast. Rose knew him well by sight. He had lately joined the Guild, and she had seen him in church on the last Guild Sunday.

He was the first to spy out Rose. 'I say, Mother, there's a little girl standing at our door wanting to speak to you. Oh, don't she look cold?'

'Shut the door, Tom,' said Mrs. Johnstone loftily to her eldest son. 'There's the staircase for them to go down that wants to go down from the upper rooms, and no one has any right to come up this passage that don't live here. It's bad enough that anyone but ourselves can come *back'ards* and *for'ards*. That's the worst, as I always tell your father, of our not having a house all to ourselves—that people of all sorts do seem to think they may come and spy upon you. Shut the door this minute, Tom or Reuben, I say, one of you.'

Tom was still busy with the coal-scuttle; and Reuben, the telegraph boy, got to the door first. He half shut it, and then stood looking at Rose through the opening. 'Oh, I say,' he began awkwardly, 'what is it you want? you know you ought not to come here—you're Rose Marshall, aint you?'

'Please, if you'd give me a kettle-full of hot water, I would be so much obliged to you; every drop of water in our room is frozen to a lump of ice, and it 'ill take such a deal of time and fire to make it boil.'

'Well, give me yer kettle.' He took it, and shut the door all but a chink, through which Rose overheard a short discussion that followed within the room.

'I never knew such a thing of you, Reuben—encouraging the attic people to come here begging; I won't have it; I shall never have a minute's peace, or a pot or a pan to call my own.'

'Never mind, just this once, Mother; the cold's enough to kill a cat; and it's Rose Marshall, her whose mother's lying sick in the hospital, and she belongs to our Guild that I told you about.'

'Get along with you, with your Guilds and your rubbish. I never did see such a boy; but it all comes of living close to a church where there's always a something going on!' said the mother, in a mollified tone; and Rose heard the water gurgling into her kettle, and knew that Reuben had got his way. 'I'd never have let you have nothing to do with them Guilds, and church-goings, and singings, if I thought it was to bring all the thriftless people from the attics round my door; but there now, Reuben, you understand, it's only to be this once—you're never to do it again.'

'Not till next time, I promise you, Mother,' said Reuben gaily; and the next minute he was at the door, handing the kettle to Rose through the chink. 'It's pretty hot now, take care it don't burn you,' he said, slipping the handle on to Rosie's blue fingers.

Rose looked up into his face with the same thoughtful far-away expression in her eyes, that her name-sake had noticed before. 'It is not a cup of cold water you've given me,' she said, 'it's hot water; but it must be the same thing, don't you think so? for it's what we want most here.'

‘Cold water! I don’t know whatever you mean,’ said Reuben, thoroughly astonished.

‘Why, you were at church on the last Guild Sunday; I saw you—don’t you remember?’

‘Oh yes, I know—the text of the sermon—thank you,’ said Reuben, his bright morning face flushing all over with a fresh glow of pleasure, as he went back to his place at the breakfast-table, with the words in his mind, ‘So much as a cup of cold water in My Name, shall in no case lose his reward.’ To be sure, the preacher said that was one thing the Guild was for, to enable its members to shew kindnesses to each other in His Name. Reuben had heard and thought about it; but Rose’s application, fitting words and deed together, put it in a new practical light. He had begun by making the easiest, least costly gift; and now he remembered that the preacher, in speaking of the reward, had said that some part of it would be increased willingness and power to serve. As he sat eating his breakfast, he began already to think of the next thing; and this time the next thing did not lie far away. Rosie was right in her conjecture, that there was more toast than could possibly be eaten by four people.

Mrs. Johnstone, though a liberal provider, did not generally miscalculate the wants of her household; but to-day she had rather exaggerated the appetizing effects of the frost; and when time was up, and the male part of the family had to hurry away to their several duties, there still remained six handsome well-buttered squares in the dish. She looked at them in some dismay. ‘I’ll tell ye what, Reuben,’ she said, ‘I’ll just wrap ’em up in a bit of paper, and you shall put ’em in your pocket to nimble at as you run along. There’s nothing so good for keeping cold out as putting plenty in; and run off your legs as you are at your place, you’ll find yourself sharp-set long before dinner-time, I know. Mrs. Johnstone abhorred waste, but it had never occurred to her that to eat more than you want is a worse sort of waste than actually to throw food away. She thrust the folded paper into Reuben’s pocket, while he picked up his cap. ‘There, you need not run off in such a hurry, you might as well give yourself another warm while you tie your comforter, you’ve a few minutes to spare still.’

Reuben was his mother’s favourite, and got all the petting, and deserved it too, which is not often the case with favourites. He gave his mother a hearty sounding kiss, but moved to the door all the same. He had made up his mind what to do with his spare minutes, and as soon as he was out on the staircase he acted on his intention; up instead of down, three steps at a time, in breathless haste, till he stood on the upper landing, outside the Marshalls’ door.

Blind Ben was at work by this time on his basket, and singing again at the top of his voice a hymn that always came uppermost and was oftenest repeated when provisions were scarce, and prospects chilling for his little neighbours—

‘It mayn’t be in my time,
It mayn’t be in thy time;
But yet in His own time,
The Lord will provide.’

Reuben did not wait for his knock to be answered, he opened the door and went straight in. The little Marshalls were all standing round a table at the end of the room, on which were two mugs filled with something hot. Teddy was trying to draw one of them down to the level of his mouth, and spilling part of its muddy brown contents on his pinafore; and Rose, with a knife, was hacking at a lump of bread, considering how she could divide it into five portions that would not look dolefully small. ‘Do you like buttered toast?’ said Reuben, walking up to the table and putting down upon it the paper which he had unfolded so as to shew its contents. ‘Here’s just a slice apiece for you and one to spare, and it aint bad on a cold morning.’

The children were too much astonished to say a word; and Reuben was out of the room before Rose had recovered herself sufficiently to thank him. She ran after him, however, to the head of the spiral staircase, and looked over before he had gone down many steps. ‘Oh, you are kind—oh, thank you!’

He looked up, and came back a step or two. ‘I say, where do you get your coals? next time you want any fetching, just tell me; I’m always home at one o’clock for dinner, and you might look out for me at the bottom of the staircase when you wanted anything done. Mother would be willing to do you many a kind turn, I know, if you didn’t vex her, spilling your coals and things on the stairs—she is always going on about that; but if you have to lug ’em up from the bottom yourself, I don’t wonder at it—such a little un as you.’

It is hard,’ said Rose, over the balusters; ‘and I’m sorry I vex your mother.’

‘Then next time look out for me to help you. Good-bye; I must run now.’ And Reuben’s head disappeared down the winding staircase; while Rose returned to her breakfast.

Buttered toast, to be properly appreciated by those to whom it is a singular luxury, requires a longer time for its consumption than dry bread. The school-bell had begun to ring, before Polly and Teddy, who had divided the sixth slice between them, had come to the end of their second helping; and then a bustle ensued, which put an end to Rose’s hopes of beginning the day by doing each piece of work at its proper time. The table had to be left with the spilt coffee on it, and the mugs unwashed, while she searched frantically among the tumbled bed-clothes for Polly’s knitted shawl, and Teddy’s comforter and cap. The rim of the cap proved to be nearly torn off, and Rosie remembered that the Sisters had told her two days ago, when it was beginning to be loose, to sew it on; and now Teddy declared that yesterday he had been desired not to come to school again till his cap was mended; and

Susie, on hearing this, suddenly began to cry, and remembered that her teacher had told her to come next time in a cleaner pinafore, and that she could not abear to be pointed at by the other children. Rosie was ready to cry herself with vexation and bewilderment; and Clara, in indignation for Rosie, shook and slapped them both vigorously, with no other result than to set Polly off screaming in chorus with Susie, and to provoke Teddy to stand on his head in the middle of the slide, which was now beginning to thaw a little. Clean pinafores and materials for mending were not to be got by scolding or screaming. Rosie's thimble was not in her work-bag, and she had neither needle nor thread at hand. She had to manage the best way she could to pacify the rebels, by changing Susie's pinafore inside out, the inside being a shade the cleaner, and by fastening the flap of Teddy's cap with a big pin, so as to make it look tolerably tidy so long as it stayed on his head.

'Now, Teddy, *do* let it stay as it is,' she said coaxingly; 'keep your hands off it, do, till you get inside the school-room door; and come now, I'll let you have the pretty young lady's bright penny to play with all day, if you'll be good, and come right off to school this minute.'

Teddy would not stir till he had the bright penny in his own keeping, and a little time was lost in poking it out of a hole in the wall appropriated to special treasures, where Clara had prudently hidden it; but at last the little procession was fairly got into motion. Rosie stayed last, to lock the room door, and give the key to Blind Ben, and mend up his fire the last thing. He had been singing, 'Birds in their little nests agree,' all the time they had been quarrelling, but no one had paid any attention to him. She could not help waiting to tell him about Reuben and the buttered toast, so she did not catch up the other children till they had reached the school-house door, and by that time the bell had ceased ringing, and the door was closed while prayers were being read, and no one could enter for the next ten minutes. It was a bitter morning; and oh, it was cold waiting outside. Susie wrapped her arms in her dirty pinafore. Polly was better off with the knitted worsted shawl that had been mother's wrapped round and round her. Teddy took to stamping about, and flapping his arms like a coachman, and soon succeeded in shaking the loose rim of his cap over his eyes. 'I'm not agoing into school with a torn cap, I aint,' he said, saucily peeping over the rim at Rosie. The doors were thrown open that minute, and Rosie, who was nearest the door, looked back from the lesson she was looking over, to say, 'Oh yes, you are, Teddy, like a good boy.—Ketch 'old of 'is 'and, Susie, and take 'im in along with you.'

Other ten o'clock scholars had come up, and were pressing in through the open doors, some to the large room on the ground floor where the infants were taught; others, among whom were Clara and Rosie, to the upper story. Rosie, with her head again bent over her book, followed a group of big girls up-stairs, and Susie made an effort to follow her instructions and 'ketch' hold of Teddy; but he was too quick for her,

he whisked away into the middle of the street before she could reach him, and stood making faces, and peeping at her through the torn cap. Susie made another feeble effort to catch him, and then resolving to tell teacher as soon as she had an opportunity, she gave it up in despair. She was not a very bright child, and she had Polly to mind, and she partly sympathized with Teddy in not choosing to shew himself in school in his torn cap. If he chose to run about the streets till they came out, it was his own affair; or perhaps he would run home, and persuade blind Ben to let him sit by his fire all the morning, and watch the basket growing bigger, and that would be nice. Susie had half a mind to play truant too, and thought that at all events she would not say anything about Teddy to the teacher, if she chanced not to ask where he was, as might be the case, since they were all so late that morning.

CHAPTER VII.

LOST, LOST, LOST!

THE first thing that met Rosie's eyes when she came out of school at twelve o'clock, was Susie alone with Polly, seated on the frozen school-house steps, crying. The infants were dismissed half an hour before the pupils of the upper school; and Susie, Polly, and Teddy, usually trotted back to the Models, and sat with blind Ben till Rosie came home, or one of the Sisters took them into the Home, and let them sit in the children's corner by their fire until dinner-time.

'Whatever are you doing here in the cold, you stupids!' said Clara, shaking Susie by the shoulder, as if she thought her words must be frozen hard, and would require to be shaken out of her mouth.

'Where's Teddy?' asked Rosie, an uncomfortable misgiving shooting into her mind. 'You've never let him run away, have you? Why, it's mother's day at the hospital, and we've all to go and see her after dinner. You've never been and gone and lost Teddy! Whatever would mother say if we went to her without Teddy?'

It was a peculiarity of Susie's to turn dumb whenever anybody asked her a question eagerly or in a hurry, and to Rosie's dismay the dumbness came over her now. She stuck her chin into her pinafore, and sobbed louder and louder at every shake from Clara or entreaty from Rosie, but could not be made to bring out a word. She turned at last to Polly, who was contentedly looking on at the commotion with her thumb in her mouth, and who, if she could not say many words, was willing to give all the information in her power. 'Is Teddy with blind Ben?'

Polly shook her head emphatically.

'Is he at the Home?'

More shakes of the head.

'Where is he then?'

‘Polly dunno.’

‘Did he come out of school with you?’

A very solemn shake.

‘I wonder you aint ashamed of yerself, Susie, to have gone and lost yer little brother; and it was only up the school-room steps ye was asked to mind him; but you never was of no use in all your life; you never was to be trusted,’ said Clara, administering another shake, and speaking exactly in the tone in which Mrs. Chapman, of the lower story of the Models, was accustomed to upbraid the one among her eleven unruly children who happened to be in least favour at the moment. Just then, the Sister who had been teaching the upper school passed down the steps, and Rose caught her by her dress, and explained their trouble. Sister Clare did not think it very serious, and spoke encouragingly. The day was too cold, she thought, for even such a gad-about as Teddy to wander far. She advised Rosie to run home and get blind Ben his dinner, and said that she would take Clara and the little ones into the Home, and ask Mother if they might all have some soup when the Sisters dined. Teddy would be sure to turn up at one place or another when he felt hungry, and Teddy never failed to feel hungry when meal-times came. Susie now found her tongue to say that Teddy had runned away a long time ago, before they went into school; and Rosie thought Sister Clare looked a little grave when she heard it, though she still spoke cheerfully, and bade Rosie run home and inquire of the neighbours if anything had been heard of Teddy since morning. ‘Perhaps he might have run into Mrs. Chapman’s rooms, and be playing about with her boys.’

Rose rather shrank from speaking to Mrs. Chapman—she had such a long tongue, and would be sure to think of so many dreadful things that might have happened to Teddy. She contented herself for the present with peeping into the passages, and calling ‘Teddy!’ several times; and then she ran up-stairs to their own rooms, to comfort herself by telling blind Ben, and hearing what he would say. For once there was a sound of voices in blind Ben’s room. He had a visitor. Rose paused at the half-opened door before entering. It was Mrs. Younghusband, Ben’s niece, from the corner shop. She had her back to the door, but Rose could not be mistaken in the handsome red shawl, and the velvet bonnet with green bows, or in the big covered basket, which Mrs. Younghusband had already emptied of its contents on to Ben’s table, and which now stood by her side ready to be taken up again. She was haranguing Ben in a loud expostulatory tone of voice; and he had paused in his work, and was turning up his face towards her, with the patient look upon it, that meant he was hearing something he did not like. ‘It is not that I grudge the three and sixpence,’ she was saying, ‘nor Younghusband neither—he never has done that, though you aint but a wife’s uncle to him, and he married me, a poor workhouse girl, out of my first place. He’s never been ashamed of my kin, nor grudged my helping

of them—I'll do him that justice. But it's the paying good money for what we don't get that goes against us both. For lodgings *and attendance*—them was my words to Mrs. Marshall before ever you came into the place, and a nice tidy place it was then, that we could put you into without being ashamed or having you cast up to us; and now—I don't say it's a pig-sty, for Sister Teresa scoured it down with her own hands not so long ago; but for anything else that's been done to it since I've been here I was, except to bring in a pack of dirty brats to mess your few poor bits of things worse than they need be messed, I should just like to know what the attendance is we pay for!' and Mrs. Younghusband glanced round on the unmade bed, the unfilled water-jug, the brown and rusty hearth, the littered floor and table, with glances of disgust, that made poor Rosie's heart sink quite down into her shoes, and banished even anxiety about Teddy for the moment. 'Does anyone ever come near to do a hand's-turn for you, I want to know? Tell me that!'

Rose tapped softly at the door and entered. 'Please, I'm come to look at the fire, and put the soup to warm that Sisters sent last night for Mr. Benjamin's dinner,' she said meekly.

'And a great deal of fire you would have found if I had not been here before you,' Mrs. Younghusband answered.

It was the prelude to a long scolding, which Rose felt she quite deserved, for to be sure the room was untidy; but she could not help the tears trickling down her face, and threatening to drop into the soup as she poured it into the little saucepan and knelt stirring it before the fire. Blind Ben turned to his work again, and put in little conciliatory sentences whenever Mrs. Younghusband's breath failed; and at last she took up her basket and went away—not, however, till she had ascertained that Rose and her sisters had been invited to dine at the Home, for, 'To be sure,' she muttered to herself as she pounded down the stairs, 'that is but a bit of a helpless white-faced chit to have so many on her hands; and it is not one in a hundred would manage much better than she does, or perhaps as well.'

Rose began to strain her ears for the sound of Teddy's feet clattering up the stairs, as soon as the echo of Mrs. Younghusband's steps died away; and when she had poured Ben's soup into the bason, and he was eating it, she told him the story. He had not heard anything of Teddy all the morning, and blind Ben's ears were to be trusted more than anybody else's eyes, for he knew the sound of every step that frequented the building; and sitting there by himself all day at his solitary work, he seldom failed to take note of everybody's comings and goings. He was quite certain that Teddy had not been near the 'Models' since Rose left in the morning.

'Was it not beginning to snow?' he asked soon. It was extraordinary how blind Ben knew, but he did know before anyone else the changes in the weather.

Rose ran to the window, and saw the soft thick flakes hurrying one

over the other through the air. 'Did blind Ben think that Teddy could wander so far away as to be lost in the snow?' she asked, with a vague recollection of a story she had heard at Brooklyn, of children frozen to death on a common in a sudden snow-storm.

Blind Ben smiled at the notion of a snow-drift in London streets, in which Teddy could be buried; but he startled Rose with another fear the next minute. 'What clothes had Teddy on when he went to school that morning?' he asked.

'The clothes mother made over for him just before she was took ill; they used to be Harry's best at Brooklyn, but they are very shabby and worn now.'

'Eh, but there's good stuff in them; they've been real good clothes in their time—and they're worth stealing still!' Ben said, shaking his head.

A conviction flashed on Rosie's mind, that mother would think of that the first thing. She would immediately picture to herself Teddy taken to some dark alley, and stripped and left to freeze, or dressed in rags and huddled up in some dismal cellar among thieves and beggars, and never able to find his way home again. How could she come before her mother that afternoon without Teddy, and tell her what would cause her such agony! It would be almost as bad as Joseph's brethren coming before old Jacob with the little bloody coat of many colours; worse, as far as she was concerned, Rosie thought, for she loved Teddy with all her heart, and had never been jealous that he was mother's darling; because he was the only boy since Harry died, and could wear Harry's old clothes and look like him. Surely, surely, Teddy would come back before the hour came for their all going into the ward to see mother! She felt she must begin to exert herself to find him. 'I think I will go down-stairs again, and ask Mrs. Chapman and the other neighbours if they have seen anything of Teddy,' she said.

'Do, deary,' answered Ben; 'and come back and tell me as soon as you hear anything. I can't get about this weather, my rheumatics is that bad—and I shall weary to hear.'

Somehow or other, the news that Teddy Marshall had not been seen since early morning had reached Mrs. Chapman's rooms before Rose arrived there. One of Mrs. Chapman's children had sat next Susie at school; and another, who had not gone to school at all, had met him in the street at half-past nine, sauntering in an opposite direction to the school-house, with a penny in his hand, presumably on his way to the sweet-shop.

A group of women were discussing these particulars round Mrs. Chapman's door when Rosie came up; and she was greeted with 'So you've lost your little brother, Miss; and whatever will your poor mother say when you go to see her this afternoon? To be sure, it is unlucky that he should have gone and lost hisself to-day, of all days in the week, when his mother, poor dear, is looking out to see him.'

A great deal of talking followed; and some of the women were very good-natured; one of them went herself to the sweet-shop to inquire if anyone answering to the description of Teddy had been seen there, and brought back no news. But the conversation, though sympathetic, was not of a kind to raise Rose's spirits. Every one of the women had a story to tell of a lost child, who had either remained away several days, to the distraction of its mother, or been brought back with a broken limb before night; and Mrs. Chapman surpassed them all with a mysterious history of a little boy, exactly like Teddy, who was taken to a workhouse, and so changed and disfigured by hair-cropping, washing, and other ill-usage, that his own mother could not recognize him when she was taken a week afterwards to inspect a line of stray children where he was, though he screamed himself into a fit at the sight of her. Rose felt sure that she, to say nothing of her mother, would recognize Teddy before he screamed himself into a fit; but that did not comfort her under the prospect of a possible week of waiting, when this very afternoon—nay, this very minute—in the hospital, their mother was expecting them, and counting the minutes till they appeared. The dinner-bell rang at the Home before the gossip round Mrs. Chapman's door was concluded, and the women advised Rose to run round and get her soup, at all events. Mother Ursula would know what to do about looking for Teddy, if anybody did; and perhaps while they had been talking he might have come back to the Home; and Rose might possibly find him safe with the 'Sisters' after all.

Never had Rosie been in such a hurry to have the gate open as when she ran across the road and stood before it that day. She had not to wait long, for a group of convalescents were pressing in to get their dinner, and she stepped in among them. Clara, and Susie, and Polly, and Mary Anne, were seated on the ledge—but no Teddy; and poor Rose felt quite sick and giddy with the disappointment, and had to catch hold of the edge of the table to save herself from falling.

There was always a good deal to do at the Home at dinner-time, for the Sisters waited on their guests themselves; and Mother generally had to listen to particulars of the health of one or other of the convalescents, so that Rose had very little hope of being able to speak to any of the inmates of the house till dinner was over, especially as she was late; and people were already taking their places at the table in the inner room. There was no room that day for the children at the table. One of the Sisters brought them their soup to the reception-room fire, and Rose detained her to tell her that nothing had been heard or seen of Teddy at the 'Models;' and she promised to take the first opportunity of speaking to Mother about it.

It was a very cold day for a little child to be wandering about the streets, but Teddy was a sharp boy for his age, and the Sister thought he would not come to much harm, but come back when he had played truant long enough to make them welcome instead of scold him when he

did appear. See, she would put down his bason of soup by the fire to keep hot. Rose ate her soup with little appetite, while her ears ached for the sound of the bell, and every two or three minutes she put down her bason, and ran to the gate to look through the bars down the street, in the hope of seeing Teddy coming along. Oh how happy the sight of the torn flap of his cap would make her! Oh, if only she had mended the cap when Sister Clare told her, perhaps all this would not have happened. It seemed cruel and heartless to her, that the business of the House should be going on just as usual, just as if Teddy were seated on the ledge, or their mother were not expecting them up-stairs.

When dinner was over, Mother Ursula came and spoke to Rose. She did not frighten her with conjectures, as the neighbours had done; but Rose could not help seeing that she looked grave, and that she was not very hopeful that Teddy would make his appearance before the hour when the visitors were taken to the ward. She said she would send at once to the nearest police-station, and cause inquiries to be set on foot for Teddy; and she thought Rose had better wait till the latest possible moment for going into the ward.

It was mother's afternoon at the Home—the day when the mothers of the little sick children in the hospital came to see them, and when the women-patients received their friends. Soon, frequent rings came at the gate-bell; and Rose, from her seat on the hearth-stone, saw the visitors pass in up the steps through the great door at the end, that led to the wards. She had been in often enough herself to know how it all went on. How little faces grew eager, and little crippled figures dragged themselves upright in their cots, and sick heads turned on pillows, at the sound of the bell; and how when the ward-door opened, all faces, young and old, were turned one way; and how one face among them all brightened at sight of the entering figure, and all the others fell.

'Charlie's mother has come,' or 'Katie's mother, but not mine yet,' nine children out of the ten were saying; or 'Mrs. Samson has got her children, but mine are late,'—that was what Rose's mother would have to say that afternoon; and it would surprise her all the more, that Rosie had never been late all through the months of her long illness till now. Mother Ursula, though she was busy talking to the 'mothers,' did not forget Rose Marshall's trouble. She came several times to speak to her.

And once she went herself to the gate, and stopped a policeman who was passing, to give him a still more exact description of Teddy than had been sent to the office, and to beg him to exert himself in the search. The policeman was very civil, and spoke kindly; but Rose's heart sank lower than ever, when she found that Mother Ursula was trusting chiefly to what seemed to her a wretchedly forlorn hope. She and Clara had been in the habit of threatening Teddy with being taken by a policeman, as with the most frightful doom that could befall a boy; and Rose knew that in spite of Teddy's bravadoes he was a very nervous child, and would be likely to have recourse to any desperate expedient,

such as rushing under an omnibus, or throwing himself down an area, rather than yield to such a fate as being caught by a Bobby.

‘We may wait just one hour more for the chance of Teddy’s turning up, before we need let your mother know that he is missing, I think,’ Mother Ursula said. ‘It has just struck three, and the visitors go on coming till four. Your mother will fidget, but I think we can keep her tolerably quiet till then; but after that, you had better go to her with the other children, and tell her the truth as quietly as you can; nothing would be so bad for her as getting worked up into an agony, by your none of you appearing.’

‘O Mother, won’t you tell her, instead of me?’

‘I think not, my dear; it will have a much more serious look if I speak about it first. I will be at hand to soothe her when she has heard, but you must speak first; however, there is an hour yet—let us hope and pray, my dear child!’

‘O Mother, I can’t sit still that whole hour. Mayn’t I run round to the Models again for the chance of his being somewhere about there, and then down to the street corner to look out? I think I shall be less miserable if I am looking out; it will be like doing something.’

‘Go, if you like, my child; and if you find the watching only makes it worse, or if you get very cold, the church is open, and you may go in there. I think you would find it helped you, Rosie!’

Mother had to turn back into the reception-room, for someone called her; and Rosie ran across the street, up to blind Ben’s room, down to Mrs. Chapman’s, distractedly here and there, her face growing whiter and more frightened every minute. Everybody was very kind to her, and promised help in looking for Teddy; but everybody shook his or her head. ‘It was a long time, certainly,’ they said, ‘for a little chap like Teddy to be missing—in such weather, too; he could not be in the street all this time—why, he’d be frozen to death!’ they said. Rose had no patience to listen to such prophecies now; she ran out of the ‘Models’ as quickly as she had run in, and made her way down to the corner of the street.

The street, even the main street, was wonderfully quiet; for the snow was still falling quickly, and just for that one hour, all the dirt and uglinesses and shabbinesses of road, houses, and pavement, were hidden away under a white covering of pure glittering snow. A few people were hurrying along the street, holding white snow domes over their heads; and some two or three shivering figures, dejected and benumbed with the bitter cold, were creeping under the shelter of the houses, with heads bent forward, cowering before the storm; but none of these was Teddy.

Old beggars, and young beggars, homeless haunters of these poor streets—Rose recognized some of their faces as they passed by her, but the little face she was longing to see did not appear. She was slowly turning into a snow pillar herself, but the pain in her mind was too

great for her to heed the cold. The stillness and unusual beauty of the scene took her back to Brooklyn; and she remembered a snowy day in the last winter they spent there, when she and Harry had stood together before their cottage door, looking out over glittering snowy fields for father to come home from his work, that they might be the first to shew him the grand snow man with a pipe in his mouth, that they had built up in a corner of the garden. And how father had admired it, to be sure! And then they had all gone into the bright tidy cottage, where mother sat by the fire; and they had roasted some chestnuts in the embers, that father had brought home in his pocket for them. And now Harry was dead, and mother sick, and father changed; and if she had to go up into the ward, and tell mother that Teddy was lost, Rose thought it would break her heart. Oh, no, no! she never could get out that word to mother—she never could bear to see the look that would come into her hollow eyes, and her poor poor white face working. Rose's eyes were too blinded with tears now to see any distance down the street, and a wild thought of running away herself, and hiding in the snow, seized her. She did turn round, and set off running, and plunged a few yards or so through the snow, without heeding where she was going; but before long she stumbled, and fell, hitting her side rather sharply against a curb-stone; and when she got up, she was trembling so, she had no longer the power to run. The stone against which she had stumbled was the stone before the church door, and the door was open. Yes, she would go in there, as Mother Ursula had advised; perhaps she would find it easier to wait there than anywhere else. The church was empty just then; but it was warm, and the air felt kinder there than outside. Rose crept a few steps forward, and seated herself on one of the hassocks, by the font. The next day was a saint's-day, and there were to be some christenings during Evensong, and a lady had been into the church and decorated the font with flowers; for at the church near the Home the little ones, whether they came from rich or poor homes, were received with tokens of loving welcome.

The font had looked just like that when Polly had been brought to be christened; and as Rose sat on the stool, and smelt the fragrance that the flowers breathed round her, it seemed to her as if the air was filled with the music of the hymn that was always sung in that church on the evenings of the christenings. She began to murmur the words to herself—

'Seeing I am Jesu's lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am;
O'er my Shepherd kind and good,
Who provides me daily food,
And His lamb by name doth call,
For He knows and loves us all.'

Then Teddy could not really be lost! A strange thrill of joy came into Rose's heart with that thought. And she slid off the hassock on to her knees, and laid her head down on the cushion on the topmost step of

the font. No, Teddy was not really lost; the Good Shepherd knew where he was! Rose had thought about the Good Shepherd often before. She had heard of Him in that church, and Mother Ursula had often so spoken to her, and to the other children at the school, of His condescension and His tender love, that her heart had melted and glowed, and she had longed to belong wholly to Him; but now, in this hour of anxiety, it seemed to her as if He spoke to her Himself, and that she could see His tender protecting arms stretched out, and hear His gentle voice, inviting all the feeble little ones in the world to creep into them and be safe. Teddy was His little lamb, Teddy *could* not be lost. There was no place, even in London—no dreadful place, through which that Hand could not guide him. The thought gave Rose courage to pray as she had never prayed before in her life, with a certainty of being heard that made prayer a new exercise—no form, but real earnest words, pleadings that had life and death in them, spoken to a trusted Almighty Friend, Who could not fail to hear and answer. When Rose had breathed out all that was in her heart, not only about Teddy, but about her father and her mother, and her own remorse at having failed so often, and her longing to be helped to do her work better, she rose from her knees, feeling a new creature, no longer wild and despairing, but ready to do the best that she could, whatever might have happened. It must be four o'clock now. She thought she would go back to the Home; and if Mother Ursula thought it right for her to go into the ward without Teddy, and tell her mother she had lost him, she would go, and try to comfort poor mother, and bear her anger and her reproaches as well as she could, confessing she had deserved them. Mother would not be without comfort; for she knew the Good Shepherd, and never liked anyone to say that they had lost Harry; because Harry was with the Good Shepherd, and belonged to them all as much as ever.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STRANGE BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.

ANNE was a very pleasant companion in a cab-drive through the streets of London, for she was a country girl whom Mrs. Ingram had taken into her service as school-room maid during their autumn visit to Lowestoff, and everything she saw was new to her. She thought a good deal of having a member of the Blacking Brigade, in his red dress, pointed out to her, and was so lost in admiration of the Commissionaire, with his Crimean medal at his button-hole, on his bench before the Pantheon, that she quite forgot to tell the cabman, who had been engaged by Packer, to wait for her and Rose till they came out. When they were once inside among the stalls, Rose began to be a little anxious, for Anne saw so many things she wanted to look at everywhere, that a

considerable time slipped by before they reached the end of the Pantheon; where the birds and fish were to be seen. Rose had, luckily, quite made up her mind what she had to do, but she could not convince Anne that there was no use in asking the prices of watches, or ear-rings, or inlaid work-boxes, when she only intended to buy an aquarium. A clock in the building struck twelve just as they reached the conservatory, and now it was Anne's turn to be frightened, and to beg Miss Rose to make haste, for what would Mr. Packer say to her if she were not at home by five minutes to one, ready to attend to the school-room dinner, when visitors to the school-room were expected? Perhaps it was as well to be a little hurried; the dormice and the squirrels in their cages, and the dear dear noisy birds, looked so tempting; and there was actually a knowing-faced monkey for sale, which Rose—with her head full of something Mr. Henderson had told in a late history lesson, of the use made of monkeys in ancient Egyptian households—might have deluded herself into thinking a desirable assistant for Nurse and Packer, as well as an agreeable play-room mate, if Anne had given time for inclination to argue away reasonable scruples. Not being allowed to dally with temptation, she kept her attention steadily fixed on aquariums, and chose a handsome fresh-water one, well stocked with live curiosities, which only cost five-and-twenty shillings, and was not too heavy to be carried home. She begged to carry it herself down the room, and only stopped at a toy-stall to buy the little piano. It cost four shillings, leaving one, which Rose determined to spend in various kinds of rocks and candies at the confectioner's stall, to make a doll's feast for Lilly to preside over, and invite Lucy Fanshawe to see, in the afternoon. The judicious expenditure of this last shilling cost more time and thought than it had been necessary to give to the other twenty-nine. Anne got rather cross at last; and Rose determined not to ask anyone what o'clock it was as she walked through the vestibule to the door, with her hands and arms laden with packages.

It had begun to snow while they had been in the Pantheon, large soft flakes were falling very fast, and the pavement and road were whitened already. Foot-passengers were hurrying along, with umbrellas already turned into white domes over their heads. A beggar-woman, with a little group of ragged children round her, at the foot of the Pantheon steps, had the appearance of snow figures; the Crimean hero had disappeared from his perch, conquered by the cold; and neither up nor down the street was there at the moment an empty cab to be seen.

'What are we to do, Miss Rose?' exclaimed Anne. 'To think of that man, as Mr. Packer paid five shillings to, driving away without us! However are we to get back in time? and I did want to rub up them school-room spoons before Mr. Packer saw them, which he's sure to look them over, as your grandmamma and aunt are coming to dine in the school-room to-day.'

'There's an omnibus stopping on the other side of the way,' observed

Rose. 'I wonder where it's going to! Do you think, Anne, you could run across and see whether there is Bayswater on it, and ask the conductor which way it is going? I know the boys come home from school on wet days sometimes in a Bayswater omnibus, so perhaps we might do the same.'

Anne, pleased with the suggestion, ran towards the omnibus, and Rose was left standing at the bottom of the Pantheon steps with all her purchases. It was fun to be alone in the whirlwind of snow, through which one could only see a little way—though when a moment or two had passed, Rose began to be a little anxious lest Anne should get bewildered and forget to come back for her. More and more people with umbrellas passed, but no Anne. Somebody was speaking to her. Rose turned round. It was the snowy beggar-woman, who had now come close, and was holding a shaking hand quite under Rose's hat, and mumbling something about the cold, and her poor little children wanting bread. If Rose had had any money left, she would most likely have given it, but her purse was again quite empty. She could only look round and say civilly, 'I'm sorry, but I have nothing to give you.'

At the sound of her voice, there was a rush and a howl among the group of ragged children whom the old woman was dragging after her; a little boy, whom she held with her left hand, broke from her grasp, rushed at Rose, and throwing his arms round her legs, burst out into a great cry: 'Oh! oh! oh! Take me back to Rosie! Oh! oh! oh! I'm Teddy Marshall. I runned away going to school this morning, and she got me—oh! oh!—and stole my comforter and my cap; and I want—I want—I want to go back to Rosie and to Sisters. Take me back, little lady, take me back!'

All at once, in a quarter of a minute it seemed, a little crowd had gathered round the Pantheon steps. The old woman clutched Teddy by his ragged frock, and asserted vehemently that he was her own precious little grandchild, who had taken a screaming fit with the cold, and did not know her, and that she must take him home and give him something warm to drink, to buy which she was sure some kind lady or gentleman in the crowd would give her sixpence, or he would die. Rose, in an agony at the idea of the frightened screaming child being dragged away from her, put down her purchases on the Pantheon steps, or gave them to one of the by-standers to hold for her—she never could quite remember which of the two things she did—and threw both arms round Teddy to hold him fast.

'Yes indeed, he is Teddy Marshall; I do know him, and he is not that old woman's grandchild, indeed he is not. Do let him stay with me,' she said, looking up earnestly in the face of a tall elderly gentleman, who, with a younger companion, had forced his way through the crowd of lookers-on to the centre of action.

'How do you come to know the child?' this gentleman asked.

'I saw him at the Home of the Sisters of the Poor.'

'Ah, I have heard of such a place,' remarked the younger man, who wore clerical costume. 'And who are you, my dear child?'

'I am called Rose Ingram, Sir.'

'Can it be the daughter of Professor Ingram, Science Lecturer at B—— College?' asked one gentleman of the other.

'Yes, I am,' said Rose.

'Well then, we know something of your father. What can we do for you? What do you wish to have done with that little ragged child who is clinging to you? His owner, by the way, seems to have slunk away out of sight since we spoke to you. Are you here alone?'

'We had better call a policeman,' put in the elder gentleman; 'there ought surely to be one somewhere about, though of course never visible when wanted.'

At the word 'policeman,' Teddy set up a louder howl than ever, and fastened himself with his teeth on to Rose's dress as well as with both his hands, evidently resolved to make a desperate resistance before he allowed himself to be torn from his refuge.

Rose looked about her rather forlornly. It was still snowing fast, but the crowd had thinned since the two gentlemen came up; there were not half a dozen people now, and no old woman to be seen anywhere; but there was Anne making her way up to her with a very flurried horrified expression of face. 'I have a servant with me—there she is!' Rose said to her new friends, pointing to Anne. 'She left me to look for a Bayswater omnibus, but I suppose, as she has been so long away, that she could not see one. If we could get a cab, I think I would take Teddy Marshall home with me. I have several things to carry that I have been buying this morning. I put them down a minute ago. Oh dear me! where are they? My aquarium, and the little piano, and the packets of candies! I think I gave them to someone to hold for me while I was fighting for Teddy. Surely no one can have been so unkind as to run away with them in that minute! Oh dear me—do you think anyone would?'

'Look round! Do you see the person to whom you gave your purchases anywhere in the crowd? Point him out if you do,' the elder gentleman advised.

Rose anxiously scanned one face after another among the by-standers, but memory told her nothing; and besides, what was of more importance in her eyes, all the hands were empty, and not a trace of her purchases to be seen anywhere. She would have to go home empty-handed herself, except for Teddy. What would they all think of her bringing such a strange live animal as Teddy to Lilly as a birth-day present! A policeman, who had strolled up while Rose's examination of the by-standers was going on, gave it as his opinion that the whole scene had been got up for the express purpose of stealing Rose's parcels, and that the only possible chance of ever getting any clue to the thief, would be to take the little boy, who was no doubt connected with the old woman, to the

Police Station, and see who would come to claim him. Rose, however, was firm in standing to her story; and the gentleman who knew the 'Sisters of the Poor' by name, insisted on her being attended to.

'Do you happen to remember the name of the street where this Home you speak of is situated?' he asked.

'No.' Rose only knew that it was a little street, and that it had taken them a long time to drive there. 'But Aunt Rachel knows,' she added eagerly, 'and she is to be at our house to-day; so don't you think I had better take Teddy home? Aunt Rachel will carry him back to his own people before to-night, I know. I should not like poor Teddy to go away with a policeman, he is crying so dreadfully; and since I have lost all my purchases, I may as well have Teddy.'

'It seems a wise and kind plan,' Rose's champion declared. 'Suppose you act upon it at once. Here is a cab, whose driver has just come up, attracted by the sight of a crowd and the chance of a job. Let me put you into it; and if you will give me your address I will call at your house in the course of the afternoon, and see if I can be of any further use in the matter.'

Anne, who had hitherto been too bewildered to speak, now struck in hotly. 'They must indeed hurry home—why, it must be long past one already—and whatever would everybody say? But as for taking that dirty screaming little beggar-boy with them in a cab, and for Miss Rose having lost all the things her mamma had sent her out expressly to buy—why, it was as much as her place was worth to go back to—and she was not going to do anything of the kind—she just wondered at Miss Rose being so silly as to let herself be robbed and imposed upon so quietly; for her part, she was determined to stay where she was, on the Pantheon steps, till somebody brought the aquarium back, or another as good, or the twenty-five shillings Miss Rose had paid for it not half an hour ago. For what was the use of policemen, she should like to know, or soldiers, or the Lord Mayor, or anything, if people were to be robbed without anyone's being punished for it?'

Rose left Anne to argue out this point with the policeman, for meanwhile her friend had beckoned the cab-man to draw up to the pavement, and gently disengaging Teddy's convulsed fingers from Rose's dress, he began to lift him into the cab, and to help Rose to follow. Rose gave him her father's address, which he transmitted to the cab-man; and the cab began to move slowly over the ground slippery with snow. In less than a minute they stopped, for Anne had thought better of her resolution, and was screaming to be let in; and the kind gentleman had actually brought her up to the cab, and was trying to soothe her excitement.

'The best thing you can do now is to go home as fast as possible,' Rose heard him say to Anne as she mounted the steps. 'The young lady's friends will be growing uneasy, and I have really nothing to do with how much or how little you are to blame for what has happened.'

Rose found, however, that she had, or was supposed to have, a great

deal to do with it. Teddy left off crying the instant the cab began to move again. He was clearly an adept in the art of passing from extremities of woe to ecstatic bliss in a quarter of a minute. He wriggled to his knees on the cab seat, put his elbows on the window-sill, and flattening his nose well against the glass, chuckled and laughed aloud with delight at the notion of having a ride in a cab, wherever it was to take him. But Anne sat on the seat opposite Rose, and all through the long slow drive talked in a most distracting way about Packer and the school-room spoons, and about what Nurse would say to the dirt on Teddy's arms and legs, and about the thirty shillings that Rose had just as good as thrown away into the mud of the streets, and the likelihood there was of her losing her place for letting it all happen. And as she talked, and the cab crawled slowly through the fast thickening snow, poor Rose felt more and more as if her heart was sinking down into her shoes. At home they would all be wondering what had become of her; and Mamma, who had trusted her not to delay, would be looking out for her from the drawing-room window, and perhaps Grandmamma, and Aunt Rachel, and Mrs. Fanshawe, and Lucy, would have arrived, and be waiting too. The children would perhaps all have assembled on the stairs, for the Fraulein was writing letters, and Nurse was always lax on birth-days—all eager for the anticipated present, and expecting something more and more delightful the longer she stayed away. How surprised they would all be when she got out of the cab and lifted Teddy down—Teddy, looking more forlorn and raggamuffin than ever without the comforter that had been wont to conceal something of his tatters and dirt. He certainly was a strange present to bring back in exchange for the two bright gold pieces Mamma had entrusted her with. Rose thought with a little pang of Papa's advice to Mamma to consult her, and of his expectation that she would make a wise choice for all the others. Yet, had she made a mistake—had she done anything wrong—ought she to have minded her own business, and let the beggar-woman drag Teddy from his refuge with her? Were the toys or Teddy best worth clinging to? If the present had been for herself alone, Rose would have had no difficulty in settling these questions; but what would the other people concerned say to them—what would be the verdict of the school-room community?

She had not arrived at any satisfactory conclusion on this point when at last the cab turned the corner that brought them into their own square, looking quite unlike itself in its new winter blanket—white, and pure, and glittering, just for an hour or so. Rose glanced anxiously at the windows of the house as the cab drove up to the door. Ah, yes—they were all looking out. Grandmamma's and Mrs. Fanshawe's caps at one window, Mamma's pale face at another—children's heads everywhere, and actually Packer—no, Papa himself throwing the front-door wide, and coming down the snowy steps to meet her.

(To be continued.)

THE COLLEEN RUE.

CHAPTER I.

A STORY of the far west? Yes, I remember one, the principal incidents of which happened within the memory of an old friend. A story of true love to please some readers; a story of true life to please others.

Kilcora bay, a beautiful and favourite watering-place on the west of Ireland, lay one October evening calm and smooth beneath the light of the full moon. A dancing path of rays stretched across the water, spreading away over the white sand, over the cliff road above, and into an open window, where it faded and died amid the red light of many a blazing lamp and comfortable fire. Outside on the beach, and skirting the curve of the water, stood a number of carts. They were drawn up side by side, each with its patient ass and busy owner waist deep in the waves, which rolled steadily in, carrying their burdens of precious seawrack, to be gathered first in heaps, and then carted away to 'the little potato garden.'

It was spring tide, and men, women, boys, and girls, were all collected to make the most of the few short hours before it would go down, and put a stop to their sea-hay-making.

Inside the handsome dwelling on the cliff road, a large company was gathered for the purpose of spending a musical evening. Song followed song in untiring succession. Voices and instruments united in swelling the volume of sweet sound that issued from the open window, attracting many a group of promenaders to stop a moment and listen unseen to the concert within. Perhaps it also reached the half-clothed labourers in the chilly waves, but I fear the rough crash of the waters was more in tune with their hard lives than the delicate strains of a Norma or an Elvira. They had their music too, though. The men whistled, and the girls sang, and all laughed and worked together, heedless of present toil or future rheumatics.

In the open window sat two ladies, cousins, gaily chattering over the past day's amusements: but as neither of them is to be my heroine, I need not notice them very closely. Both were lady-like in manner and appearance, both well dressed, and both as talented as young ladies are usually expected to be.

'Do look at those poor creatures out there, Annie; does it not seem hard that they should have to lead such lives as that, while we—' and she stopped as a sudden cessation of the music distracted her attention.

Annie glanced carelessly at the strand. 'Why, what would you have?' she asked, with a slight raising of the proud brows. 'Surely they are in their proper places; they are meant to work for their bread.'

'I suppose so,' replied Helen Piercy, the gentler looking of the two;

‘but still one cannot help regretting that any being with mind, and thought, and feeling, should be obliged to drag out an existence fitter for an animal than a human creature.’

‘But they are half animals,’ returned Annie, ‘and I don’t believe in their minds, or their feelings either. The men care for nothing but their pipes and drink, and the women have not sufficient humanity to wish for anything better than their rags and dirt.’

‘O Annie, you shouldn’t say so! I have found out some that are very different, and if you knew them—’

‘Miss Dayne, will you not favour us with a song?’ interrupted a voice close beside the girls; and looking up, Annie saw Mrs. Asheville, the lady of the house, waiting to conduct her to the piano.

She rose smilingly—for she was not one of those who need much pressing, to do at the last what they mean to do from the first—and took her seat before the instrument. Helen remained at the window alone, as most of the guests were assembled at the further end of the room. She did not attend to her cousin’s music until the words of a new and very beautiful song caught her ear. ‘Counting all mankind as brothers,’ repeated she to herself. ‘Why is Annie Dayne so hard, I wonder? Just to fancy her considering those ragged creatures out there as her equals in all social rights and privileges!’ And she glanced round with an amused smile towards her cousin, whose cool composure at all times savoured as much of *hauteur* as dignity. ‘Well, I don’t think I should quite like it in that point of view either,’ she added, whispering to herself; ‘but it is very nice to be friends with them as much as one can, and find out how good and true and faithful to each other some of them can be, though there are people who think them half animals.’

The song ceased, and most of the guests resorted to the supper-room. Even in the far west of Ireland, refinement as well as luxury may be discovered, notwithstanding the unvaried colours of *gaucherie*, not to say vulgarity, with which novelists delight to paint their western pictures; and this home was no exception.

Rank, talent, and education, met within its walls, and just at present were bestowing a flattering attention on the rich fruits and other delicacies which decorated the table.

Some of the more infatuated of the musicians still haunted the piano, unable to shorten the few remaining minutes of their greatest enjoyment; and so the bright hours passed, and the guests laughed and jested, and parted each to their rest; and the weed-gatherers still toiled on.

CHAPTER II.

‘WELCOME home ashore, welcome! an’ ’tis time ye came, after the night’s work; ’tis kilt ye are wid that weed-gatherin’.’ An old woman stood at a cabin door, as the ‘Colleen Rue’ approached, laden with a

heavy basket-load of the weed strapped on her shoulders by means of a straw-rope across her chest. The former was bent and crippled with rheumatism, and the one daily effort of which she was capable, was hobbling to the door when her daughter's footsteps along the cliff outside warned her old ears of the girl's approach.

'The light of heaven t' ye, Mother, but ye always have the pleasant word!' replied Kitty, dexterously swinging the burden from her back, and entering the cabin. 'Tis time Pat was home too wid th' ass an' car. 'Twas a great tide, an' a power o' weed came in, the Lord be praised!'

'Amen,' responded the old woman, with a quiet reverence often absent from more refined lips. 'He'll be here afore long; 'tis scarce sunrise yet, an' little Peggy was in to put down the break'ast. Was all the neighbours there, honey?'

'They was, Mother. The Brands, an' the Nailors, an' the whole of 'em; an' Denny Clarke lent the loan of his fork to Pat while himself was fishin'.'

'Denny Clarke is a nate boy, an' 'tis proud ye ought to be to have him for a sweet-heart. Here's Pat.'

As she spoke, a tall and powerful-looking youth came in. He was dripping from shoulders to feet, and now that his labour was over, shivered with cold and exhaustion.

'Welcome, Pat avick,' repeated the mother, in the same cheery tones with which she greeted her daughter. 'The break'ast is done, an' Kitty 'ill have it up while ye take the wet clothes off yer back.'

'Tis time I did, Mother,' replied Pat, stooping to re-kindle his pipe at the fire; 'for I'm shakin' wid the cold an' hunger. I'll give the little ass his lock o' hay first, for the crathur is as bad as meself.' So saying, he left the cabin; while the Colleen spread the coarse but clean cloth on the deal table, preparatory to pouring forth the steaming potatoes on the large trencher lying ready to receive them.

Three tin porringers, a small jug, a broken salt-cellar, and one knife, comprised the appointments of the simple board; the latter to be handed round as occasion required.

The Colleen Rue, as she was familiarly called in the neighbourhood, was so named on account of her red hair. Such a quantity of it did she possess, that when loosened from its knot, it enveloped her figure like a shining veil. She was not pretty, nor even as well-looking as many of her companions, who could boast the dark hair and black lashes of Ireland's oldest race. Her face was freckled and tanned from the daily effects of sun, wind, and salt-water; and her figure, though resembling her brother's in squareness of build, was straight as a pine tree, and active in every motion as a cat's. But she had a brave spirit and a loving heart; and not a neighbour was there for miles round that did not know and love the 'Colleen Rue.'

She now lifted her mother to the table as lightly as though the latter had been a child, and having filled her porringer with fresh milk, stepped

out to call Pat. Pat presently returned in a dry 'shoot,' which, parenthetically I may whisper, consisted of the only second shirt he possessed, and a pair of corduroys especially dedicated to weddings and wakes; his usual garments being similar articles of much less pretentious description.

'Tis a fine mornin', glory be to God,' remarked the old woman to her son as he seated himself at the rickety table; 'an' ye had a good night's work on the shore, Pat?'

'Ay had we, Mother,' he returned heartily; 'an' 'tis the little garden 'ill know that afore long! There's a power o' quality in Kilcora now,' he continued, 'an' I'm thinkin' they'd buy the samphire av' we could get it.'

'An' why not?' interrupted his sister; 'tis an illigant tide now for goin' on th' Island, an' I heard Katie Brown an' Mary Brand sayin' the same.'

'Well, there's only to-day an' to-morrow the spring tides 'ill last,' said Pat; 'for the pass won't be open after that, an' 'twould be a good job to get it. Ye'd pick ten shillin's worth in a day av' it was in it at all.'

'It is in it then,' returned the Colleen, 'for the rocks is as green, as green as jewels, an' all the girls 'ud go too.'

'Go then, sure,' added the old woman; 'an' the blessin' o' God be wid ye, but don't stay out late, achree.' And as she spoke, she gathered up her knitting, from which nothing but death could part her, and was lifted back to her corner, while the Colleen washed up the breakfast service, and 'readied' the table, as conscientiously as though the first was of Sevres and the last of mahogany.

The same afternoon, Annie Dayne and Helen Piercy were walking homewards along a road that followed the curves of the coast for many miles. It had been a mild day, and they had amused themselves by exploring the various beautiful nooks unseen from the road, and only to be discovered by those whose heads were steady enough to venture near the edge of the cliffs.

In many places, these descended some hundreds of feet sheer down to the dark green depths below; in others, they were hollowed out into huge caverns, through whose aisles and arches the thundering boom of the waters might be heard for miles away. If any tourist should care to experience what that saying 'as weak as water' does *not* mean, let him stand above one of those subterranean cathedrals when it trembles and quakes at his feet, beneath the mighty shock of an Atlantic billow. At this hour, however, it was low tide, and would continue so for some time; so the girls wandered fearlessly here and there in search of ferns and sea-pink, both of which grew plentifully on the tufted edges of the cliffs.

'Do look at those women!' exclaimed Helen, starting upright from a bed of yellow honeysuckle; 'O Annie, look! they will drown themselves!'

Roused by her cousin's vehemence, Miss Dayne turned hastily round,

gazing in the direction of Helen's eyes. Far, far below, crept some six or seven peasant girls. Each had a tin can or light basket slung to her waist, and as they supported each other down a slippery ledge of rock, the two girls above held their breath for dread. How they got there neither could imagine, for they did not know with what chamois-like activity the natives of such coasts venture into places which, apparently, nothing unblest with wings could reach. Step by step, now clinging by a tuft of grass, now lost to sight behind a projecting peak, they continued their descent, until reaching the foot of the cliff, they scattered over a level patch of sand between it and a large rock known as The Island. This patch was the pass to which the Colleen's brother had alluded; and only during low tides was it possible to cross it to where the samphire grew.

'I told you they were half animals,' said Annie Dayne, laughing off the momentary agitation the sight of such peril caused her. 'If they had human nerves or senses, they could not do that.'

'Well, it seems to me, they must have much sharper senses than we possess, to dare it at all: how eye and ear and touch must all be on the strain, and nerve too, in no common degree. Why, they are half-way up the opposite rock already! I wish we could remain to watch them return!'

'Oh, we could not do that. Dinner will be earlier to-day, for the boating party. I wonder how they have enjoyed their visit to the caves. Do look where you are going, Helen, or you will be enacting the universal lover's leap, without the romance of it.'

'I'll take care; but I must get that beautiful little bit of *Asplenium*, it is such a perfect specimen.'

She reached out the end of her parasol, and with its hooked handle uprooted the tiny plant which grew on a narrow ledge at her feet; and as she involuntarily glanced down to the fearful depth below, turned with a shudder to higher and safer ground.

'What a place for a shipwreck!' she remarked, pointing to a lonely gulf stretching inland between two perpendicular walls of rock, that threw an inky shadow over the sullen waters. 'Could any position suggest with greater force, what despair must be!'

'Mrs. Asheville told me of a wreck that did take place in that very bay; and though the cliffs were covered with people watching the ship go down, they were powerless to help.'

'How dreadful!' murmured Helen under her breath.

'Yes; and nothing was ever seen of the poor sufferers but a lady's white glove, which a sea-bird picked up and dropped on shore.'

The two girls stood in silence, gazing down into that pitiless grave, until the lowering sun warned them of the approaching dinner-hour, and obliged them reluctantly to turn homewards.

A very pleasant party was collected that evening at Mrs. Asheville's table, for it was the height of the season at Kilcora. There were officers

on leave at the best west-end hotel, and tourists at the cheaper one; and rich rectors at their own handsome sea-side residences, and visitors in all the pretty bow-windowed lodgings: and from each tribe and race, Mrs. Asheville picked her company as choice dictated. On this afternoon a boating party to the caves had been got up, in which most of the company, except the two cousins and a few others, had been included, they having preferred their rambles to the fancied perils of the waters.

'You should have come with us to-day, Miss Dayne,' remarked the gentleman sitting next her. 'I think I may presume you have seldom had a finer treat than the sight of those caverns would have been to you.'

'I can quite believe that!' she replied; 'but pray tell me what they were like.'

'One should see them many times to form any adequate idea. The first sensation produced was one of intense awe. One could hardly speak. As we approached the opening of the first cave, the oarsmen turned the boat so as to enter stern foremost. We rose on a huge heaving swell, black with the shadow of overhanging cliffs; and as it passed on, we found ourselves carried within the arch, looking down through fathoms of still green water; and the next instant the wave broke in the far-off darkness, with a crash and roar like the most terrific thunder.'

'Was anyone frightened, Mr. Byng?'

'One young lady actually cried with terror; but stronger nerves than hers might be shaken at less, and I don't wonder at her giving way!'

'Did you go up the whole length of the cavern?'

'The boatmen refused to take us; and indeed, when we lost sight of daylight, we all thought it time to halt.'

'But you were to take a magnesium light, were you not?'

'We did so; but it gave so little relief to the immense gloom, that we were not much the better for it; and all the time the water roared through the chambers and galleries around, sounding the more fearful that we could not see a yard before us. I assure you we all drew long breaths when we emerged on the open sea again.'

'Well, I do not think your account is very reassuring,' laughed Annie; 'after all, perhaps my cousin and I had quite as much enjoyment, without the danger.'

'I don't believe there was any danger,' he replied; 'but you must allow that a certain amount of adventure adds considerably to the enjoyment of any excursion: but, pardon me, you may have been acting heroine for all I can tell.'

'No, indeed, Mr. Byng; but we were watching some peasant girls, who acted heroine in a manner I should be very sorry to attempt.' And she proceeded to relate how they had seen them descend the cliff with such apparent heedlessness of danger.

'I know the spot well,' replied her companion; 'and a most treacherous place it is to anyone unaccustomed to frequent it.'

‘Do accidents ever occur here?’ she asked.

‘Not often. The natives are trained from infancy to hardihood and daring, and know the tides too well to be easily caught.’

Daylight had for some time departed, and the party dispersed after dinner, some to music, and some to wander among the flower-beds enclosed in front of the house by a light railing, there to enjoy the brilliant moonlight over the bay. Among the latter, were Mr. Byng and Annie Dayne, in close conference over a new carnation, when the sound of many voices below caught their ears. ‘There is some excitement on the strand,’ remarked he suddenly; ‘the boats are pulling out as if for life and death.’ A group of women, apparently in extreme agitation, had gathered on the beach, and by their gestures seemed to be urging the men who surrounded them to vigorous action. At that moment, Mrs. Asheville’s son, a lad of about eleven, rushed into the garden, his face flaming with excitement, and scarcely able to gasp out the words, ‘There’s somebody drowned! Old Brand told me so! Where’s Mamma?’ And dashing into the drawing-room, he hurled himself amid a group of dowagers, upsetting two tea-cups into their possessors’ laps, and never pausing to beg their pardon in his eagerness to find his mother. Close behind him followed Mr. Byng, in a hardly less excited condition. ‘If you will excuse my absence,’ said the latter to Mrs. Asheville, ‘I should much like to run up the cliff, to find out the truth of this report. They say there are some lives lost!’

‘Oh, pray do, Mr. Byng,’ returned she; ‘I only hope you will find it is not the case;’ and with this permission, he left the room, snatched his cap from the hall table, and was out of sight the next minute.

The wind had risen, as it frequently does at sundown; and the tide rushed shoreward in great rolling furrows, until they reached the strand, where each succeeding wave reared itself erect in a transparent wall of aqua-marine, arched, curled over, and fell with a crash that seemed to shake the earth. It whistled through Mr. Byng’s hair and sang in his ears, as he hastened across the hills in the direction of ‘The Island,’ where he understood the calamity to have occurred: and while he fights his way thither, I must explain the cause of the accident.

It was about three o’clock when the Colleen, with her companions, reached the foot of the cliff where the two cousins had first seen them. It would not have taken much persuasion at any time, to induce them to climb to the highest point of the opposite rock; but now, excited as they were with expectation, they scattered hither and thither in all directions. Some kept round the base, picking the green tufts with nimble fingers; others ascending, step by step, the precipitous sides, regardless of the long and tedious descent, and only bent on the present object. Among the latter was the Colleen, whose practised feet hesitated at no difficulty, and whose head seemed proof against ‘giddiness.’ Up and up she climbed, allured from ledge to ledge by the green tassels that seemed to grow ever brighter and finer as she ascended. She had

reached the summit, and stood up to look for her companions; and as she did so, the rays of the setting sun fell across the rock, lighting up her figure in full relief against the sky, and throwing a long dark shadow over the pass far below.

'Where are they at all?' she whispered to herself; 'sure it isn't settin' the sun is.' She picked up her can, now well filled with samphire, and began the descent, stopping now and then to add a particularly fine morsel to her store. It was more difficult than climbing upwards; and as the twilight gathered, she hastened her movements to reach the lower platform of rock, where she expected to meet the other girls on their way to the pass. It was lonely. No sound of voice, or sign of human presence, was there.

'Mary Brand! Katie Maher!' she shouted, her heart beginning to beat with apprehension. 'The Lord have mercy on us, is it gone they are?'

Springing down a steep sloping bank, she scrambled, by a shorter way, to a lower ledge which brought her in sight of the pass. The white foam rolled and curled over the sand, already covering the narrow strip beyond the possibility of crossing. She dropped her can, and clapped her hands above her head with a shriek of horror. The can rolled down the side, tossed, and struck from point to point, until reaching the water, when it sunk with a swirl, leaving a wreath of green floating above.

Just then, she caught sight of her companions on the other side, half way up. They stood in a group, clapping their hands and calling aloud. To help her was impossible; and all they could now do was to sign to her that they would send a boat. She replied to their signals, watching them slowly ascend the height and disappear in the gloom; and then she flung herself on her face, and screamed in her agony. 'Oh, to lave me, to lave me like that, widout a word or a call! Oh, Mother, honey, ye'll never see yer Colleen again! 'Tis lost I am! Lost! lost!' and the poor girl tore down her long hair until it blew around her like a shroud. 'A boat!' she cried again, 'what good is a boat here? Never a boat could come agin them rocks below, an' if it could, how 'ud I get to it?' A fresh burst of agony followed, as she reflected that the pass would not probably be again uncovered, unless a very low tide followed, which was not likely with such a wind as then blew. After a few minutes of uncontrollable terror, she grew calmer; and as the moon rose, climbed a few steps higher, the better to watch for any help that might arrive.

An hour passed, and still no sound but the rolling and tossing of the tide, and an occasional scream of a sea-bird. The moon was now high, and being full, threw a bright path of glittering rays across the water, making that in the shade of the cliff look yet blacker and deeper.

The girl sat down and shivered as she glanced below. 'Sure th' Almighty God is above me,' she whispered to herself, 'an' I can't be drowned if it isn't His blessed Will. Denny Clarke 'ill come for me, an' 'tis his heart 'ill break av' I'm lost.'

Another burst of weeping followed, as she remembered her sweet-heart, and his true honest love; for he had been a faithful suitor for long patient months, only waiting until he could rent a cabin, and 'the grass of a cow,' before making her his wife. 'But sure 'tisn't cryin' 'ill help me, an' I must do my best to help them that helps me.' She rose up, and was in the act of knotting up her hair, when a faint sound reached her ear. The moon-light shewed her two or three figures on the edge of the cliff shouting to her, but the wind blowing landwards did not admit of her catching their words.

It was cheering, though, to know that every effort was being made to save her; and as she discerned a gentleman waving his cap, she tore her woollen kerchief from her shoulders and answered his signal. Next moment they disappeared, and she rightly concluded that, having made their purpose known to her, they were returning to put it in practice. Turning to seaward, she stood with straining eyes and ears to catch the first approach of a canoe round the headland, that formed part of the coast running outward from the bay.

At last the well-known speck appeared, turning the dark corner, and working its way into the moon-light. A very tiny distant black speck it was; now lost between the heavy rolling swells, now dancing on the top of a dark ridge, and again swallowed up from view. Another boat and another followed, but well she knew whose arms pulled the foremost. Steadily, steadily, on it came, nearer and nearer, until its delicate form was plainly visible, and the straining and creaking of the rowlocks could be heard. How it leaped and bounded over the waves, as the men, two of whom she could now plainly distinguish, bent to the oars with might and main. In another quarter of an hour, it was under the rock; and as she swung herself down a few feet, she heard the voices of Denny Clarke and her brother calling to her.

'Kitty! Kitty ashore, are ye there?' shouted the former. 'If ye are, throw a stone down th' edge.'

Down came a lump of slate rock, crashing into fragments as it fell; and looking in the direction from whence it came, they saw her cowering in a cleft, for protection from the violence of the wind. Cautiously they guided the frail canoe in and out of the broken pointed crannies of the rock, seeking where they might perchance find a landing, be it ever so venturesome; while she watched them from her inaccessible height, with an agony of suspense that scarcely left her strength to breathe. Round and round they pulled, now and then shouting encouragement to her in spite of their own dread, and more than once pushing the boat off with the oar's point to escape being swamped in the rushing swirls of the water among the rocks.

'Kitty darlin',' shouted her brother, 'can ye hear us?'

'I can,' she replied, in clear steady tones.

'Can ye howld on till daylight, mavourneen?'

'I can then, an' I will wid the help o' God.'

‘Do so,’ he returned; ‘meself ’ill go to the coast-guard’s, an’ Denny ’ill stay wid ye here.’ And as she replied with a gesture of her hand, Pat climbed from his canoe into one of the others, which, with the third, turned and pulled for home.

Meantime, Denny remained, only steadying his boat with an occasional splash of the oar, and never allowing it out of earshot of Kitty’s voice.

Slowly the night wore away, and the first faint glimmer of dawn broke the darkness. The moon had long gone down, and in another hour it would be low tide again, and the pass might be open. But the wind had blown steadily all night; and when morning came, it was only to shew a wild sea and a threatening sky. The Colleen had fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion of mind and body, and now awoke with a wild start and shiver, gathering her scanty garments around her, and rising to her feet stiff and stupid. Ay, there was Denny still, and the sight of him encouraged her.

‘Denny,’ she called, ‘is there any sign of Pat comin’?’

‘Not yet, achree: wait awhile,’ replied her lover.

Weak and giddy from hunger, she laid herself down again, and so remained for some hours, until the sound of many voices below roused her once more. It was now far on in the day, for the sun shone towards the west. She half rose, and rubbing her eyes, strove to collect her weary senses. Yes, there were three boats full of men, one of whom seemed to direct the others.

‘Now boys, steady; up with it! And away flew a coil of rope over the edge of the rock. It fell short, and had to be hauled in again.

‘Kitty! Kitty!’ shouted her brother, ‘strive an’ catch it if it goes near ye at all, an’ we’ll send ye some food at all events.’

Another throw, and another failure. The boats were tossing like corks on the breakers, rendering it doubly difficult to get near enough to throw the rope with any certainty. A light weight was now attached to the end of the coil, and once more it was whirled through the air. This time it passed over the Colleen’s head, and a loud hurrah burst from the men as she clutched hold of it. Only for one moment, though. Its weight below dragged it through her hand, and having but one to hold it by, the other being tightly closed on a root of grass, she had not strength to keep her grasp; and as the end flew through her fingers, and splashed in the water below, she hid her face on her knees and sobbed out in despair.

‘Whist, honey! whist, agra!’ shouted Denny, wild at the sight of her suffering. ‘Av’ it’s in the power o’ livin’ man, we’ll save ye yet!’ and flinging off his jacket, he leaped head foremost among the breakers; kicking, plunging, rolling over and over, sinking and rising again, until he caught a waving wreath of weed, by which he scrambled to his feet, battered and bleeding.

‘Give us a hand with the rope now,’ he cried, after recovering breath and strength; and as they flung it across, he wound it securely round his

waist and began to climb. Astonished into silence by the suddenness of the deed, the other men held their breath as he mounted. Step by step he crept, now sliding backwards, now hanging by one hand, and again regaining foot-hold, until he found himself beneath an overhanging ledge, which imperatively stopped further progress. Oh, to be within twenty feet of her, and powerless to save!

'Kitty, Kitty!' he cried, 'could ye scramble down to me any way at all?'

'I couldn't, Denny; 'tis killin' meself an' you I'd be!'

'God help us!' he replied, turning white with the terrible thought that after all nothing could be done. He stood irresolute, but the rising waves dashed and whirled below his feet, and he dared not remain. To get above that impossible barrier was hopeless, and he slowly made his way down again, and by means of the rope succeeded in reaching the boat, sick and faint.

It appeared that on the departure of her brother and the other fishermen the night before, they had gone some distance in search of the nearest coast-guard officer, to beg assistance. He was, unhappily, absent, and they were refused the necessary appliances, returning with the only available one, a long and stout rope, which in consequence of the high wind, had proved useless. The poor girl sat on, apparently but half conscious of what passed. The boat in which Pat and Denny sat alone remained, the others having left by order of the gentleman whose commands they were under, to try what possibility of succour might yet remain. All the afternoon the little boat danced and rocked on the water, the two men keeping their faithful but helpless watch; and all the afternoon the poor Colleen crouched in her shelter, growing weaker and fainter, as the sun and rain beat in turns upon her exhausted frame.

Again the tide went down, but no pass was seen. The sun sunk, and set, and disappeared, and still the little boat rocked on. Slowly, and with weary lengthened agony, the hours rolled by; and the moon got up to shed her chilly waning beams upon the chilly waning hearts below.

'Kitty! mavourneen ashore, can ye hear us?' called Pat from time to time, occasionally receiving a feeble answer through the noise of the waves.

'Keep up heart, achree; sure God is good, an' maybe the help 'ill come,' added poor Denny, choking down the sorrow of his own heart to cheer up hers.

'Don't ye fret,' she answered, as distinctly as weakness allowed her.

'Tisn't so hard to die, after all. 'Tis azier than the cowld an' hunger.'

Another long silence, broken only by the ceaseless lapping of the water, and an occasional murmur between the two men.

'Kitty! are ye alive or there at all?' shouted her brother again, a sudden horror seizing him lest she should fall over from faintness.

'I am, avick, but 'twon't be for long. Sure the lovin' Saviour 'ill take me; and don't ye let the poor old mother fret: hasn't she yourself? an' a good brother an' son ye were, ever an' always.'

The words came broken and indistinct, but seemed more than the two strong men could bear; for they crossed their arms on the idle oars, and wept as men only can weep at such times.

‘Don’t ye fret,’ she called again feebly. ‘Sure ’tis nobody’s fault, an’ ’tis to Heaven I’m goin’; but I’m lonesome to part wid ye all the same.’

‘An’ wouldn’t I go wid ye av’ I could?’ cried Denny, looking up to where the dim figure was just perceptible. ‘Where’s the use o’ livin’ at all, an’ ye gone from us?’

The second night passed, and a second dawn was lazily approaching on the unhappy mourners. The poor Colleen’s words had grown fewer and fewer, and at last she ceased to reply to the voices of her companions. Again the sun rose, but brought no hope. Not a word had been spoken for hours. The cliffs that towered above them through the black impenetrability of night, slowly shaped themselves against the brightening sky. Pat and Denny scarcely dared look in each other’s faces, lest either countenance should betray the despair that was breaking their hearts.

At length—what was it? Both started, and grasped their oars as warriors do their swords. A pistol shot! Another! Ay, there was the smoke from it, and a large boat flying over the waves straight for the Island!

‘Kitty!’ they shouted, ‘keep up heart in the name of God, ye’r saved! Why don’t ye answer, girl? Kitty! for the love of Heaven, spake one word to say ye’r livin’!’

No answer; but the boat was coming. A cold shiver crept through and through them.

‘O God! that she must die, an’ He sendin’ His own help to save her!’

‘Whist, Pat,’ said Denny hoarsely, ‘don’t spake, avick; it knocks the strenth out o’ me.’

On dashed the boat; and now they saw it was manned by others besides their comrades. How they bent, as stroke after stroke sped her over the curling ridges, each one bringing hope nearer and nearer to the lost one, if it reaches but in time. A few more sturdy pulls, and they are beside the canoe.

‘Now then,’ shouted a coast-guard officer, as he seized a rocket attached to a long rope, with a grappling-iron fixed to its end, ‘the minute this takes firm hold of the rock, let the best climber mount, and when he’s up we’ll do the rest.’

Away sped the fiery messenger, hissing through the air, and dropping over the other side of the cliff. Six strong hands then seized the rope, pulling it rapidly backwards, until it resisted their united efforts to pull it further, and proved the irons to have caught firmly in the rocky clefts.

‘Who’ll go?’ cried the officer.

Up sprung Pat and Denny, whose straining eyes had watched with intensity of eagerness his every movement; but even as they shouted,

‘Here we are, your honour!’ Denny fell helplessly back in the canoe, and Pat, too eager to stop, leaped across him to the other boat.

‘Can you climb the rope,’ asked the officer, ‘as well as the cliff?’

‘I’ll do it wid the help o’ God!’ was the sturdy answer, as he flung off his jacket, with fresh hope and vigour in every nerve. He looked steadily at the rope, while the men hauled it taut to the boat side, and then with one vigorous swing, twisted his limbs round it, and began the ascent. The distance was long, and the rope unsteady from the motion of the boat. It swayed and yielded to his weight; but bravely he climbed, though little used to the art. At length he reached the cliff side, and then, nimbly as a goat, he sped upwards.

‘She’s here!’ he cried, throwing himself beside the insensible form of his sister, who had sunk sideways on the bare rock, and lay with her head on her arms without sound or motion. ‘Kitty, achree, waken!’ he cried, shaking her almost roughly in his overpowering anxiety. ‘Ye’r saved, agra, an’ ’tis Pat is tellin’ ye!’

A shout from below recalled his attention, and looking down, he saw a rope cradle made fast to the one he had just climbed, and then run up by means of pulleys, till within his reach. Steadily attending to the directions from below, he lifted the unconscious girl into the cradle, fixing her securely within it, and by means of a second rope firmly attached to the first, began his descent with his burden.

Would the irons hold fast beneath the additional weight? If not, instant death to both must be the result. It was a moment of blinding anxiety to those below. The rope strained and creaked and yielded, but did not slip, and still he slid cautiously and steadily down. A few yards more, a few feet, and he is seized by half a dozen stalwart arms, and lifted bodily into the boat. Another half dozen surround the Colleen, and lay her on a mattress in the sunshine.

‘The Lord be praised!’ exclaimed a weather-beaten old fisherman, while the tears ran down his rough old cheeks; ‘an’ the blessin’ of God on ye for a stout heart!’

‘Hurrah!’ shouted every voice on board; while some dashed the water from their eyes, and cheered the louder to hide it.

‘Stop, my men!’ interrupted the officer, who, with Mr. Byng, had been attending to the sufferers; ‘the poor fellow has fainted, and we must get the other lad on board, and take the girl ashore as fast as your arms can pull!’

Out flashed the oars, and in five minutes more, the ropes were cut, and the boat, with its glad occupants, was flying for home. Not long did such arms take to bring her dancing into the bay, where crowds had collected on the sands to learn the result of the expedition. The good doctor, whose absence had alone prevented his joining it, was present with restoratives; and as he bent over the girl, and felt for the failing life, he looked up cheerily to where they were lifting her brother and Denny to shore.

‘Never fear, boys,’ he exclaimed; ‘she’ll live to scold you well yet! Bring her up to my kitchen.’ And having administered a temporary stimulant, he stepped into his trap, and drove briskly forward.

It was nearly dark when the crowd about his door dispersed; and when it did, a comfortable cart, in which the three invalids were placed, drove quietly up the road. It was laden with everything that could remedy the mischief of their forty-eight hours starvation, and cure the wounds with which poor Denny was covered from head to foot; and it was a thankful and happy three it carried home that night. It would lengthen my story too much, were I to describe the meeting between the poor old mother and her Colleen Rue; or how the ladies came to visit them with Mr. Byng, and sat in the cabin to hear the story. Or how the other girls flocked round their companion, and told how they had called and called on that dreadful evening, until the tide had compelled them to leave her. But whether what I have told be all fact, or partly so, one thing my readers may believe—that there is many a nature true and brave as Pat’s and Denny’s, and as loving as the Colleen’s, beneath the rough garments of an Irish peasant, if, like Helen Piercy, they will only try to ‘find them out.’

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

XII.—THE TRAINING OF THE FAMILY.

HAVING secured a healthy, well drained and ventilated dwelling, and made its interior arrangements as cheerful and convenient as may be, the next step—and the most important of all—is to make it the abode of a united family household. It is to this end that all the labours of the first few months must be sedulously and unceasingly directed, till the diverse elements now first conjoined are thoroughly welded into one homogeneous body. Until so much has been achieved, nothing has been really done towards the formation of a Sisterhood. There may be a society, a club, a corporation created, which will succeed in certain external works, but the family will still be lacking. And, it is necessary to repeat, a true Sisterhood is a family in which Christ Himself is recognized as the indwelling Master and Head. Obviously, then, after the two preliminary steps have been taken of distributing the household offices, and drawing up the general time-table, which sets down the hours of prayer, meals, work, and recreation, the first aim of the founders must be to *diminish friction*. So far as the main wheels of the machine are concerned, this result can be achieved by the simple observance of method and punctuality, so that there is no clashing of employments or interests. But this does no more than take away occasions of dispute, and does not bring the members of the household nearer to one another. On

the contrary, one very possible outcome of highly methodized organization would be that the inmates might scarcely ever meet save in the Oratory and at meals, and hardly know anything of one another. The Common-room is the place where familiar acquaintanceship must be formed: and to that end, the Sisters should be encouraged to make it their habitual apartment in recreation-time; which they will not do, save under compulsion, if it be not a pleasant chamber. And compulsion is just the one thing to be avoided, if the relations of the inmates to one another are to be unforced and natural.

If any of the Sisters have special tastes and accomplishments—say music, drawing, fancy-work, embroidery—these should be exercised by preference in the Common-room, rather than anywhere else in the house, so as to make it felt as a point of attraction; and a habitually deserted Common-room argues something astray in the Community which neglects it; because it either denotes isolation rather than union in the temperaments of the inmates, or what is an even greater evil, small cliques assembling together apart from the general body, and separating their personal interests as far as possible from it. Similarly, in an ordinary family, we should judge that there was something wrong if the sitting-room were constantly deserted, if the members of the family kept aloof in their private apartments, and there were but little social familiarity amongst them. Nevertheless, there is an evil greater still than either of those mentioned, which is that the Common-room may become the headquarters of mere gossip and chatter, in which all the quiet teachings of the Oratory are daily undone. There are women who would test a 'Community spirit' by readiness to give and take any quantity of small talk, and to spend valuable time in discussing valueless trifles; while they would regard a Sister of a somewhat reserved and self-sustained temperament, however diligent in the discharge of her duties and helpful to the Society and all its members, as lacking in this same spirit.

To steer between these rival breakers is of the first necessity; and there are three rules which may help to guide the pilot. First, let acquaintanceships and preferences ripen naturally. It is the sedulous aim in most Societies under the modern Jesuit teaching, as has been already remarked, to check—nay, to prohibit—any closer liking or acquaintance between any two or more members of a religious Community, than prevails amongst all alike. Now this is resisting nature and grace equally. It is resisting nature, because even in families knit together by close ties of blood and affection, two sisters or two brothers will single each other out as favourite companions, without any prejudice to their hearty good-will towards the others; it is resisting grace, for it contradicts the example of our Lord Himself, of Whom we have recorded His selection of Peter, James, and John, for a higher degree of intimacy and favour than He vouchsafed to the remaining Apostles, and Who exhibited more human affection for the family of Bethany than towards the general mass of His disciples.

Yet here is a maxim which I translate from the Constitutions of a celebrated French Order. 'The Superior will be on her guard against the private friendships and preferences of individual Sisters, to avoid abuses and the useless loss of time; and although God is not *always* offended by these trifling inclinations, nevertheless, in their results, and in the affectionate feelings which are apt to glide into them, many things occur which are contrary to the Community spirit and the good of religion, besides invariably involving great loss of time; and for these reasons, the Superior is to take especial pains to uproot gently these little friendships and more frequent conversations, in order that the Sisters may all feel equal affection, and treat one another as impartially as possible, with equal good-will and love.'

This is not merely to aim at an unattainable goal, but the result it inevitably produces, if thoroughly carried out, is not impartial affection, but impartial coldness and indifference, leaving the affection of each Sister to be concentrated on herself, while she cares nothing for any of her companions. So long, then, as personal preferences are not suffered to interfere with the welfare of the household, by causing inmates to neglect their work for the sake of each others' society, or by inducing them to form cliques, or by leading them to treat such as are not their favourites with injustice, they are best left to take their natural course.

The real peril which is to be apprehended from such intimacies is, the pettiness and sentimentality often engendered by them amongst silly and uneducated women; and from this point of view St. Teresa has some forcible censures of them. Yet the mischief lies not in the tie of friendship itself, but in the silliness and ignorance of some who profess to form it. The true remedy is to exclude women with these defects from the Society altogether, since they will do even more mischief by spreading contagion throughout it, than if they restricted their close intercourse to one or two favourites. The Wise Man's maxim is better: 'Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.' (Proverbs xxvii. 17.) And on the great value of true spiritual friendships, there is no more fervid witness than the same St. Teresa in the *Way of Perfection*, in more than one striking passage which those who cite her on the other side usually contrive to overlook. See especially Chapter vii. sect. 3. And there is no other equally sure safeguard against the subtle egoism which is apt to be the bane of spiritual life.

But to avoid the dangers already referred to, it will be found necessary to lay down with great strictness, from the very first day of the Community's existence, that the inmates are not to make the character, habits, or conduct, of one another the subject of conversation. If there be grave faults noticeable in any one, which are likely to hurt the Society, they may, in exceptional cases, be laid before the Superior, but they ought not to be talked of in the Common-room. Yet as talk about persons, rather than about things and ideas, is far the commonest and most popular staple of conversation everywhere—save amongst unusually cultivated and

thoughtful people; the temptation to drift into it will prove very strong indeed in the early days of a Community, and almost irresistible at times. There are two remedies. One is to have fixed *silence-times* daily in the household, during which no speaking, save for absolutely necessary purposes, is to be allowed. This precept, when carefully observed, is an admirable disciplinarian, and by accustoming people to restrain themselves from speech when there is no particular temptation to say anything, trains them to the power of stopping themselves short when tempted to say something which should not be said. The second remedy, which is not less effectual, is to store the minds of the inmates with more interesting and dignified subjects of thought than mere personal gossip.

And here I come at once to a matter of enormous importance—the imperative duty of *intellectual* training in religion for Sisters of active Orders. It must be remembered that, broadly speaking, such Sisters have four kinds of work to do—nursing the sick; teaching the young; reclaiming the fallen in penitentiaries, reformatories, and prisons; and doing general preventive work, either in parishes, Guilds, or industrial schools. In three out of four of these tasks they must inevitably meet with a great deal of the floating unbelief of the day. No one who is not personally familiar with the subject can guess how widely spread this unbelief is amongst women of all ranks and ages, with whom Sisters must be incessantly brought in contact. Therefore, as a mere matter of preparation for their ordinary duties, a careful study of the grounds of Christian belief, and a sufficiently intelligent knowledge of the current forms of modern doubt in its coarser and more ordinary manifestations, are of primary value. Added to this, the cultivation of the mental powers in their religious development is as essential a part of true devotion as the direction of the affections. It must never be forgotten that while the Holy Ghost is revealed to us as the God of Love, the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity, the peculiar object of Christian devotion, is the Eternal Wisdom; and therefore His especial servants and followers are more bound than any others to sedulous exercise of their intellectual faculties. There can be no more mischievous error in a Religious House than to assume that, as the majority of postulants and Sisters are not conspicuously clever, the teaching ought to be put at once and permanently on a low level; nay, on the level of the very dullest amongst them. A Superior or a Mistress of Novices who acts in such a manner, convicts herself at once of laziness or of incapacity. The steady aim throughout should be to draw up the whole woman to a higher level. The fully trained and ideal Sister ought to be healthier, cleverer, better educated, and happier, than her secular coevals, as well as more fervent in piety and more zealous in good works. The quickening of the understanding widens the area of sympathy, and also makes it very much more easy to meditate profitably for one's own spiritual good, and to teach others effectively for theirs.

Consequently, one most valuable way of employing the close-time

before beginning exterior work, is for the whole Community *to put itself to school*. Those whose secular education has been comparatively neglected, should be obliged to study certain outlines, at the least, of general knowledge; and *all* should learn their religion in a thorough fashion, beginning from elementary books like Mr. Grueber's *Catechism on the Church*, passing through intermediate works such as Mr. Sadler's *Church Doctrine*, *Bible Truth*, (which, though defective in parts, is good so far as it goes,) and ascending to tougher reading for the stronger heads, Butler's *Analogy*, Pearson *On the Creed*, Liddon's *Bampton Lectures*, Oxenham's *Doctrine of the Atonement*, Wilberforce *On the Incarnation*, Martensen's *Christian Dogmatics*, and similar books. Over and above all these, which should be studied in class, with questions and answers to test progress and comprehension, there should be a steady course of Bible-reading gone through, with all available helps in the way of good commentaries. Some kind of Bible-class should be held at least weekly, and if a competently learned clergyman can be obtained to hold it, and to examine its members in the subjects of his instructions, it would be a great advantage. In default of this, the most cultivated and intelligent member of the new Community had better be intrusted with the task, and given time to prepare beforehand for each meeting of class; while if no such superiority be discernible, the members had better study jointly, each having her own book, and each reading aloud in turn any noticeable comment in the particular volume before her. When once the notion of learning theology as they would learn botany, ornithology, or any other department of physical knowledge, has taken possession of their minds, they will find that it gives them more than plenty to do and think about; and the common interest in a common pursuit, novel as it will prove to the great majority, will do more to make them happy and united, than a dozen daily homilies on the Community spirit.

(To be continued.)

R. F. L.

THE CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

PART II. (continued.)

BOLARDO.

THE poem here breaks off to give an account of the tournament at Paris; but for the sake of the continuity of the story it will be better to pursue the history of these three knights-errant.

Rinaldo, on his fleet Baiardo, first reached the forest of Ardennes, having outstripped the fugitives, who had taken different routes. Questing everywhere for traces of his lost lady, he came upon a beautiful fountain

of alabaster and gold, through which ran a stream of clearest water. This was the fountain prepared long ago by Merlin to cure Sir Tristram of his unhappy passion for the fair Ysoulte.* Heated and athirst, Rinaldo alighted and drank of the sparkling water. The result of the draught was that he instantly found the love he had felt for Angelica turned into the most violent antipathy. Marvelling at the folly which could have induced him to pursue her so eagerly, he turned his horse's head towards Paris. Coming soon, however, upon another streamlet, and allured by the cool beauty of its banks, he dismounted, having now no cause for haste; loosed Baiardo to graze on the tender grass, and flung himself down on the bank of the stream, where he soon fell asleep. Meanwhile, Angelica, flying with all the speed to which she could urge her white palfrey, arrived at this part of the forest. Here, feeling herself comparatively safe in the shady wood, she alighted to refresh herself at the beautiful streamlet, which made its bright way between the roots of an 'olive, a beech, and a pine.' This was unhappily the River of Love, not made by Merlin, but furnished by nature herself! Having quenched her thirst, and all unsuspecting of evil result, Angelica rose from the fountain, and as she did so perceived Rinaldo sleeping; he appeared to her the most beautiful being she had ever beheld; she drew near to look upon him, for from his sleep breathed 'the very harmony of love.' He, however, awakening and beholding her thus gazing upon him, was seized with such an unspeakable aversion, that he forgot all knightly courtesy, and fled as if she were 'a lion or a serpent,' turning a deaf ear to all her tender entreaties to him to stay. Left thus alone in the forest, and worn out with sorrow and fatigue, she laid herself down to weep over Rinaldo's cruel scorn, and unconsciously sank off to sleep.

Ferraù had by this time overtaken Argalla, whom he found lying under a tree, with his horse tied near him. Knowing the fleetness of Rabican, Ferraù loosed him, and sat down to wait till Argalla should awake. A battle, of course, ensued, in which Argalla was killed. Before he died, he begged Ferraù to deposit his body, arms and all, in the river, that his memory might not be disgraced by the fact, that though wearing such marvellous armour, he yet could not defend himself from death. Ferraù, touched with compassion, undertook the office, first, however, craving leave to wear Argalla's helmet for a few days till

* Sir Tristram being wounded by the poisoned spear of Sir Marhaus, whom he slew, went to Ireland to be healed by the skill of the fair Ysoulte, for whom in return he conceived a tender attachment; but the queen, her mother, sister of Sir Marhaus, finding out who he was, the lovers were obliged to separate. Afterwards King Mark of Cornwall proposed for Ysoulte, and Sir Tristram was sent to fetch the bride. Before she left, her mother gave her a philtre, which, being shared by herself and King Mark, should procure undying attachment between them. But unfortunately she and Sir Tristram, whilst playing chess to wile away the tedium of the voyage, were struck with the beauty of this flask, and thoughtlessly drank of its contents; the spell taking effect, the hopeless attachment between them was sealed, and they were both rendered unhappy for life.—See '*Legends of King Arthur*.'

he could replace his own. When Argalia had breathed his last, Ferrau took him tenderly in his arms, and bore him to the nearest stream. Whilst he was thus engaged, Orlando arrived at the place where Angelica lay sleeping. He was struck with a great awe at the sight of her beauty, and remained watching her slumber with a reverential timidity, which would not allow him to stir lest he should rouse her.

Ferrau, coming upon him whilst thus guarding his beloved's sleep, and not knowing he was Orlando, from the absence of the quarterings, angrily challenged him to give up the lady or fight for her. Angelica waked at the clash of the weapons, and having, as aforesaid, an aversion both for fighting and for Ferrau, escaped on her palfrey. Orlando, perceiving her flight, would fain have followed, but Ferrau declined the truce, and the battle continued until the knights were interrupted by Fiordispina, daughter of Marsiglio, King of Spain, who came to inform her cousin Ferrau of the grievous news that Spain was invaded by a foreign foe; that his father was a prisoner, and Marsiglio almost in despair.* Ferrau therefore set off in the direction of Spain; and Orlando, thus free to follow Angelica, took the route which might most quickly bring him to the Don, whither he supposed she would direct her steps. But as she had, in the meantime, by means of her magic arts, fled direct to her father's kingdom of Cathay, a long period elapsed before he saw her again.

And now we must return to Paris, where, owing to the absence of Orlando and Rinaldo, the Saracen knights have much the best of it in the great tournament. Astolfo, although he has dislocated his ankle in a fall at the beginning of the tourney, yet distressed at seeing Charlemagne shamed by the triumph of the huge Saracen Grandonio, who lords it so scornfully over the field, returns to the lists, and challenges the pagan. A laugh of derision runs through the ranks of the spectators at sight of him, and Charlemagne is beside himself with vexation at the idea that Astolfo will only add to his discomfiture by making himself a laughing-stock to every one. However, to the great astonishment of all, himself not excepted, Astolfo unhorses Grandonio, who falls with a crash like that of a 'big house full of arms.' One Saracen after another goes down before the touch of the golden lance, and Astolfo at length holds the lists unchallenged. Hearing this, Ganelon and his treacherous clan, who had found they had 'business at home' when Grandonio kept the field, now return, and by means of treachery succeed in unhorsing Astolfo, who is so enraged, that he lays about him with his sword, and refuses to listen even to the interference of the Emperor. Charlemagne, greatly offended at this, sends him to prison, where he remains for a long time forgotten during the boisterous events which follow. For that great war-cloud, which had been gathering unperceived, has now burst upon Spain, and threatens ere long to overwhelm France also.

* We do not hear of Fiordispina (Thorn-flower) again till we meet with her in the last canto of the poem.

Gradasso, the great king of Serican,* 'as often happens to great gentlemen,' wishes for something he cannot obtain. He has come from his vast territory in the East for the express purpose of gaining possession of two things, which he regards as inestimable treasures—the sword Durlindana and the horse Baiardo.† And he is by no means aware that their several possessors are 'merchants who sell their wares too dear' for the purchase of even a great king like himself.

Charlemagne hastens to send succours to Marsiglio, for he knows that the ruin of Spain involves that of France. Rinaldo, in the absence of Orlando, takes command of the army, and marches to meet the Infidel. It would be too long to tell of the hordes of uncouth barbarians, and their strangely equipped kings, led by Gradasso, or of the feats performed against them by Rinaldo; but this hero so excites the admiration of Gradasso by his extreme valour and strength, that he challenges him to a single combat for the possession of Baiardo, in order thus to terminate the war.

However, a wile of Angelica prevents this much to be desired conclusion. She sends for Malagigi from his dismal dungeon under the sea, and promises him his liberty, and the possession of his magic-book, if he will bring Rinaldo to her side. He not being 'posted up' in the present position of affairs, readily undertakes the mission, and mounting one of his spirits, goes 'faster than a trot' across land and sea, till he comes to the Christian camp, where he finds Rinaldo sleeping in his tent on the eve of his battle with Gradasso.

Rinaldo, though he loves his cousin well, yet so detests Angelica, that, after a struggle of feelings, he refuses to yield to her wishes. Whereupon, Malagigi, partly out of fear of being obliged to return to his dungeon, and partly out of pique, sends a spirit in the likeness of Gradasso, who, by the appearance of flight, decoys Rinaldo into a magic boat, which straightway sails off towards Cathay.

Rinaldo is desperate at thought of the disgrace, which he knows must rest upon his name, when the real Gradasso shall vainly await him at the trysting-place. More than once he lifts his hand to take away his own life; yet he hears the voice of religion chiding him for his impiety, and refrains. Meanwhile, the magic-bark seeks its haven in the garden of a beautiful palace, where the knight lands, and is received with great courtesy and rejoicing by a band of maidens, who lead him to a stately banquet prepared in his honour.

His absence has, as he foresaw, caused the utmost consternation in the Christian camp. The army becomes so demoralized by the apparently shameful flight of its great leader, that Ricciardetto, (Rinaldo's brother,)

* The ancient name of part of Tartary.

† The celebrated Baiardo is said to have been found, together with the sword Fusberta, and a suit of armour, in a grotto under the guard of a fearful serpent, by Malagigi, who, by his magic arts, procured them for his cousin Rinaldo.—*Innamoramenti di Rinaldo*.

to whom he has deputed the command in case of his death, dares not hazard another battle, but withdraws his troops secretly, marching them rapidly back towards Paris.

Marsiglio, finding himself thus deserted by his allies, makes a hasty peace with Gradasso, and undertakes to assist him in the invasion of France. Charlemagne, though overwhelmed by the disgrace of his army under its hitherto famous captain, yet makes gallant head against the enemy, and goes forth, mounted on Baiardo, in front of his army. He encounters Gradasso, by whom he is unhorsed, and, together with all his paladins, taken prisoner. Gradasso, on unhorsing Charlemagne, endeavours to take possession of Baiardo; but the sagacious beast turns a pair of ready heels, and kicks his would-be captor so severely under the knee, that he is obliged to leave the field, whilst Baiardo takes refuge with the rest of the fugitives within the walls of Paris.

The capital is now reduced to great extremities; its army is become a mere crowd of trembling fugitives, whilst its king and all his generals are captives in the hand of the enemy. Amidst the universal lamentation and helplessness, one voice alone is heard to speak in a tone of encouragement. It is that of Astolfo, who has been set free upon the general opening of the prison doors. Now he loudly asserts that had he been at hand these misfortunes and disgraces had never happened, and that he will yet retrieve the fortunes of Christendom.

Gradasso, in the interim, having received from Charlemagne the promise of the present surrender of Baiardo, and the future possession of Durlindana, sends Ricciardo to Paris to demand the horse. But Astolfo imprisons the messenger, and by a herald challenges Gradasso to meet him in single combat. Gradasso, though he is informed by Gan that Astolfo is a mere buffoon, to whom no one pays any attention, yet courteously consents to meet him, and is unhorsed by the golden lance. Whereupon, according to previous conditions, he sets Charlemagne and his paladins free, and withdraws disappointed towards his own country.

Great honour is now done to the once ridiculed Astolfo, and Charlemagne offers to make him King of Ireland; but Astolfo cannot forget his long and unjust imprisonment, and he declines all offers, however magnificent, announcing his intention of going to seek his kinsmen Orlando and Rinaldo, which latter he maintains to be altogether innocent of the charges laid against him. Thus, mounted on Baiardo, clad in his jewelled armour, and bearing his marvellous lance, he too sets forth on his travels, following the route pursued by Orlando towards the Don, whither he imagines both his cousins to have followed Angelica.

And indeed, both the peers stand sadly in need of friendly assistance. Orlando, after travelling a day's journey beyond the Don, which had hitherto been his bourne, was in much perplexity as to what route to follow. He was roused by the sound of lamentation, and found an old man sorrowing for his son, who had been carried away by a giant, the

guardian of the boundaries of the King of Circassia. The old man told him also that beyond the giant's lair was a great rock, on which dwelt a monster—a kind of sphinx, who could answer all questions, but in return it proposed strange riddles, and failing to obtain answers, tore to pieces its hapless visitor. Now there was one great question in Orlando's mind, beside which all the doubts of philosophy seemed to him as nothing—'Where was Angelica to be found?' And to obtain an answer to this, he would have faced all the monsters which even the poet's imagination could supply. But first he quelled the giant and delivered the imprisoned youth to his father, who, in his gratitude, presented the knight with a book, in which were recorded answers to all the doubts which ever perplexed the mind of man. Now one would think Orlando might have sought here the information he required; but the idea did not strike him. In fact, the good knight had a habit of acting first and reflecting afterward, which often cost him an immensity of trouble; so he put the book in his bosom, and went to confront the monster. And a very strange monster it was, with the golden-haired head of a maiden, but terrible teeth, and scaly body, and beautiful peacock-eyed wings with which it hid its horrible deformed body and tail. Promptly and courteously the wondering paladin's question was answered. 'Angelica is in Albracca, near Cathay, in India, in the East.' And as promptly two others were asked, to which Orlando could find no answer so ready as Durlindana; and so, after a terrible contest, he slew the beast, and went on his way towards Albracca. And now he remembered the book in his bosom; and, as he journeyed, he found there the answers to the monster's old sphinx-riddles, and marvelled that he did not seek there before, and thus spare himself the terrible battle, with its fatigue and loss of time!

He ere long arrived at a river, upon the only bridge of which stood a giant named Zampardo, who was furnished with a club having five chains, and at the end of every chain a ball weighing twenty pounds. He had moreover an iron net fixed in the ground, which he could spring at pleasure like a trap, to ensnare the unwary. This Zampardo was so tall, that Orlando could only deliver his blows by leaping upward every time he struck, so that, in the combat which ensued, he resembled 'a little cock' fighting a great one. Nevertheless he killed the giant, who, as he died, sprang the concealed net, and Orlando was enveloped in its meshes, each of which was two palms thick. Here he struggled in vain, for Durlindana had been struck out of his hand by the springing of the snare. Hungry and faint and helpless, he lay till an old friar came up, and essayed, at his request, to help him. But the old man could scarcely lift Durlindana, much more cut those great links; so he dropped the sword, and applied himself to administer ghostly comfort to the captive, telling him that, as his fate was certain, he had better die patiently, when he would surely be made a 'cavalier of the court of Heaven.' 'Father,' cries the writhing Orlando, 'I want help, not comfort!' Whilst

the father rebuked him for his want of patience and faith, up came the man-eating giant, who had shortly before kicked this same friar down a hill, as being too lean for his larder; and hereupon the friar furnished a rapid commentary on his own discourse by a headlong flight.

'Oh, what a quail! Oh, what a partridge is here!' cries the gourmand-giant, as he inspects the ensnared paladin. 'I will stuff him with a thousand good things!' So saying, he picks up Durlindana, and speedily smashes the iron net, and almost Orlando at the same time, so that he is ready to die of the pain. Nevertheless he managed to slip through the ogre's fingers, and to kill him with one of his own darts, which he struck through his one eye as correctly 'as if he had taken aim for an hour!'

Orlando now travels on till he comes to 'a star' of intersecting roads: whilst he is doubting which to take, a courier hurries up, who tells him he is bound to the court of Circassia to beseech help for his mistress Angelica, who is besieged in Albracca by Agrican, the great King of Tartary, because she will not listen to him as a suitor. Hereupon follows what at first sight seems one of the most perplexing allegories in the book. We should suppose that nothing would now stay Orlando in his course to the rescue of his lady; yet we find him immediately afterwards listening to the delusive voice of the fairy Dragontina, who, we are told, is 'Passion;' drinking of her cup, entering her service, and *forgetting Angelica*, as well as himself, and his previous existence and aims, altogether. This allegory is certainly easy of explanation, inasmuch as passion loses sight of even its own interests; yet, for the sake of the story, it would be much pleasanter to leave Dragontina holding her cup of the water of oblivion, as a fairy who prefers the service of men to their honour, rather than to check one's interest by stopping to unravel a hidden meaning.

At all events, whether as personified passion, or as malevolent fairy, Dragontina holds Orlando a willing captive; and in her little honourable service he must remain, until some influence from without shall reach and rouse him.

And such influence is on its way, and that through the instrumentality of Astolfo. This knight, passing through the territories of the King of Circassia, is pressed to enter his service, for he is collecting a great army to go to the relief of Angelica, who is, as we have seen, besieged in Albracca. But Astolfo replies haughtily, that 'he knows how to command but not how to obey,' and offers, with his usual braggadocio, to encounter the whole Circassian army, with his left arm tied. 'What a pity,' says Sacripant, the King, 'that so handsome a fellow should be mad!' As Astolfo declines to enlist, he is allowed to continue his journey; but Sacripant, coveting the splendid horse of this 'madman,' follows him secretly, with the intention of taking Baiardo by force. Astolfo, riding gaily on, meets a knight of distinguished appearance, 'humane and gracious' of aspect, with a very beautiful lady by his side.

‘Give up your lady, or fight for her!’ cries the jaunty English duke. ‘Nay,’ replies the knight, ‘a thousand lives sooner than my lady; but if I conquer, I will have your horse and you shall go on foot!’

Then they hurtled together, and the stranger knight was overthrown, and his horse killed by the violence of the shock with Baiardo; seeing himself thus worsted, and deprived of his lady, whom he loved better than his life, the knight drew his sword to kill himself; but Astolfo, seeing his intention, leaped lightly down. ‘Thinkest thou I would be so uncourteous as to deprive thee of what thou holdest so dear?’ cried he. ‘Nay, I fight for fame alone. Take thou thy lady, and give me the honour.’

‘Now hast thou conquered me by courtesy as well as in arms! Thou hast given me life twofold, and I am bound to thee so long as mine shall last!’ cried the grateful Brandimart, for this was he, and the fair lady was his Fiordiligi, (Lily-flower,) the pair whose faithful love so beautifies the book.

Whilst they were conversing, Sacripant arrived. He was ‘joyous as May;’ he had thought to gain a fair horse and armour, and behold, here was a beautiful damsel besides! But the usual result followed the touch of the golden lance; and instead of taking Astolfo’s horse, Sacripant was obliged to give up his own for the use of Brandimart, and retreat humbled on foot.

But now Fiordiligi’s fair face became troubled. ‘Have a care,’ cried she to her companions, ‘for we are near the River of Oblivion, and he who once tastes of Dragontina’s cup is lost to life! By her instructions, the two knights therefore took a path, by which they entered the garden without passing over the bridge, or drinking of the fatal cup. There they found a number of cavaliers all entirely lost to everything but the fairy’s service; amongst them was the real Uberto dal Leone, and also Orlando, who had arrived that very morning. Astolfo recognized him with astonishment. ‘My Orlando!’ he cries. ‘Flower and crown of every paladin! Dost thou not know me? I am thy cousin!’ But Orlando knew no one; his only reply was to aim such a blow at his kinsman, that, if Baiardo had not sprung over the wall at a bound, Astolfo would have been annihilated. Astolfo fled like the wind, for he had a wholesome terror of Durlindana; whilst Orlando thundered after him on Brigliador. The fleet Baiardo soon outstripped Orlando’s heavier steed; yet long after Orlando had turned back to the garden, Astolfo continued to fly, always fancying the count behind him with his terrible sword. In fact, he never stopped till he arrived at the Castle of Albracca!

Brandimart, thus forsaken by Astolfo, was now hard bested, for he was set upon by all the other knights. But Fiordiligi, terrified at seeing him fighting desperately and hopelessly amidst such fearful odds, made her way to him amidst the blows, and adjured him, by his love for her, to assume the appearance of submission, and profess his readiness to drink

of the cup of oblivion, that thus his life might be safe, whilst she went to fetch him assistance to deliver him and restore his memory.

Having seen him thus rendered safe in person, though temporarily lost—even to her—in mind, she hurried away, sad-hearted at leaving her beloved thus deprived of the nobler part of his reason, and almost despairing of finding such help as she needed—for who, with any hope of success, might dare to encounter Orlando, even without the other eight powerful knights of Dragontina's company? Who, unless it were Rinaldo? and what chance had she of finding him in that wild country?

But Rinaldo was at this time in even worse case than Orlando. We left him content to be entertained by the fair maidens of the 'garden joyous.' But ere long the hated name of 'Angelica' ringing through their song-chorus, startled him, and he rushed back to his boat. When he landed again, he fell into a perilous adventure. Going to the aid of a lady, who had been carried off from her aged father, he was decoyed into the den of a horrible wretch, who had him thrown to a monster, which she was obliged to keep supplied with human victims.* Here, the monster having twisted his sword, Fusberta, out of his hand, it was only by an exertion of supreme agility that Rinaldo reached a beam which projected from the wall, and which the monster almost touched as it leaped and roared beneath him. Whilst thus hanging literally over the jaws of death, an unexpected rescue was offered him; for Angelica, who had learned from Malagigi in what a frightful position her beloved was placed, came, borne by the necromancer's spirits, to his aid. But the knight preferred even the jaws of the monster to her presence, and vowed he would throw himself down unless she relieved him of it. Though thus deeply wounded in her love, Angelica nevertheless took even reproach from Rinaldo as a favour. She helped him to free himself, despite his protestations, by throwing a loaf made of pitch and wax into the monster's gaping jaws, and also cast over it a snare, in which it involved itself whilst struggling to rid itself of the loaf. It was now comparatively safe for Rinaldo to descend and strangle the beast; having done this, he destroyed the castle and all its inhabitants, remarking, in his usual pithy way, when its wretched mistress dashed herself down from a balcony—'Humph! she wished to spare the trouble of the stairs!'

He now returned to the sea-shore, and as he went he met a lady, who lamented as she rode. He entreated her to acquaint him with the cause of her grief, in order that, if it might be, he should help her.

'Alas! replied the lady, 'I seek a knight who can fight with nine, and one of them Orlando; and there is but one in all the world who could do it, and much I fear me that thou art not he!'

Hearing his cousin's name, Rinaldo eagerly inquired further, and finding that Orlando was detained in an inglorious captivity by Dragontina,

* This is the most disgusting episode in the book; readers of Boiardo would do well to avoid it.

determined at once to attempt his liberation. Modestly representing to the doubting Fiordiligi, that, even if he could not hope to succeed in such a great undertaking, he could yet make the attempt, he begged her to lead him to the spot where Orlando and Brandimart were confined; and after much courteous demur as to the manner of travelling, he being on foot, he agreed to mount her horse on condition that she would condescend to ride behind him. They journeyed thus for a long time in perfect silence, till Fiordiligi, finding that this was a gentle knight, from whom she need fear neither fraud nor violence, offered to beguile the time by a story.

This story is considered so exquisite by Berni, that he affirms he shall be Fiordiligi's 'slave for life for it;' but I must say the point of courtesy it illustrates is too strained for our northern notions.*

But in the midst of Fiordiligi's *dolce novella*, a horrible sound is heard, which banishes the colour from her cheek. It proceeds from a giant and two gryphons, the grisly guard of the tomb in which Argalla's horse, Rabican, has taken shelter, when turned loose by Ferraù to prevent its master's escape. This horse, born of fire and wind, and feeding only on air, is the fleetest courser which ever ran. It can outstrip not only the famed Baiardo, but even the wind! It is 'black as blackest crow,' with a white cross on its forehead, and one white foot. Rinaldo, of course, kills the giant and the gryphons; which latter, however, make the matter very difficult by always swooping down upon him from above, like monstrous birds. Before taking Rabican, he enters the tomb, and finds there the corpse of a beautiful lady, with a written entreaty that any knight who has had prowess enough to overcome the guard and so prevail to enter the tomb, will swear to revenge her death on her cruel murderer, Truffaldino, King of Baldano. Having taken the oath, Rinaldo returns with Rabican to Fiordiligi. But it is now night, and they tie their horses and sleep. The next morning, 'while it was yet not either night nor day,'† they were discovered by a centaur, who, throwing away a lion he had just strangled, attacked

* Iroldo, a gentleman of Babylon, has for wife Tisbina. Prasildo falls violently in love with this lady; to prevent his destroying himself, Tisbina and Iroldo concert a plan, by which he is sent to the garden of Medusa, 'beyond Barbary,' to procure a branch from the 'tree of treasure.' Contrary to all expectation, he returns with the branch, and demands the lady. She cannot fail of her word, so she and her husband agree to take poison before she surrenders herself to Prasildo. Prasildo is so shocked at hearing what they have done, that he not only declines to separate her from her husband in these their last hours, but, discovering that the supposed poison is only a sleeping draught, rushes joyfully to their house to acquaint them with the fact; whereupon Iroldo is so overcome by his generosity, that, not to be outdone, he gives up Tisbina to his rival. It is this signal proof of generosity and friendship, which is considered so admirable by our author.

† This is a particularly beautiful description, both of the coming day, and of the masculine beauty of Rinaldo, as he lies with the 'nameless grace' of sleep still softening his face as Fiordiligi gazes upon him.

them; but, finding Rinaldo too much for him, seized Fiordiligi and carried her off. Being hotly pursued by Rinaldo, he threw his burthen into the river, which carried her beyond the reach of the paladin before he could despatch the centaur and come to her rescue. Grieving over the loss of his fair guide, whom he supposed to be drowned, Rinaldo nevertheless resolved to continue his enterprise for the deliverance of Orlando, and proceeded in the direction in which they had been hitherto travelling.

But it was Angelica herself, who, though for selfish motives, finally achieved the deliverance of Orlando. The siege of Albracca had been severely pressed. When Astolfo reached the castle, she was overjoyed at an accession to her strength, and received him literally with open arms, crying, 'Welcome a thousand times! Were only thy cousin Rinaldo with thee, all my cares would be at an end indeed!'

Once within the walls of the fortress, the doughty knight ceased to fancy he heard the thunder of Brigliador's hoofs and the hissing of Durlindana behind him, and he hastened to assure the lady that with him there she need wish for no other champion.

'I do not deny that Rinaldo is a sturdy knight,' said he. 'Yet his seat is not so firm as mine. Often have I given him a warming in winter-time! And I may say the same of Orlando, who, in every joust I have had with him, has gone to the ground!' But the lady, 'who knows this brain, lets him talk.' He now descends to the battle-field uttering terrible threats, and challenges Agrican and his whole chivalry to fight him at once! He unhorsed Argante, Emperor of Russia, and various others; when the rest of the Saracens, irritated by the overthrow of so many of their number, set upon him at once, and bore him out of the saddle, so that both he and Baiardo were taken. Moreover, Angelica's other faithful defender and humblest lover, Sacripant, was wounded and obliged to retire to the city; though when Agrican forced his way in with the fugitives, Sacripant rose from his bed to prevent his taking possession of the citadel itself, in which Angelica was now shut up. The city had been provisioned to stand a long siege, but the citadel had been neglected, and the knights were reduced to the necessity of killing their horses for food.

In this dilemma Angelica resolved herself to seek for aid. Putting her ring in her mouth, she traversed the enemy's camp unseen; but in passing through the realm of Orgagna she was decoyed into the power of a malevolent fairy named Fallerina, of whom we shall hear again, and who had made herself mistress of the kingdom in the absence of the king at the siege. Here she met with Fiordiligi, who, partly swimming and partly carried by the stream, had reached the treacherous shelter of the fairy's castle. She acquainted Angelica with the present position of Orlando, and also with the fact of her having recently parted from Rinaldo. Angelica again, by means of her ring, managed to escape, and also to enter Dragontina's garden, where, seeing Orlando lying idly on

the grass, she slipped the ring upon his finger. Instantly regaining his memory, and with it his love, he was astounded at beholding his lady and learning her misfortunes. By means of the ring he disenchanted the other knights, one by one, when they immediately recognized each other. Here were not only Brandimart, but Aquilante and Grifone, the twin sons of the Marquis Oliver; together with Uberto dal Lione and others, nine in all. In the midst of their astonishment and mutual congratulations, Dragontina and her garden vanished, leaving no trace of their existence. All the knights now agreed to go to the relief of Albracca. Arriving there, they had to cut their way through the enemy's camp, with Angelica in their midst. Twice she was seized by the enemy, and twice her cries for help reached Orlando, who, maddened by her danger, fought with almost more than human strength, as he rushed to the rescue. King Lurcone he killed by such a blow with the flat of Durlindana, that no part of his head was found in his helmet! Upon Santarìa, who had seized Angelica in his arms, he dared not use his sword, lest he should wound her; he kills him therefore with a blow of the fist upon his helmet! And now, with the trembling Angelica safe before him on his saddle, he flies to the gate, and thunders for admission. But the miscreant Truffaldino had treacherously seized Sacripant and Torindo, whom Angelica had left in command, and thrust them into a dungeon; and he now refused to open the gate until Orlando and the other knights should swear not only to take no vengeance for this deed, but to defend him in all his quarrels. Orlando, at first, will not hear of these conditions; but the enemy's darts are hailing thick around him and his terrified charge, and he finally gives way to her entreaties, makes the required promise, and thus places her once more in safety within the walls. The good knight suffered no serious after effects from this hard contest, for, calling for food and finding only salted horse, he nevertheless ate a quarter to his own share, and did not find it suffice his appetite!

And now the fortunes of the war were changed, for Agrican's troops could not stand before the practised arms of the handful of Christian knights: moreover, King Galafron himself, with the amazon Indian Queen, Marfisa, arrived to the assistance of Angelica. Agrican had more than once engaged with Orlando, and the tremendous power and skill of the Christian warrior had at once astonished him, and excited his emulation. After several times rallying his army as it fled in panic before Durlindana, convinced that he could never hope for victory so long as he was opposed by Orlando, he made a feint of flight, and thus drew the paladin away from the field of battle to a lonely grove overshadowing a fountain. Here, after some parley, in which Orlando expressed his astonishment that so noble a warrior could be a pagan, they resumed their interrupted combat. Neither of them having proved himself the better man by night-fall, they lay down side by side to repose, 'as if an ancient peace' subsisted between them.

But Orlando much disturbed the mind of the Pagan king, who had

no taste for theological discussion, by inferring the necessity of a God from the beauty of the stars, which were shining so brightly overhead, and by endeavouring to explain to him the truth of the Christian religion. Agrican maintained that such themes as these might suit the learned, but not the soldier, whose profession was war, and the only softener of whose life was love.

Orlando rejoined that he held, with him, arms to be 'the first honour of man;' but that knowledge did not make him less worthy, but, on the contrary, 'adorned him as flowers adorn a meadow.' 'And,' added he, 'that man appears to me an animal—a stone—a mere block of wood, who does not sometimes turn his heart to his Maker, and shew, with his mind at least, that he is grateful.'

'You take me at a discourteous advantage, being so much too learned for me,' says Agrican; 'if you preach any more, I shall not answer. Sleep, if you will; or if you must talk, talk of arms and love!'

The talk of love brings them to the fact not only that the valiant Christian is Orlando, but that he is in love with Angelica. 'If I were not, I should not have thus given up my life and my country, and well nigh my God,' says he. On learning this, Agrican becomes so furiously jealous, that he starts up and attacks Orlando, and they resume their battle in the dark. At last Agrican is mortally wounded; and Orlando's sword appears to have had more effect than his eloquence, for the dying king avows his belief in Christianity, and his desire to be baptized. Orlando, grieving over his fallen enemy, takes him tenderly in his arms and bears him to the fountain, where he administers the rite of baptism. Then having received his last sigh, he leaves the Tartar king, lying stately in his armour, with his sword *Trancherà* in his hand, and his crown on his head.

Orlando now turned to Agrican's horse, which neighed as he approached it; and to his surprise he recognized Baiardo. The sight of his cousin's much-prized steed, thus in the hands of an enemy, filled him with apprehensions for the fate of its master. But Baiardo, though 'gifted with every faculty but speech,' unfortunately could not answer questions.

Mounting Baiardo and leading *Brigliadoro*, Orlando set off towards *Albracca*; but on his way several adventures befel him, which render it necessary to return to the history of *Rinaldo*, in order to bring up the course of events to the same period of time.

(To be continued.)

PAULINE DE TOURZEL.

THE STORY OF AN ESCAPE.

They, in compassion of her tender youth,

* * * * *

Are wonne with pity and unwonted ruth.

Spenser.

THE name of De Tourzel is well known to all those who have studied that darkest page in modern history, the Reign of Terror; and it seems hardly necessary to remind our readers that Madame de Tourzel was appointed governess to the unfortunate Dauphin of France—a sufficient testimony of the esteem in which she was held by Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Her husband, who was Grand Provost of France, was accidentally killed while out hunting with the King; and after her widowhood, her time and her talent were principally devoted to her youthful charge. So great was her attachment to the little Prince, that no entreaty could prevail upon her to forego accompanying the Royal Family in their flight to Varennes, that fatal beginning of a more terrible end.

No additional proofs are wanted, alas! to shew to what lengths the evil passions of men will go, when religion is blasphemed and monarchy overturned; nor can there be an educated Englishman or Englishwoman, who does not feel that the horrors of the French Revolution were a disgrace, not only to a single nation, but to civilization itself. Yet even in that gross darkness light was shining, and many were the bright examples of heroism and fidelity. What will, however, strike the mind of the thoughtful student as an anomaly, are the occasional acts of mercy shewn by men whose previous conduct would make one think that they were steeled to all pity; nay, the very executioners themselves at times became the saviours of their intended victims. How this could be we cannot tell; but surely one may hope that one good deed, done for no hope of gain, but solely from an instinct of mercy, like 'the cup of cold water,' would not lose its reward. Pauline de Tourzel and her mother were both examples of this apparently contradictory behaviour on the part of the Revolutionists; and to it, under Providence, they owed their lives.

The following account of their escape from prison is taken from the voluminous memoirs of Madame la Marquise de Créquy, published forty years ago. Many of our readers have doubtless become acquainted with her in the interesting work by the Author of 'Mademoiselle Mori,' on the Women of Old France.

It is evident that parts of these memoirs are interpolated; but others seem to bear the stamp of truth, especially those chapters to which we

are about to refer, in which the dates and circumstances tally exactly with the history of that time, and are also partly corroborated by passages in other memoirs.

Just a year had elapsed since the enforced return of the Royal Family from Varennes, when an attempt was made by the populace to break into the Tuileries, which ended without bloodshed; but on their being reinforced by armed men from Marseilles and other southern towns, a general attack was made on the 10th of August, 1792. The National Guard, who ought to have defended the palace, betrayed their trust; leaving the King only his Swiss Guard and some royalist gentlemen to depend upon. He was therefore strongly advised by one of the National Assembly, M. Rœderer, to take refuge among them, so as to avoid fighting with his subjects. Against the Queen's wish, he unfortunately yielded, without leaving any orders for his brave troops, who, finding themselves attacked, defended their posts, until they were nearly all massacred; a noble example of fidelity in the midst of so much desertion.

Pauline de Tourzel, who was in the Tuileries at the time, seems to have been about fourteen, the age of Madame Royale; the lady to whose care she had been confided, the Princess de Tarente, was the first wife of the Duc de Trenouille, afterwards Prince de Tarente; she died an emigrant at St. Petersburg in 1799. The account Mademoiselle de Tourzel gives of her marvellous escape is in a letter to her sister, the Comtesse de S. Aldegonde, then abroad, and is dated from Paris, September 7th, 1792.

All that I was able to write to you yesterday, my dear Joséphine, was that my mother and myself were saved; but to-day I must try and relate to you the particulars of our escape. You are already aware that on the 10th of August, my mother, with M. le Dauphin, accompanied the King to the Convention, I remaining at the Tuileries, under the care of the Princess de Tarente. Soon after the King's departure, a cannonade began, directed against the palace; the balls came whistling past, and on all sides we heard the noise of smashing windows. To place ourselves a little under shelter, and to avoid the side at which the firing was aimed, we retired to the Queen's apartments on the ground floor by the garden. There the idea struck us of shutting the shutters, and lighting all the candles in the candelabra, hoping that if the armed crowd forced the doors, their astonishment at such a sudden blaze of light would save us from their first blows, and give us time to speak to them. Our preparations were hardly made, when the doors were broken open, and men, with sabres in their hands, rushed into the room. (There were about a dozen of us, including several ladies in waiting on the Queen and the Princesses.) The men stopped short on the threshold as if stupefied; the candles reflected in the numerous mirrors made such a contrast to the light of day outside. Several of the ladies fainted. Madame de Ginestoux threw herself on her knees, and so completely lost her senses that she did nothing but stammer out entreaties for pardon. We tried to quiet her; and while I was soothing her, that good Madame de Tarente implored a Marseillais to take her under his care, as he must see that she was losing her reason. The man consenting, withdrew her directly from the room; then returning to her who had pleaded for another's safety, as if struck by such unselfishness, he said to Madame de Tarente, 'I will save this lady, and you and your little companion also;' and so saying, he led us both out of the room.

On coming out we were obliged to pass over the body of one of the Queen's running footmen, and also of one of her valets, who, alike faithful to their posts, and firm in not abandoning the apartments of their mistress, had already fallen victims. My heart sunk at this terrible sight; the Princess and I looked at each other, thinking perhaps that we might soon share the same fate. At last, after a great deal of trouble, our conductor, who took us one on each arm, succeeded in getting us out of the palace by passing through a little door near the cellars. We then found ourselves on the Terrace, in front of the Pont Royal. There our protector left us, having, he said, fulfilled his engagement to bring us safely out of the Tuileries.

But to be out of the palace was by no means to be out of danger, and the Princess and Pauline had not proceeded many steps on their way towards the house of the former, when they heard shouts behind them, and were quickly surrounded by a crowd; guns were levelled at them, and they were accused of trying to escape. At last some listened to Madame de Tarente's expostulations, and consented to take her and her companion to the police-office, to which they were followed by a multitude, who filled the air with their execrations, as they crossed the Place Louis XV., where several of the murdered Swiss Guard were lying.

The head of the bureau was fortunately one who was ready to befriend the guiltless. He gave the self-constituted escort a receipt for the persons of the prisoners, and said he would see to their being committed to prison; but as soon as the crowd, satisfied by this assurance, had left, he told Madame de Tarente that she and Mademoiselle de Tourzel should be conducted to their own homes later in the day; and he kept his word. The house of the Duchess de la Vallière, grandmother of the Princess, was their asylum for the night. At five o'clock next morning they were roused by Pauline's brother, who had come to take her to 'Les Feuillants,' where Madame de Tourzel was in attendance on the Dauphin; and thither he took his sister, as the King had obtained permission from the Assembly for her to rejoin her mother. We will give the account of her reception in her own words.

At eight a.m. I arrived at 'Les Feuillants,' and I cannot half express to you the kindness with which the King and Queen greeted me. They asked me endless questions about persons, of whom I could give them, alas! no tidings. Madame and M. le Dauphin received me most affectionately, and embracing me, said we must never be separated again. I was told we were all to go to the Temple; and half an hour before our departure, Madame Elizabeth called me into a room apart, saying, 'My dear Pauline, we are aware of your attachment and discretion. I have a letter here, which it is of the greatest importance should be destroyed—help me to get rid of it.' There was neither fire nor candle; we took the letter, (it was eight pages long,) tore it in several pieces, and tried to crush it between our fingers and under our feet, but finding that too slow a process, and fearing our absence might arouse suspicion, I took up a whole page, put it in my mouth and swallowed it. Madame Elizabeth attempted to do the same, but it turned her quite sick; perceiving that, I asked for two more pages, which I also swallowed.

The De Tourzels, mother and daughter, with the Princess de Lamballe, accompanied the Royal Family to the Temple. On their way,

the carriage, which held ten, stopped as the Place Vendôme was crossed, and Manuel, the *procureur* of the Commune, pointing out the statue of Louis XIV., which had just been thrown down, said to the King, 'You see how the people treat their sovereigns.' To this his Majesty replied with calmness, 'It is fortunate, Monsieur, when rage spends itself on inanimate objects only.' Profound silence reigned the rest of the way, and twilight had begun before the Temple was reached.

It was all lighted up, as if for some festivity, and the Royal party were shewn into a handsomely furnished room, where they had to wait an hour before any answer was given to their questions as to where their apartments were to be found. A great supper was served, but most of it was left untouched. The poor little Dauphin was overcome with sleep and fatigue, but it was eleven o'clock before Madame de Tourzel's repeated entreaties were attended to, that a room might be prepared for him. It was past midnight before the whole Royal party were conducted by torch-light across the court-yard and some cellars to the tower, which was entered by a small door, strongly resembling the wicket-gate of a prison. Madame Elizabeth was shewn into a dirty-looking room, in which a bed was also made for Pauline; they both passed a sleepless night, and rising early next day, were in the Queen's apartment by eight o'clock.

That they learnt also was to be the general sitting-room, and there they spent most of their time, only ascending to the second floor to sleep. Privacy was never allowed them; a municipal, who was changed every hour, being always present. Their occupation is thus described by our heroine:—

All our goods at the Tuileries had been seized, and I literally possessed nothing but the dress I had on, when I escaped from the Palace. Madame Elizabeth, to whom some things had been sent, gave me one of her dresses, and as it did not fit, we employed ourselves in unpicking it, in order to make it up afresh. Every day the Queen, Madame, and Madame Elizabeth, worked at it a little; in fact, it was our sole occupation; but even that we were not allowed to finish. On the night of the 19th or 20th of August, about midnight, a knocking was heard outside our bed-room door, and we were ordered on the part of the Commune of Paris to leave the Temple at once, that is, the Princess de Lamballe, my mother, and myself. Madame Elizabeth rose immediately, herself assisted me to dress, and after embracing me, led me to the Queen's room, where we found everyone up. The separation from the Royal Family was most painful, and although we were assured we should return after undergoing some necessary interrogations, a secret feeling told us that we were leaving them for the last time.

It may be interesting here to quote a few words from the simple narrative of Madame Royale, confirming the statement of her young companion and friend.

'La nuit du 19 ou 20 Août, on apporta un nouvel arrêté de la commune qui ordonnait d'emmener du Temple toutes les personnes qui n'étaient point de la famille royale. On descendit chez ma mère pour enlever Madme. de Lamballe. Ma mère s'y opposa fortement, en disant,

ce qui était vrai, que cette princesse était de la famille royale : cependant on l'emmena. Ma tante descendit avec Pauline de Tourzel. Les municipaux assuraient que ces dames reviendraient après avoir été interrogées ; nous les embrassâmes, espérant cependant encore les revoir le lendemain. Nous restâmes tout quatre sans dormir. Le lendemain, à sept heures, nous apprîmes que ces dames ne reviendraient pas au Temple, et qu'on les avait conduites à La Force.'

Madame de Tourzel, with her daughter, and the Princess, were driven off in a carriage to the Hotel-de-Ville, where they were taken into a large saloon, and a municipal stationed by each, for fear they should talk to each other. They remained there for more than two hours, when Madame de Lamballe was first fetched, then Madame de Tourzel, and lastly Pauline, whose history we will continue in her own words.

I was conducted to the hall, where, mounted on a high platform, I found myself in the presence of a number of people, who had flocked into the building. There were also tribunes filled with men and women. Billaud de Varennes, who stood up, asked the questions, the answers being written by a secretary in a large register. I was asked my name and age, and was then questioned about the 10th of August, being told to repeat all I had then seen, and also what I had heard said to the royal family. They only extracted what I chose to tell them, for I had no fear, but felt as if I were being sustained by an invisible Hand that had never abandoned me, and had hitherto permitted me the full use of my senses. I demanded loudly to be re-united to my mother ; and several voices cried, 'Yes, yes!' others murmured ; but after descending the steps of the platform, and being taken along some galleries, I once more found myself with her and the Princess. At noon we were placed in a carriage surrounded by gens d'armes, and, followed by a concourse of persons, we were driven to the prison of La Force. We were first led into the room belonging to the *concièrge*, in order that we might inscribe our names in the register ; and then occurred an incident, which I shall never forget. I had been left alone for a few minutes, when a remarkably well-dressed individual approached me, saying, 'Mademoiselle, your position interests me ; I advise you to leave off here the airs of the court, and to be more familiar and affable.' Indignant at this impertinence, I looked at him fixedly, and replied that what I had been that I should continue to be ; and that the expression he remarked on my countenance was nothing else but the reflection of what passed in my mind at the horrors I saw. He was silent, and retired discontentedly. My mother then re-entered the room ; but we were soon separated again, she being taken to one dungeon and I to another, and I entreated in vain to be allowed to follow her. The jailor who came to bring me a pitcher of water seemed a kind man, and my despair at being parted from my mother evidently touched him, for he did all in his power to comfort me, and left me his dog, in order, he said, to give me some little amusement. 'Whatever you do, do not betray me,' he said ; 'I shall appear to have left it by mistake.'

At six o'clock in the evening he came again, and finding Pauline in the same depth of grief, comforted her by telling her that Madame de Tourzel was in the room below, but begged her not to mention that she was aware of this to Manuel, the *procureur* of the Commune, who would presently visit her. This injunction she strictly obeyed ; but when Manuel complained that the room was damp, and that he should have her removed, she earnestly entreated him to allow her to rejoin her

mother. He made no promise, but said he would see about it, and that he would not forget her; and the jailor, on closing the door, whispered to her, 'He is moved, I saw tears in his eyes; take courage, and farewell till to-morrow. This hope, Mademoiselle de Tourzel adds, did her inexpressible good; she fell on her knees, said her prayers, and then, comforted and tranquillized, threw herself on the wretched bed, and slept till dawn. At seven a. m. Manuel re-appeared, saying, 'I have obtained permission from the Commune to allow you to be with your mother: follow me.'

The first emotion of meeting over, Madame de Tourzel thanked Manuel heartily, and then both she and her daughter ventured to entreat him to allow the Princess de Lamballe also to be with them. After a little hesitation, he said he would take the responsibility on himself, and then led them to her room.

Next day a parcel arrived from the Temple, containing their clothes, sent them by the Queen, who had carefully collected them all. Among them was the dress that had formerly been Madame Elizabeth's, which Pauline speaks of as 'an everlasting remembrance of an eternal attachment, that she should cherish all her life.' The discomfort of their abode, the horror of being prisoners, the separation from the King and his family, the severity which this separation seemed to foreshadow to themselves—all these made them seriously uneasy, especially the poor Princess, as day by day went by, and no tidings were heard from without. Madame de Tourzel did what she could to raise the spirits of her companions; and though she could not altogether hide her distress, she strove to work, read, and converse, in a calm and trusting manner.

Nearly fifteen days had elapsed since their incarceration, when one night about one o'clock, when the three were in bed and sleeping, they were roused by hearing the bolts of the door suddenly withdrawn, and a man appeared, who said to Mdle. de Tourzel, 'Rise quickly, and follow me.' Trembling all over, she neither spoke nor moved. 'What do you want with my daughter?' her mother asked. 'What is that to you?' replied he; 'she must get up and come with me.' 'Rise, Pauline,' she then said, 'and follow him; there is nothing for you here but to obey.' 'Be quick,' he added, two or three times, while she was dressing. Hardly a moment was allowed her to wish her companions farewell; she could not even reply to Madame de Tourzel's blessing, for two great doors were being fastened after her. Some steps were descended; but just as they reached the bottom a noise was heard, and Pauline's conductor, with a disturbed look, made her go quickly into a small dungeon, turned the key on her, and disappeared.

And here we will resume her narrative.

This dungeon was lighted by the end of a candle, which in less than a quarter of an hour had burnt itself out; and I can hardly express with what miserable feelings and reflections the dying flame, now burning up brightly, then fading away suddenly, filled my mind. It seemed to represent my own

sufferings, and it helped me better than the most powerful sermon could have done, to be ready, if necessary, to offer up my life as a sacrifice. I was left in profound darkness, until the door was opened gently, and some one called me by name. By the glimmer of a lantern, I recognized the man who had locked me up an hour previously to be the same who had given me his unasked advice in the porter's room, on our arrival in prison. He told me to walk softly, and at the foot of the stairs shewed me into another room, gave me a parcel, and desired me to dress myself in what I should find inside. He then shut the door, and I remained without moving and almost without thinking. How long I was in this state I know not; I was roused by the door opening, and the man re-appearing. 'What, not yet dressed?' he exclaimed, uneasily. 'Your life depends upon your getting immediately out of this place.' I then looked at the dress in the parcel; it was the costume of a peasant, and large enough to go on over my own, and I slipped it on in an instant. He then took me by the arm and pulled me out of the room, I suffering myself to be led on without asking a single question. As soon as we were on the other side of the prison doors, I perceived by the light of a beautiful moon a vast concourse of people, who surrounded me in a moment. They all looked ferocious, and brandished their sabres at me as they cried, 'Here is a prisoner escaping!' My conductor made superhuman efforts to prevent their parting me from him, and at last succeeded in making them listen to him. I then remarked that he wore the peculiar badge which distinguished the members of the Commune, and proved his right to be heard. He declared that I was not a prisoner, that I had been taken to the prison of La Force through some misunderstanding; that he had brought a special order to fetch me away, as it was not right that the innocent should perish with the guilty. This phrase made me tremble for my mother, who remained in prison. The speech of my liberator—for I began to see it was that part which this individual, whose manner had at first appeared so stern, had taken—made some impression on the mob, and they were on the point of allowing us to proceed, when a soldier in the uniform of the National Guard advanced, and exclaimed that they were all being misled, that I was Mdlle. de Tourzel, that he remembered me perfectly, having constantly seen me at the Tuileries with the Dauphin, and that my fate ought not to be different from that of the other prisoners. At this, the general fury against me and my protector increased so much, I felt the best service he could render me would be to lead me on to death, instead of making me wait for it. But at last, partly from his own eloquence, he succeeded in bringing me out of immediate danger, and we found ourselves able to pursue our way. The fear of my being again recognized determined my guide to leave me alone in a retired dark passage, while he went to reconnoitre in the vicinity. He returned in about half an hour, telling me he thought the most prudent course for me would be to change my dress, and then handed me a suit of boy's clothes. I did not at all like the idea of this, and was glad to find that he had brought neither hat nor shoes, and having on a white cap and coloured shoes, the disguise became impracticable, and I remained as I was.

To get out of this passage, M. Hardy had to choose between two dangers: one was to pass close to the prison, now surrounded by the mob; the other, to traverse a church, (the little St. Antoine,) where a court was being held to legalize the crimes committed in the name of justice. The latter course was chosen; and Pauline was again left alone, this time in a side-chapel, behind an overturned altar: desired not to move, whatever sounds she might hear, she crouched down, resolute to abide her fate, 'putting her life into the Hands of that Providence to Whom she gave herself up with entire confidence, resigned to bear even a violent death, if that were decreed.' M. Hardy, re-appearing, led her

out of the church with much precaution, and a little way off stopped at the door of a house, which he told her was his; entering it, he shewed her into a room, and shutting the door, immediately left her. When he returned he was more agitated than he had hitherto been, owing, he informed Pauline, to his having discovered that it was already found out that he had saved her.

‘You must leave this instantly,’ said he, ‘or they may come here and re-take you. Put on this,’ giving her, as he spoke, a hat with a veil, and a black cloak. ‘Listen attentively to all I am going to say to you, and above all, do not forget the slightest injunction. On leaving this house, you will turn to the right, then you will go down the second street to the left, it will lead you to a little square, from which three streets diverge; you will take the middle one; then, near a fountain, you will find a passage that will lead you to another great street. You will see a carriage waiting near a dark alley; hide yourself in this alley, and it will not be long before you will see me appear. Go quickly, and above all, try and forget nothing that I have told you, for I should not know how to find you again, and then what would become of you?’

Pauline’s own fears augmented when she perceived that M. Hardy was afraid she might forget his directions, and on leaving the house she hardly knew whether she ought to turn to the right or the left. Seeing she hesitated, he made her a sign from a window, and then all he had said seemed to come back to her. With some difficulty she succeeded in finding the carriage, and great was her joy in feeling that she was saved. We continue in her own words:—

I retired into the dark alley to wait for M. Hardy; a quarter of an hour passed and he did not come. Then my fears redoubled; if I remained there much longer, might not the people of the neighbourhood look on me with suspicion? I was not acquainted with the quarter in which I was, and if I asked a single question I might put myself in great danger. Just as I was considering the part I had better take, I saw M. Hardy arrive; another person was with him. The unknown, who seated himself in the front of the carriage, asked me if I recognized him. ‘Perfectly,’ I replied; ‘you are M. Billaud de Varennes, who examined me at the Hotel-de-Ville.’ ‘It is true,’ said he. ‘I am now going to take you to Danton, that I may receive his orders about you.’ Arrived at Danton’s door, these gentlemen alighted, went in to see him, and returned to me shortly, saying, ‘You are safe; it only remains to us to take you to some place where you will not be recognized, or even now your safety might not be assured.’ I named first the house of one of my relations, and then that of our old nurse, Babet. Billaud de Varennes asked me the name of the street, that he might direct the coachman; and I told him the *Rue du Sepulcre*. That word seemed to make a great impression on him, and I saw a look of horror reflected on his countenance. He spoke some words in a low voice to M. Hardy, advised him to take me where I wished to go, and then disappeared.

On the way I spoke only of my mother, asking if she were still in prison, and begging that I might go myself and plead her innocence. It was terrible to me that she should be exposed to the death from which I had just been torn. M. Hardy tried to calm me, telling me I must have seen that from the moment he had taken me from her, he had only occupied himself with my safety; that it had unfortunately taken much time, but he trusted himself there still remained enough for him to be of service to her. That my presence would only hinder his designs, for he was going immediately to the prison, and that he should not look upon his mission as complete until he had re-united

us. He assured me he was hopeful himself, and intreated me to be the same. He left me overwhelmed with gratitude for the dangers he had incurred on my behalf, and with the hope that he would be able to save my mother from all that I dreaded for her.

Here our heroine's graphic account of her trying adventures comes to a termination; and when dwelling on all the circumstances, it seems almost incredible that one so young should have evinced such remarkable presence of mind and so great a courage. But her trials were not yet ended; for by the terrors she had herself experienced, she was fully aware what dangers awaited her mother, and it must have been with feelings too deep for expression, that she watched M. Hardy turn his steps for a second time towards the prison of La Force. He accomplished his self-imposed task with complete success, and had the happiness of being the instrument of uniting once more the mother and daughter.

We will now give some account of the escape of Madame de Tourzel, gathered from a letter addressed by her to her married daughter, Madame de St. Aidegonde. After commenting on the sweet temper and patience shewn by Pauline during her imprisonment, and the courage which M. Hardy said she evinced in all the subsequent perils through which she passed, Madame de Tourzel proceeds thus:—

You can imagine how much I slept the rest of that night; (the night of their parting;) my uneasiness constantly got the better of my faith, and I waited with great impatience for the jailor to come in with my breakfast. When he did, we learnt that a dreadful tumult had been going on in Paris since the previous evening; that the prisons were threatened, and that several had already been broken into. It was then that I no longer doubted it was to save Pauline that she had been taken from me, and my only regret was that I did not know where she was gone. I clearly saw the fate reserved for Madame de Lamballe and myself; but though I cannot say I regarded it without fear, at least I tried to bear it with resignation, and I did all in my power to reassure my unhappy companion, who was full of terrifying conjectures. About dinner-time we were fetched and made to descend into a small yard, where we found several other prisoners, and a number of men, who had a ferocious appearance, and seemed for the most part intoxicated. I was not there long before a man entered, much less forbidding-looking than the others; his countenance was stern but not cruel. He walked round two or three times, the last time passing close to me, and without turning his head, I heard him say, 'Your daughter is safe.' He continued his walk, and then went out of the yard.

As soon as the Marquise recovered from her astonishment, the joy that it occasioned her helped to sustain her courage, and she began to question some of the men who were standing about, who answered her by asking questions in their turn. They inquired her name, which she told them; on hearing which, they said she had never been very badly spoken of, but that she should not have accompanied the King when he had attempted to leave France—that this was inexcusable. As to that, she replied, she felt no remorse, having only done her duty; and then she asked them if they did not think that an oath should always be kept faithfully. They all answered it would be better to die than to break it.

'Well,' said I, 'I thought as you do, and yet it is that for which you blame me. I was M. le Dauphin's governess, and had sworn upon the Gospels, held between the hands of the King, never to forsake him; and as I had always followed him before, I also accompanied him on that journey.' 'She could not do otherwise,' they murmured. 'But it is unfortunate,' added others, 'to be attached to those who do what is wrong.' I conversed much with these men; they appeared to be struck with what was just and reasonable; and I could not help being astonished that persons, who did not seem to be naturally so bad, should commit crimes in cold blood, without any motive of interest or revenge. During our conversation, one of them noticed a ring on my finger, and asked me what was engraved round it. I drew it off and gave it to him; but one of his companions, who apparently began to interest himself in me, and who feared that some token of loyalty might be discovered on it, seized and returned it to me, telling me to read what was written there myself, and that they would believe me. I then read, '*Domine, saluum fac Regem et Reginam, et Delphinam;*' that would be in French, I added, 'God save the King, the Queen, and the Dauphin.' My listeners became very indignant at this, and I began to lose the kind feeling they had shewn for me. 'Throw the ring on the ground,' they cried, 'and crush it under-foot.' 'Never,' I answered; 'all that I can do is to take it off, and if it vexes you to see it, to put it in my pocket. For several years I have taken care of M. le Dauphin, and I love him as if he were my own child; the prayer engraved on the ring is written also on my heart, and I cannot do what you propose.' 'Do what you will,' cried some of them; and I put the ring in my pocket.

Just at this point, Madame de Tourzel was summoned to the assistance of a young lady, who had fainted away, and could not be brought to. As she seemed to be suffocating, one man had unfastened her dress, and another was just going to cut her lace with the end of his sabre. The Marquise trembled at such aid, and begged she might be given into her own care. One of the spectators, perceiving a medallion on the sufferer's neck, in which was a portrait which he seemed to imagine must be that of one of the royal family, said to Madame de Tourzel, 'Hide this in your pocket; if it be found on her, it may do her an injury.'

I could not help smiling (writes Madame de Tourzel) at this extraordinary request, to take on my person what would be dangerous to another if found on her; but each moment I was surprised at the mixture of pity and ferocity alternately evinced in those around me. The lady in question was Madame Tourtand de Septeuil, wife of one of the King's gentlemen; coming to herself, she was led out of the yard, and I, the only one left, was fetched shortly afterwards. I was aware that the prisoners were taken in turn before the people, who were collected round the prison, and that after undergoing a form of trial, were either set free or massacred. But my hope of deliverance was strengthened by seeing at the head of the men who came for me, the same person who had brought me tidings of Pauline; and I felt certain that he was there to protect me. After being interrogated by the tribunal, two savage looking men led me through the prison gate, where a terrible spectacle met my eyes. The ground was strewn with the bodies of those who had already fallen, and I should doubtless have shared the same fate, had not M. Hardy given me his arm, and with eight or nine men who were with him defended me. They assured the people I had already taken the oath of fidelity to the nation; and at last, as much by main force as by eloquence, I was torn from the clutches of this furious mob, and carried out of their reach. At some distance we met a carriage; they instantly put me inside, having first made the occupant alight. M. Hardy entered it with me, also four of the men who had come with us;

two placed themselves behind, and two others sat by the coachman, whom they urged on to drive as quickly as possible, and in a few minutes we were a long way from the prison. As soon as I could speak at all, I inquired after my Pauline. M. Hardy said she was in safety, and that I was going to join her. I then asked for tidings of my companion in prison, the Princess de Lamballe; but alas! his silence told me she was no more. He said he would willingly have saved her, but he could not find the means. On the way I remarked with surprise how extremely anxious the men were on my behalf. They hurried the driver incessantly, appearing to fear all passers-by, and each one seemed to be personally interested in my preservation. At length I arrived at the house of our excellent relative, Madame de Lède, where Pauline had finally gone, and for the first few minutes all else was forgotten in the intense happiness of again embracing her. I then became anxious to prove my gratitude towards those persons who had helped to save me. They all seemed badly off, and I did not think they would have refused money, but not one of them would accept any. They said they had only done so because I was innocent—that they rejoiced at having been successful, and that they would receive nothing for doing what was right. Notwithstanding all I could urge, I found it impossible to induce them to take anything; all that I could obtain was that each should give me his name and address; and I hope one day to find the means of rewarding them for all they so generously did then for me.

Whether Madame de Tourzel was able to accomplish this her earnest desire or not, we have no means of learning; neither can we discover who and what was M. Hardy, who risked his life to save that of Pauline and her mother. At any rate, we know that self-devotion never loses its final reward, although here it does not always meet with its deserts. The Marquise, as it has been said, lived far into the present century; her high-spirited daughter was made lady-in-waiting to the Duchess d'Angoulême at the Restoration, and became the wife of the Comte de Brassac Béarn.

In pondering over so tragic a history, it is surely consolatory to mark the effect produced even on the self-constituted judges and executioners of the Reign of Terror, by the fearlessness which innocence alone can give, the unselfishness which ever thinks first of others' safety, and the unswerving principle, which face to face with a terrible death, preserves its allegiance to truth and loyalty.

M. L. H.

A SCOTTISH BED-SIDE CONFIRMATION.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a lovely bright spring day, in a little sea-side town in the north of Scotland; the sky was blue and unclouded, and the sun shone so warmly as to give sweet visions of the approaching summer. Distant as that summer still was, those who felt the genial influence of the bright sun, and the balmy yet invigorating air which blew across the blue waves of the sea, were gladdened at heart, and rejoiced in the bursting

of the buds and blossoms, unmindful of the cold east winds, which would soon follow and check their progress. To the invalids, who had through many bleak days been confined to the house, the change seemed particularly welcome; and now, one ill-fitted to breast more boisterous weather gladly took advantage of the beautiful day to enjoy the fresh air, though it did not seem as if even the return of summer would restore health and strength to his helpless limbs.

He was a tall well-made man, with a very intelligent countenance; he had a high forehead, well-marked features, a pale face, and black hair. His limbs seemed to have little power to guide themselves, and he leant heavily on the arm of his wife. As they went very slowly along a back street—half street, half road—a clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Church passed by. He seemed at once to recognize a stranger, for he knew all the cases of sickness in the neighbourhood, and most of the faces in that little town were familiar to him. He looked with kindly and pitiful interest at the sick man, for it seemed so sad to see that tall well-built form, which had evidently been fit to do so much, supported now by a woman; but the appearance of both was too respectable to make him think of their needing charity; and aware that if they had belonged to the Church, they would have been made known to him—he passed on, wondering however, where they lived.

The man turned round, when he had passed, to look after him, saying to his wife, 'I like the look of that minister, Maggy; who may he be?'

'Yon is the English minister, Peter, whose church I went to, ye ken, on Sunday night. Don't ye mind o' me telling you, they read such beautiful prayers out of a book? I think I'll go again next Sunday, the singing is just beautiful.'

'Well, do. I'd like to hear more about it, though I cannot go myself. I've watched yon minister from our window, going to see that sick baby; I suppose he goes to comfort the mother—and she needs it, no doubt, for the child will never be well in this world—but, oh dear me! no minister thinks of coming to see me like that, sorely as I need it.'

'I'm feared ours is not the right sort for it, Peter; they say that this one is awful kind to any one that's sick or in trouble, but you see we don't belong to him.'

'Ay, that's true, Maggy; and I cannot think to ask him to come, but I would like fine to see him all the same.'

Maggy did not fail to go to church on the following Sunday; and many were the questions Peter asked on her return, as to the service, and many were the wishes he expressed, that he could accompany her next time. He continued to watch, from the window, the visits of the clergyman to the opposite cottage, and felt a still greater longing to be visited by him himself; but he did not make his wishes known.

It was not long, however, before his desires were unexpectedly gratified.

The cook at the Parsonage having been disappointed of a washer-woman she usually had to assist her, was advised to apply to Maggy's mother, Mrs. W——; and she, being engaged herself, offered her daughter's services instead of her own. On the second day, the clergyman's wife having come to speak to her, inquired if she was staying with her mother because she was out of place, and learned to her surprise that she was a married woman, with a sick husband, and that, by her mother's wish, she had brought him to her own home. He was able to gain nothing by staying where he was, and her mother kindly thought she could at least save them rent, and aid her daughter in nursing him. The sympathy she met with, after this conversation, encouraged her to mention, to another member of the family, her husband's great wish of being visited by the clergyman; and on hearing this, Mr. K—— came to speak to her on the subject, and said he would go at once. So, much to Peter's surprise, he received a visit from him that afternoon. Mr. K—— found that he was a man of great intelligence, and one who had thought and read much, for his situation in life. He was a native of Kirkwall, in the Orkney Islands, and after receiving a good plain education, he had been brought up to be a carpenter. He had risen to be a good workman, and had been in receipt of good wages up to the time of his illness. He had been twice married, having by his first wife a son and daughter; but the former had been adopted by his grandmother, and the latter had died young, before the death of her mother, from consumption. By his second wife, he had no children. He was now only forty, but had been unable for work for nearly a year, and had no hope of recovery, his disease being softening of the spine, brought on, it was supposed, by a very severe accident. He had been engaged to do some work on a railway not far from Linlithgow. One day, ten years before the time we are speaking of, he had, when working at a tunnel, been letting down a ladder into a pit, sixty feet deep, with another man, when the ladder gave way, whilst he was leaning forwards. The other man was thrown in safety to the other side of the pit, but poor Peter was precipitated head foremost into it. When half-way down, his head came in contact with some scaffolding, and was severely injured; but the scaffolding was the means of breaking his fall, and turning the position of his body, and thus preserving his life. For had he fallen upon his head, his death, from the immense depth, must have been instantaneous. But God's shielding arm was around His servant, to preserve him still for many years of active service, and to glorify Him by years of patient suffering. He fell upon his side, but was taken up quite insensible, with his body sadly bruised, and one of his legs much hurt; however, after six weeks confinement to bed, he began to get about upon crutches, and in a few weeks more he returned to his work, apparently quite recovered. He completed the work for which he was engaged, and then undertook some work in the north of Scotland. His almost miraculous preservation

from death, in a fall into a pit of such depth, made a deep impression on his mind, and he always spoke of it with awe and thankfulness. He had been a well-conducted man, sober, honest, respectable, and industrious, and attentive to the forms of religion; but from that time religion took a deeper hold of his heart, though it remained for a future period, when he had been purified by suffering, and brought into the bosom of the Church, to bring out the faith, patience, and earnestness, of a more advanced Christian life.

Meanwhile the injury, which it was afterwards believed the spine had then received, lay dormant for several years, but at last began stealthily to manifest itself, and slowly to take away his bodily powers. At first he complained of coldness and numbness in his limbs; this was followed by symptoms of weakness and exhaustion; then he began to lose the power of quieting himself, and was unable to feel objects; he was, about a year from the time our story opens, completely laid aside from all active employment. His limbs now rapidly lost their power, and very shortly afterwards he could barely drag himself on crutches by painful steps across the room. But his mind retained at that time its full vigour, and he spent the most of his time in reading. From the first he was struck with the beauty of the prayers of the Church, and found great comfort in them, and began to inquire into her doctrines and practices, as compared with his own. He asked for a Prayer-book, that he might study it himself; and then he begged for books and information on her doctrines and form of Church government. Meanwhile he was comforted and sustained by prayers, and ghostly comfort, and instruction suitable to his situation, which became more and more trying; and he was directed to rest on that Example of perfect patience, put before us in that Blessed Saviour,

‘ Who endured the Cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.’

At the foot of the Cross he laid his burden of sin and sorrow, and found the comfort and strength that he needed. Like St. Paul, he found, ‘As the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.’

The Bishop of the Diocese was to hold a Confirmation in the church in the town, and Peter’s anxious desire to be present was so great, that he fancied if he was put into a wheel-chair, which had been promised to him, he might be able to be wheeled into the church, and be present at the service. But before the day came, his illness had increased so much, that the drive, even for so short a distance, was found impossible. His legs had now lost all power, and it was difficult to move him out of bed into a chair, that he might enjoy the change, which he longed for, of sitting part of the day at the fire-side.

Soon after this, he expressed his anxiety to become a member of the Church, having come to the belief, that the Presbyterian Kirk, in which

he had been brought up, had lost much that was very precious when she gave up the Prayer Book, and with it the fuller doctrines of Sacramental grace which he had found in the Church; and being convinced that when, two hundred years ago, the Presbyterians threw aside Bishops, they had deprived themselves of those who had received the laying on of hands, (handed down from the Apostles,) with the power to transmit the great gift to others. This conviction was not hastily come to, but was the result of prayerful study of Scripture and the Prayer Book, and books of Church history; and he stated clearly the reasons which made him wish to join the Church, and his thankfulness for the greater privileges now offered to him.

Having learned that, being ready and desirous to be confirmed, he might now receive the Holy Communion, he was very anxious to do so; and on Maundy Thursday, 1857, a year after being first visited, it was administered to him. Those who had the privilege of communicating with him, will not easily forget his earnestness and joy on this occasion, and the comfort he felt in being 'strengthened with the Bread of Life.'

Having heard of the beauty of the hymn, 'To thee, O dear dear country!' when sung at the laying of the foundation stone of the Episcopal church in the town in which he resided, he begged it might be sung before the Holy Communion; and he often afterwards recurred to the thrill of delight he felt in hearing it, and dwelt on the beauty of the words. He often asked to have it read and sung to him afterwards. Another hymn he was never tired of hearing, was—

'I was wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came to me.'

His sufferings now were often very great, from severe pain in the back and head, and from dreadful attacks of cramp in his helpless limbs, to a degree, that his cries might often be heard at some distance from the house. The softening of the spine was also extending itself to the brain; and though his faculties were still entire, symptoms of blindness began to creep upon him; and as his great delight was in reading, and he was shut out from every other employment, the privation was particularly grievous. But in the midst of these increasing infirmities, his faith did not fail him; and he was able often to sustain those near and dear to him by his own perfect trust.

A remarkable instance of this came to the knowledge of the writer after his death. As his little savings had with his long illness come to an end, he was supported by the earnings of his wife and her mother; and as one was now generally obliged to remain with him, they were sometimes reduced to great poverty. Help was given, whenever this was known, and delicacies were often sent to him; but so cheerful and uncomplaining was his temper, and so anxious were they all not to call upon others for help, that it was not easy to tell when this was needed. Christmas Eve of this year found them with all their resources gone.

and only a little meal in the house; and a false delicacy led them to conceal their wants from those who would have striven to supply them. Knowing how dependent he was upon nourishment, his wife's spirits completely broke down, and she sat crying by the fire-side; but he, in the midst of this fresh trial, was cheerful and contented, saying, 'O Maggy, don't fret and cry; the darkest hour is before dawn, and we may be *sure* that the Lord will provide for us, and that help will come in some way to-morrow. Before eight o'clock next morning, his words were literally fulfilled—a shilling and some tea and sugar coming from one family, and before the middle of the day, some beef for their Christmas dinner from another, and a pound in money from another quarter. These words of trust, and their striking fulfilment, recalled with loving remembrance of the strong living faith which prompted them, have often cheered those dear to him, in times of trial since, and have enabled them to cheer others also.

It was a great distress to him, that his wife, who had been supported by him so comfortably in the days of his health, should have to undertake field-work for his support; and this weighed so heavily upon him, that hearing that his clergyman was in want of a housemaid, he begged that she might be taken into his service, as he should then know that she had not to toil so hardly for him; and he would have the comfort of knowing that she was comfortably provided for at his death.

Part of each day she still spent with him, and the rest of the day he was carefully attended to and tenderly nursed by his mother-in-law, whose unselfish devotion to him was beyond all praise. When she was engaged, (and she was sometimes obliged to take a day's work at the houses where she had been accustomed to wash,) he was quite contented to be left alone, till within the last few months of his life, when her services were constantly required. These hours of solitude, when sight had failed him, were spent in meditation and prayer, and repetition of the Psalms and other portions of the Scriptures; and very interesting it was to those who visited him, to hear the striking thoughts, which often passed through his mind. After having found what he firmly believed to be the Apostolic Church, and felt the many privileges she offered to her members, he did not rest until he had brought his wife to the same mind. Many a wakeful night before this time, he spent in reasoning with her, and explaining to her what he now saw was wrong and deficient in the system and practices of the Presbyterian Kirk, to which she belonged; and at last she was herself convinced, and begged to be admitted into the Church. She has ever since been a faithful member of it, and is a valued and attached servant in Mr. K——'s family.

Peter now began to look forward to his own speedy departure, little thinking that he was still to bear the cross for a much longer time.

His clergyman after this purposing to go away for a month, leaving another in his place who was a stranger to Peter, he was in such distress at parting with him to whom he felt he owed so much spiritual comfort;

that he could not be consoled, and wept so bitterly at the thought that he should not live till his return, that, at his earnest request, his mother-in-law fetched Mr. K—— to see him again before he started on his journey, at two in the morning, that he might once more take leave of him, and thank him for all he had done for him.

Though he did not murmur at the painful advances of his disease, he was subject to fits of great depression, and leant more and more on the kindness of his friends and the prayers of the Church. His bodily health did not seem to be much worse than before when Mr. K—— returned, but his sight was almost gone. He had been for some time unable to read; and before the autumn came, he was in total darkness. He was now to be further tried with deafness, which increased in the same gradual but steady way; and as he was dependent on the reading of others, it was very sad to watch its progress.

His hearing soon became so imperfect, that it required great exertions from those who visited him to make their voices audible to him. In the midst of these increasing and trying infirmities, he did not lose his interest in things around him; and any case of suffering, though much less than his own, met with his hearty sympathy. Nor did his faith and patience forsake him; for as a holy man of old has said, 'where God's rod strikes us, His staff supports us, and that 'our greatest trouble may become our advantage, by entitling us to a new manner of the Divine Presence.'

He took a deep interest in all that was going on in the Church, and was much gladdened at his wife's, shortly before this, being confirmed, and being able to partake with him of the Holy Communion, which he from time to time received with renewed comfort. He did not cease, however, to regret being shut out himself from the grace of Confirmation, and for a long time he had hoped he might be well enough to be taken to Church some day to receive it; and now that all hope of his doing so was over, his cravings for the laying on of hands was so great, that he anxiously asked if there was no probability of his receiving it in his present state, if the Bishop should pass through the town. As his Lordship was then only seventeen miles off, Mr. K—— thought it best to lay the case before him, and make him acquainted with Peter's anxious desire for Confirmation; and the kind answer came from the good Bishop, that he was ready to come for that purpose alone to one of his afflicted flock.

It was at seven o'clock in the evening of the 16th of January, 1858, that a little band of Church-people accompanied the Bishop through a narrow street to the lowly cottage, where the afflicted man eagerly awaited his arrival. His bed was in a clean little kitchen, and his whole face was lighted up with joy, as he sat up in it; his eyes, though bright and intelligent, quite sightless, and his head leaning forward that he might catch the sound of footsteps, when he was told that the Bishop was actually beside him. In answer to a kind inquiry from his Lordship, and the hope expressed that he was not suffering much, he answered,

with a strong hearty voice, 'I feel better, my Lord, than I have done for many days; I think it is because your Lordship has come to *confirm* me.' Those who were present can remember the marked exultant tone in which he spoke the words, '*confirm* me.'

The service now began, and it was a striking and affecting sight to see the good Bishop sitting on the bed of the blind afflicted man, and leaning over him in order that his voice should reach him better, and to witness by the light which the Priest held as he knelt beside him, Peter's look of holy joy, and his eager strained attention that he might not lose a single word of the service. The 'I do' was given with a firm hearty voice; and then, according to the old impressive form of the Scottish Church, the Bishop (himself deeply moved) made the sign of the Cross on his forehead, and laid his hands upon him with the words: 'I sign thee with the sign of the Cross, and lay mine hands upon thee, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Defend, O Lord, this Thy servant, with Thy heavenly grace, that he may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until he come unto Thy everlasting kingdom. Amen.' The succeeding prayers were offered, and the blessing given; and then the clear tones of the Bishop, who on account of Peter's deafness had to exert himself to the utmost, rang through the room, as he gave a beautiful address suited to the sick man's state, alluding in an affecting way to his blindness and many infirmities, and to his nearness to the joys of the next world, where 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them which love Him;' and then, after the Apostolic Blessing, they parted, never more to meet till the last day, when those who have ministered to Christ's afflicted disciples, shall of Christ Himself receive their reward.

It was a day Peter always recurred to with thankful joy; and the card which was given him, with the date of his confirmation, is carefully preserved by his widow. The deafness now rapidly increased, leading others as well as himself to fear that he was to be altogether shut out from the outer world; and so fully did he realize the trial, that he arranged with his clergyman that when his hearing was quite gone, he should make a sign on his head when he came to see him, that he might still have the comfort of knowing that he was beside him, and using prayers for him. His voice Peter had all along distinguished better than any other; but shortly after his confirmation it became almost impossible to make the prayers audible to him. An ear-trumpet, however, was procured, and to Peter's great delight, this was of great service. From this time conversation was held with him in this way, and Mr. K—— read prayers and portions of Scripture through the tube.

His sufferings now increased greatly, and were very painful to witness, and his general health became more and more impaired, so that it became evident in the beginning of summer that the end could not be far

off. He used often to speak of the next world, which through the merits of his Blessed Redeemer he hoped soon to reach. His mind now sometimes wandered, but on other days of less suffering was quite clear. One thing had for a long time weighed upon his mind, and that was the thought that he had not done a father's duty to his only child, by having yielded him up entirely to his grandmother, though she had made a happy home for him. His son was now a steady young man of eighteen, doing well as a turner; but his father had not seen him for many years, and he often reproached himself at not having shewn him more affection, and for not having himself bestowed pains upon him in influencing him for good. His penitence for this neglect was very great; and he was most anxious to see his son, and express this sorrow to himself, as well as to impress upon him his last injunctions to make religion the first object of his life. His son was engaged in work in a distant part of Scotland, and there seemed much difficulty in his getting leave of absence, so that time after time his father's hopes of seeing him had been disappointed. He began to fear now that his neglect was to be punished by this being withheld from him, though he made it a constant petition that, if it was God's will, he might live to see him. About the middle of July his son unexpectedly arrived, and Peter was much cheered, and took it for a sign that his penitence was accepted. He exerted himself to say all that he had so long wished to have the opportunity of saying; and his son remained with him till after his death, and laid him in the grave. He himself was called away three years after his father.

Peter's last wish being thus gratified, he longed to obtain rest, and to see his Saviour, in Whose sufferings for him he found rich comfort. His own had often of late been so excruciating, that those who loved him most have longed at times for his release. He had been spared the total deafness which he dreaded, and till within two days of his death a little sound still reached him by means of the ear-trumpet; but all power of moving his limbs had for some time left him. For a whole year his hands had been so helpless that he required to be fed; and about the second week in July, the power of turning his head was almost gone. On the 20th he lay as if in a sleep, but was still conscious and able to speak; but on the 21st he lost the power of speech; the last words he was heard to say, being 'Come, Lord Jesus.'

On the 23rd, when the Priest made the sign agreed upon, he still shewed consciousness of his presence, nor can we doubt that he was soothed by the prayers of the Church offered beside him. Cut off from the outer world, we may be sure that ministering spirits were around him, and that He Who has said, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee,' did not forsake at the last His servant who had so eagerly sought Him.

On the 24th of July, 1858, he gently fell asleep,

'To rest
For ever on his Saviour's breast;'

his sightless eyes to behold, we trust, the King in His glory, and his dull ears to hear the everlasting songs of praise around His throne, in

‘Strains that outring earth’s drowsy chime,
As Heaven outshines the taper’s light.’

X.

IN THE FIJIS.

THE mail service between New Zealand and San Francisco had been only two or three months opened again, under, as was supposed, better auspices, when we embarked at Auckland in April last, in the fine new steamer *Mongol*. She had won a great reputation for speed, by doing the voyage between England and Otago in forty-nine days.

The *Mongol* was only to convey us to the Fijis, and there tranship both mails and passengers into the through-boat from Sydney. It was a fine autumn afternoon when we steamed out of the harbour, which looked very lovely. The water was as still as a lake. We passed by quiet bays and green shores, on which white houses were clustered or dotted here and there among trees. Beyond, in the Gulf of Hauraki, lay islands glowing in the sun-set, and the pale blue hills of Coromandel in the distance. But we were soon round the North Head, and running past the wooded volcanic peaks of Rangitoto at the rate of ten or eleven knots an hour.

We had an unusually good and rapid passage. The ocean well deserved its name, ‘Pacific,’ for we ran on an even keel day after day, and any need for racks on the dinner-table was unknown. We had moon-light nights and sunny days. The fare was good and abundant. Of course, we felt it our duty, like true Britons, to grumble a little, though few of us ever lived so well on shore. The accommodation was the weakest point, as the vessel had been built for trade and for speed, rather than to carry passengers. But we all agreed that for so few days we need not mind. The captain had told us from the first that we should reach the Fijis in four days; and he kept his word, for on the fourth afternoon we sighted high land, and were soon running along the shore of a large island, quite expecting to cast anchor before dark. It was some disappointment, therefore, when we were informed by the captain that he would not risk entering the narrow passage into the harbour of Kandavu in the fast failing light. The freshening wind made those of us who know, by sad experience, what it is to stand off *and on* the coast in rough weather, feel rather dismal. However, before sun-set the breeze died away, and we passed a quiet night under easy steam, and by seven the next morning the pilot’s boat came alongside, manned by tall stalwart looking Fijians, and we were soon making our way carefully between coral reefs. The surf was breaking heavily on them, and they

extended on either side for a mile or more. A sudden turn brought us round a low bluff, on which bananas and cocoa-nut palms were growing, into the fine land-locked or rather reef-locked harbour. Till within the last few months, no English vessel of any size had found its way there. The settlement of Levuka, where English settlers congregate, is on an island about seventy miles to the north-east. The only signs of human habitation were a deserted Wesleyan mission-house, with some grass land in front of it, (the mission has moved ten miles further inland,) and two high-roofed thatched huts, with walls of coral lime, which nestled under a grove of cocoa-nut palms on the water's edge on the opposite shore.

Yet here, in this lonely place, lay at anchor two men-of-war, H.M.SS. 'Pearl' with the Commodore on board, and the 'Rosario,' awaiting their letters; and a mail steamer, 'Macgregor,' which had got on the reef a month before, and was still under repair. In less than half an hour the harbour was alive with canoes with large outriggers, all hastening to bring cocoa-nuts, limes, lemons, bananas, and articles of Fijian *virtù*, to the new comers. It was a singular and instructive sight to see the rude primitive canoe of the Fijians—a tree hollowed out, with a few branches lashed together to form a raft or outrigger, on which their stores and many of their people were stowed,—lying underneath the sides of a huge iron steamer, the latest achievement of European skill. We longed to know what the barbarous people could think of the monsters which came puffing in one by one to invade their solitude. Our decks were soon crowded with men and boys, all eager to open a brisk trade with us. One thing was noteworthy, namely, the inbred civility and good temper of the natives. The crush alongside was very great, and each party was anxious to be first in the market; but amid all the chatter and clatter we did not hear one sound of dispute or anger. The men were all dressed in some wrapper, from the waist to the knees, and, though not as handsome as the New Zealanders, are a fine well-grown set, full of life and energy. The head-dresses used to be more remarkable than they are now. Since the Fijians became Christians, (and all on this island were nominally such,) the grand old *coiffure*, of great height and frizziness, has gone out of fashion. A chief of the *ancien régime* needed two barbers to trim his wig and keep it in order. Nay—he submitted to lay his head each night, as uneasily as those that wear a crown, on a wooden pillow, hollowed out in the middle and curved upwards at both ends; now the change is as great as from a full-bottomed wig to a peruke. Some young fellows wore their short hair well powdered with white coral lime, some with red. One man had his hair thickly plastered over with wet white lime, just like a barrister's wig; there was even the conventional peak on the forehead. His costume was, of course, more airy, but his own warm brown colour supplied all that was needed. Some of our party having been at Levuka could talk a little Fijian, and by their aid our passengers, young and

old, were soon eagerly buying tropical fruits, and the inexperienced were lading themselves with weapons, ornaments, shells, and wrappers of tapa cloth, which would be a burden to them through the rest of the voyage and journey. By mid-day heavy showers drove our friends away. Commodore Goodenough came on board between the showers, and reported favourably of the healthiness of the climate. He had had only two cases of dysentery on board among his men during six months stay at Levuka, and these were brought on through excessive drinking. The steady downpour, after awhile, put an end to any hope of going on shore. We were quite disturbed at the prospect of the through-boat coming in the next morning (Sunday) and carrying us off before we could explore the beautiful country around us. We little thought how many days we should have to gaze at it.

Sunday was a very quiet happy day. We had full Service in the saloon in the morning, with a collection afterwards for the widows and orphans of seamen. Not a Fijian came on board; all were quietly attending service in their own villages. We knew too, that service was being held in the men-of-war. From the ends of the earth many lips and hearts were joining in prayer to God. Some adventurous spirits went off in the afternoon, between the heavy tropical showers, in the steam-launch, and came back muddy and wet, but full of enthusiasm about the flowers and corals, of which they brought us specimens. We had evening service again after dinner, and few of those present will ever forget the calm beauty of the evening when we came up afterwards on deck. The lights from the vessels twinkled, and were reflected in the still water. A sweet moist smell was brought by the breezes from the wooded shores.

On Monday morning early, in came the expected 'Cyphrenes.*' She had had a worse fate than ours; arriving, as we did, too late to enter the harbour at night, she had encountered a furious gale outside. Passengers' cabins had been deluged with sea-water, and some damage done to the saloon fittings. The 'Pearl' got her mail and steamed away, the band playing merrily.

Our captain went off to arrange about our being transhipped; and we began to pack up, when, after an hour's parley, he came back, looking very serious, with the news there was no room for us on board. The 'Cyphrenes' was as full of passengers as our vessel, and we were like a bee-hive. One reason for this was, that the season was the most favourable in all the year for undertaking the voyage and overland journey. Not only that it was about a month after the equinox, but that the passengers were desirous of avoiding the winter's cold in crossing the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains, and also to arrive in England in the early summer.

* This fine vessel foundered on a sunken rock between China and Japan in December last, and the captain, his wife, and eighteen hands, were lost in her. (May 1st, 1875.)

There was nothing to be done but to await the arrival of the steamer 'Mikado,' from San Francisco, which would be large enough to accommodate both the New Zealand and Australian passengers. The vessel was reported to be due. We felt rather blank at the prospect of possibly a day or two's delay; but, on Mark Tapley's principle of 'being jolly under difficulties,' we asked the captain to take us on shore in the little steam-launch after luncheon. A goodly company we were—men, women, and children, all in high spirits, on pleasure bent, though we started in a drizzling shower, and could see black clouds resting on the peaks of the wooded hills. A gleam of sunshine, as we puffed across the harbour, lit all up into beauty. We passed by a pretty little island, on which a few palms and delicate tropical plants had taken root, and landed on the white sandy beach of a larger island, along which the bright green mangrove bushes formed a fringe. It was very delightful to find cocoa-nuts lying about at our feet as plentifully as apples in an English orchard; and to see flowers growing freely, which we had hitherto known only in hot-houses. Some of us tried to push our way through the tangled bush, but the damp heat and the decaying vegetation drove us back, and we picked our way along the beach, over rocks and stones, under the shade of lovely flowering shrubs and forest trees. We found new beauties at every turn—in the clear water were many varieties of coral, some leaved like artichokes, some delicately branched—among these swam little fish, such as fishermen might have caught in the days of Haroun al Raschid. There were blue fishes with silver fins, and silver fishes with orange-gold fins, and tiny white fish with broad stripes or bars of black. Pale blue butterflies flitted over our heads in and out among the pink and flame-coloured flowers. But amid all these delights, our paradise was very hot and steamy, and the mosquitoes very lively, and we were fain to get to a more open part of the beach to catch a breath of air; just then down came the tropical rain, and forebodings of ague made us long to be safely back in our cabins. As we crouched under umbrellas, a party of dripping passengers from the 'Cyphrenes' came by. It was really charming to see how, even in this out-of-the-way place, English stiffness or shyness prevented our making acquaintance. They passed silently, as strangers might in a London street. We were sadder and wiser mortals as we were conveyed back from our search after the picturesque, to the vessel, which now seemed a haven of refuge, instead of a prison to escape from.

The next day (Tuesday) the trading was carried on briskly, in spite of much rain. A fine old gentleman came on board, who called himself the Governor of Kandavu. He was a stout, grey haired, shrewd looking man, whose stately walk and carriage shewed that he had been used all his life to command. He was handsomely dressed in a red jacket and white trousers, with a coloured belt round his waist, and a walking-stick in his hand. A very gentlemanly intelligent-looking Tongan teacher also paid us a visit. He had regular features, and light complexion, and

was dressed in white. No women had ventured on board for the first two or three days; but now their curiosity prevailed over their shyness, and several came to pay their respects to their European sisters. They all bore Christian names. They were neatly dressed in loose coloured dresses, from the throat to the ancles. Some young unmarried girls wore only petticoats. They were all very gentle and pleasant in their manners, and accepted thankfully small presents of needles and thread, and bits of print or calico for their babies. One woman brought a bright-eyed pretty baby, of ten or eleven months old, on board. It was pleasant to see how the English mothers forgot all difference of race, and clustered round the little fellow. He received the homage very graciously, and even came willingly into the arms of one lady. But, after awhile, he seemed to realize the ugliness of white faces, and set up a plaintive cry. A philosophic bachelor pronounced it to be like the frightened wail of an animal; but, to mothers' ears, it had the true baby ring common to Belgravia and Fiji, only set in a minor key. The moist heat became very depressing, and drove us all upon deck as soon as meals were over; though the atmosphere, if sweeter, was scarcely less oppressive. The natives were very lively. They swarmed about the deck, and chattered and laughed. Sometimes they formed themselves into a large circle, and began a monotonous song or chant, which was relieved at intervals by stamping of feet, and clapping of hands. Several dear bright little fellows accompanied the men, who smiled and held out their hands to us. Just such boys as Bishop Patteson would have won at once, and carried off to school.

Wednesday, our fifth day in harbour, brought no signs of the 'Mikado;' but to our great delight, on awaking, we found the sun shining brightly, and the rain-clouds passed away. The whole scene was very lovely. The sea was like a burnished mirror, the sky a deep cloudless blue, save where a silvery mist lay on the top of the purple peaks. But no words can convey what the charm is of such a day in the tropics. Everything stands out clear and distinct—the distant shores seem quite near, and there is a quiver of light which our colder sunshine can never give. The captains of the 'Cyphrenes' and 'Mongol' gave a pic-nic on shore, to which many went. Some of us were afraid of the intense heat and glare, and preferred to remain under the shade of the awning. It was too hot to read, too hot to sleep, not even *dolce far niente*, so weary and listless did we feel as the hours slowly crept away. One solace remained, which was to fan ourselves. According to the strictest laws of demand and supply, the purser of the 'Macgregor' sent on board a large number of Chinese fans, which had been bought in San Francisco, and which we could purchase at the rate of three for a shilling. Never was any investment more remunerating. It was not at all uncommon to see a big bronzed man, bearded like a pard, fanning himself over his soup, like a belle at a London supper-party. Even grimy stokers went about their work fan in hand. One thing did

interest us. We watched a whole fleet of canoes carrying cocoa-nuts piled upon the outriggers, like ammunition, alongside of the 'Macgregor.' It seemed too soon for them to be laying in such a perishable cargo. We found, on inquiry, that one of the compartments of the steamer, which had been injured on the reef, still leaked. The captain conceived the ingenious idea of filling this compartment with cocoa-nuts, as the easiest way of expelling the water. We heard afterwards that the experiment was successful, and that he was able to reach Sydney safely.

The pic-nic party came back at five, looking more hot and weary than we, but well satisfied with their day. One gentleman, who is himself a hearty amateur gardener, had pushed his way into the bush, and found a Fijian hut, with a very respectable kitchen-garden around it, in which cabbage and cucumbers were growing amid more tropical vegetables. The owner could speak a little English. He had been in Sydney, and had brought seeds back with him, (not of the best kind, however.) He was very anxious to have a really good garden. Our kind friend and he fraternized and exchanged cards; that is to say, each wrote his name on a slip of paper. The Fijian received a promise of a supply of seeds from Sydney by the next boat, and gave his new acquaintance a pretty walking-stick. Another of the party found his way up a hill to a yam plantation. It was in beautiful order. The yams were planted on terraces along the hill side, and carefully irrigated by means of troughs of bamboo, which conveyed water from a brook near. This gentleman came to a native hut, where he found an old man surrounded by a large class of children, who were repeating some Scripture lesson after him.

On Thursday morning, at last, the 'Mikado' steamed in, and we all roused up, and began to pack briskly. Our dismay may be imagined, when our good captain, after a long absence, came back and announced that the 'Mikado' must take in coal, and discharge cargo, before we could start, and that there was no probability of her being ready to sail for four days at least. We not only dreaded the long detention in such a climate, but we had the uncomfortable feeling of being unwelcome in both ships. Our captain wanted to be off, and could not wish for such a party of locusts to consume all the stores. Our future captain was most unwilling to receive us, and only yielded under orders from the agents. He was barely victualled enough to entertain a party of one hundred and twenty saloon, besides fifty or sixty steerage passengers, for fourteen days. It did not increase our cheerfulness to see H.M.S. 'Rosario,' having got her mails, steam away out of the harbour. In an hour or two, the huge steamer came alongside of us to discharge cargo, and the 'Cyphrenes' closed up on the other side of her to coal, and our real troubles began. The captains engaged relays of Fijians to work, and the donkey-engines were at work night and day. The harsh creaking of the wheels and chains, the heavy thud of the cargo into the hold, the din of voices, became almost unbearable. The huge steamer, which towered above our vessel's side, seemed to keep every breath of fresh air

from us. We all began to look worn and weary. The music and songs, which had made the evenings pass pleasantly, ceased. Claret took the place of tea and coffee at breakfast, and bitter beer was in great demand. So would ice have been; but, unhappily, a large supply brought from America had melted in the tropics: those of us who had just been reading Bishop Patteson's Life, began to understand something of the trial of his Mission voyages, when the 'Southern Cross' would be becalmed for days in much greater heat, and with few of our appliances; and if we felt oppressed by the number and noise of our Fijians, we had no need of exercising constant watchfulness, as he had over his wild visitors. We actually learned to sleep through a din which made night hideous.

On the Saturday we were allowed to transfer ourselves and our belongings into the 'Mikado.' There was more than the usual scene of confusion as the two streams of heated and cantankerous passengers poured in from either side. The stewardess was missing, the stewards were bewildered, and one had a general feeling of rushing round and round like white mice in a cage, without coming to any result. Amid all the bustle, it was touching to see a gentleman brought on board emaciated by ague and fever and lack of proper food and medicine. He had been surveying the harbour for the Government, and had been laid by, with no one but a native lad to look after him. He was going back (should he ever reach his goal) to Sydney. If a Missionary had been brought such a wreck as he was, on board, how many remarks would have been made about enthusiasm, fanaticism, and a wasted life!

We mustered a large party in the airy handsome saloon at dinner-time. We had hardly finished our soup, when a noise of blows, followed by sobbing groans in the passage, reached us. The captain and doctor rushed out, and brought back word that one of the English stewards and the captain's own servant, a pleasant-looking Chinese, had quarrelled, and fought, and that the eye of the latter was put out. The offender was put into irons till the amount of injury was known. The case proved not to be so serious as at first supposed, though the sufferer was invalided for many days. This little outcome of the general irritation, produced by the great heat and constant work, sent us to our close cabins (the odours and noises from the other ship compelling us to keep our ports shut) in a serious mood, which was not lessened by the sound of a free fight on board the 'Mongol,' which woke us up on Sunday morning. The stokers were half mad, through want of sleep and through over-rations of rum. The donkey-engines and the men were as hard at work as ever. The only people who struck work were the Fijians, though they were offered high wages, and are generally keen after money. They all went off to their Sunday services on shore.

It was a comfort when, about mid-day, the confusion ceased, and there was a short service in the saloon and some hymns. While we were singing, another fight broke out on the deck of our vessel. Some one who was standing near the windows, saw a poor fellow, half tipsy, and

cruelly bruised about the head and face, come and seat himself close by to listen to our music. Perhaps it brought back memories of childhood that soothed the raging of his ire into peace.

One Fijian young man, named Aminyasi, who had made great friends with us over some small books, in Fijian, which we had on board, and by means of which we could communicate together in an imperfect fashion, came to call on us. He also listened to the hymn singing; and we were glad that, amid the general noise and work-a-day appearance of the ship, he should see some faint 'rudiments and outlines' of Christian observances kept up. This man was a thorough gentleman. He had brought us several small presents of limes and shells and bananas; and one day set his affections on a red-and-black shawl, just suitable for a waistcloth. He came in a very coaxing way, bringing his earnings, and counted out shilling after shilling, till he had laid twelve before us, and his purse was empty. But directly we had, with some study, got together the sentence, 'Fiji is a hot country—the land we are going to is cold,' he never said another word. He came now to wish us good-bye. He read a little to us out of some Scripture-book or Catechism; and then, with kindly gentle look, held out his hand, and prayed us to come back some day again to see him.

The 'Mongol' steamed off to-day. We felt quite melancholy to part with the vessel which had been a floating home for a fortnight. Our whole complement gathered on board in the afternoon—a hundred and twenty. Many of these could find no sleeping accommodation, save on the sofas or tables of the saloon. We were a mixed company. A clergyman of our Church, travelling for his health; a Wesleyan minister; an Episcopal Methodist, returning to Albany; a sturdy old well-known Presbyterian minister, who had already circumnavigated the globe seven or eight times (always, till now, going round Cape Horn); a Scotch M. P., a great traveller, as familiar with Bagdad as with Edinburgh; a hardy Scotch skipper, who kept as bright a look out all day as if he were in command; young men making the modern grand tour—i. e. out by way of Egypt and the Red Sea, and home across America; one of the All England eleven, returning in triumph after putting down youthful Colonial conceit at Melbourne; invalids in vain search after health; an ex-Superintendent; an ex-Judge; Monsieur Rochfort, the well-known Editor of the *Lanterne*, who with three other French *deportés* Communists, had lately escaped from New Caledonia. Such were some of the materials that were to blend together for a season, and then separate, probably never to meet again on the journey of life. In the evening the American Episcopal Methodist had service in the saloon. He preached a very good practical sermon, on the words of the Prophet Micah, concerning the Lord's requiring of us to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him.

Something of Sunday peace crept over the jaded fretful company; even the stewards gathered to the door to listen. When, afterwards,

some of the party proposed to carry out the teaching by helping the weary stewards to wash up the glasses, the suggestion was carried out *con amore*, and a merry set of young people gathered round the long tables, and chattered over their work. The next morning was intensely hot, but very fine. By mid-day we gathered on the bridge to watch the start. The 'Mikado' began to glide through the water, when suddenly we came to a dead stop; our anchor had got foul of the 'Cyphrenes.' We went down with a blank feeling, that we never were to leave the Fijis. However, by four in the afternoon we were clear, and again slowly and carefully were piloted through the narrow winding passage between the reefs, the pale green waters of the lagoon stretching away to the right. We were soon round the pretty wooded bluff; last farewells were said, and hearty cheers given, as the pilot-boat left us; and we soon found ourselves, with thankful hearts, rushing through the water at full speed. The fresh wind from the open sea seemed to bring health and strength back. Before sun-set the beautiful shores of Kandavu had faded out of sight.

PIN-BASKETS.

I WAS coming slowly up the flagged foot-path which accompanies the road to the top of the hill out of the antiquated little borough town close to which I live. It was a lovely spring morning, and already

‘The lower boughs and the brushwood sheaf,
Round the elm tree boles were in tiny leaf;’

while the rooks had discontinued the lively clamour of their spring building operations, and floated overhead with an occasional grave caw, evidently feeling their responsibilities as husbands and fathers more deeply than they cared to utter.

Suddenly I became aware of a troop of children coming down the hill, little imps of two to four years old, under the care of two elder sisters, in whom I thought I recognized the daughters of two of the principal tradesmen. They passed on, and were followed by a tribe of little brothers, their hands full of primroses, shouting at the full stretch of their young voices—

‘We’ve got no work to do—
We’ve got no work,
We’ve got no work,
No work at all to do;’

and bursting into such a hearty laugh at every pause—that, like honest Luath,

‘It made my heart so fain to see ‘em,
Almost I could have laughed wi’ ‘em.’

They went their ways, and I mine, thinking as I went of those lines of Wordsworth's—

‘The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.’

And very heartily I hoped my little neighbours might not be urged to any strife with nature, for their own sakes, and other people's too.

No work to do! wild work indeed their little hands would make, entrusted with the delicate balances of the chemist, or the heavier swinging scales of the wholesale grocer; better far for them to busy themselves with the primroses yet awhile. Let them feel all the gladness of spring while it lasts.

‘A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.’

Is not this a truer word than the great Italian's,

‘A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.’

I decided by calling in a French poet, as at least an impartial witness, of whose lines the following are a tolerably fair rendering:—

‘A glad memory may be, here on earth,
More real than gladness' self.’

But my musings lasted until Mrs. Twitch was roused from between her blankets, as bright, as keen, and as piquante as ever; and we worked on without interruption on either side for some time, for I was thinking how often of late I had heard my little neighbours' cry, ‘No work to do,’ repeated either by, or in behalf of, the young ladies of these days.

‘What work are they fit for?’ quoth Mrs. Twitch suddenly; ‘because, if they really mean work, I'll find them enough. I only wish I could find wages for the poor ones, as easily as I can find work for the rich; but you mark what I say, it isn't *work* they're after!’

‘What is it, then?’ I said.

‘Clatter, most part of it.’

‘*Le grand bruit de leurs pas dans le monde?*’ I suggested.

‘Ay! they want to hear their little boot-heels tap-tapping, as well as their betters'; but set them to real work—why, they're not a bit more ready for it than the little fellows you met just now; give them the Pin-basket to hold, and by the time they can do that, they'll be worth something.’

‘Old times are changed, old manners gone,’ to such an extent, that

it may be needful to explain what Mrs. Twitch meant. In older days, the youngest daughter of a family was called Pin-basket, for she was supposed to supply all the odds and ends of service required by her elders, in the ever-ready off-hand fashion, of which the pin, as the temporary deputy of the stitch in time, may be taken to be the type or representative.

It had never struck me before—but as somebody has said, the readiness, the coolness, the adroitness required to make a good Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs are all displayed, as it were in miniature, by a good whist-player, so a thoroughly good Pin-basket would have in embryo all the great and good qualities needed to make a really helpful woman. For she must be unselfish enough to be ready to set herself and her own wishes aside at any moment; humble enough to serve without expecting her services to be recognized, much less acknowledged; and magnanimous enough (it really is not too big a word) to do all this cheerfully.

‘Not many of that sort?’ asked Mrs. Twitch.

I did not care to reply; and she went on, ‘That’s the sort of work for girls!’

‘But surely,’ I suggested, ‘there may be families so large, that there is not enough of this work?’

‘Send the girls to *me*, then!’

‘But what can you do for them?’

‘What can I do for them?’ The rejoinder was in Mrs. Twitch’s very sharpest tone. ‘Teach them perseverance, for one thing, and reliableness for another and a better. You may take my word for it, a girl that can set about a good long white-seam and finish it out of hand, is one you may depend on for a pretty deal more than one I have never had under me. And let a young lady get up half an hour earlier every day, to get through such work as is not just fit for the drawing-room; let me tell you, there’s a self-denial in that sort of thing, that is a wonderful discipline to the mind.’

‘Men seem to think needle-work so entirely mechanical, that the mind lies fallow all the time!’

‘My dear,’ retorted Mrs. Twitch, ‘men are not a bit wiser now than when they went to loggerheads about how many angels could stand on my point. I sober and soothe the mind that has anything in it to grow a crop out of. *Eæ nihilo nihil fit*—if it’s empty, it must lie fallow, whatever goes on; but that’s not *my* fault.’

‘And what is to become of the work that is to be done?’

‘Which of the wise M.P.s was it, last Session, who, when he was asked how the little tatterdemalions were to be made decent enough to go to school, said he supposed the ladies would do it *somehow*? there’s work enough to puzzle Minerva herself, I should think; and Mrs. Twitch flitted backwards and forwards faster than ever, muttering to herself, ‘Where’s the cotton and the broad-cloth to come from? just

like men—getting into a hobble, and leaving *us* to get out of it *somehow*.’

‘Granny,’ interrupted a little voice, ‘can you and Mrs. Twitch sew my doll’s head on?’ ‘And my doll does *brandy* so, please mend it,’ said Fatty; while the little Tiny completed the matter, by holding up her dilapidated darling with the laconic intimation, ‘Broked, mend.’

‘One at a time, and the eldest first,’ that is Mrs. Twitch’s rule; so while all were waiting, a story was to be found to fill up the time.

‘About the mouse, and the bird, and the little fat sausage, that lived all three in a hollow tree, please,’ said Totty.

‘Once upon a time, in a hollow tree, lived a bird, and a mouse, and a jolly little fat sausage. Now the mouse drew the water, the sausage cooked the dinner, and the bird flew out to the woods to “fetch in firing at requiring.” But one day, he flew over the hills and far away, till he met with some other birds, who made him cross and discontented; so he came back and told his friends, the mouse and the sausage, that they should quite change their old plan, and each take the other’s work, day about, turn in turn. The mouse and the sausage did not like this at all, but the more they begged not, the more the bird would have his own way; and so next day the mouse was to be cook, the bird was to draw water, and the sausage was to go for the wood.

‘And dinner time was near, but the fire was low; it grew late, and at last the bird was frightened, and flew off to look for the sausage; on the way he met with a dog. “Pray Sir, have you seen a little sausage go by?”

““Oh yes,” said the dog, licking his lips; “I ate him up an hour ago!”

““Oh, cruel dog! it was my dear little fat friend!”

““Why did not you take better care of him, then?” said the dog; “sausages have no business out in the high-road alone; they ought to stay at home and mind the frying-pan.”

‘The little bird could only pick up the poor little sausage’s bundle of sticks, and fly home very much ashamed, thinking what he should say to the mouse; but when he got home, there was no mouse to be seen, only the great pot boiling over; and when the bird went to lift it off the fire, there was the poor little mouse quite dead! for she did not know as the sausage did how to manage, so she had fallen into the broth and was drowned! The bird was so shocked, he let fall the pot; the red-hot coals fell out of the fire, and set a light to the wood he threw down in his hurry to find the mouse. He flew to the well for water, but he could not manage the well-rope as the mouse did, so he fell headlong in, and there was an end of him.’

‘And serve him right too, naughty discontented bird!’ was the unanimous verdict; and the repairs being completed, away went Totty, Fatty, and the little Tiny, leaving Mrs. Twitch and me to return to our business.

'Rather to the point, that story,' quoth Mrs. Twitch; 'most of the women that make such a to-do about their rights, and all the rest of it, are about as much out of their place in the work they think themselves fit for, as a sausage would be in the turnpike road.'

We stitched on again quietly for some time, when my companion broke out with 'It's those spread-eagles that have done the bird's work!'

For an instant I was quite astray; then I recollected Mrs. Twitch's intense jealousy of her American rival.

'Ay, you may laugh,' she continued; 'but mind what I say:

"I break and tame the unsettled heart;"

and if Uncle Sam lets his daughters despise *me*—'

Mrs. Twitch is an invaluable servant; but like many others, she has a temper; moreover, as is not wonderful, considering her birth and parentage, she is 'as stieve as steel' when once she cares to decide on any given point, and so I was glad enough to be spared the defence I was preparing in behalf of our cousins on the other side of the wide wide world, by the arrival of a young guest—herself a favourable specimen of nineteenth century young-ladyhood. For though she wore her hat *tilted*,* as Lothair's young friends did, still it was not so far over her nose but that she could see from under it; and though her chignon was large, it did not look as if 'three larks and a wren, two owls and a hen' had been taking up their abode in it, but was bright and glossy, as a young lady's ought to be; while her boots made her pretty feet look all the prettier, that they were evidently meant for real service. She sat down in the broad window-seat 'to enjoy the spring sunshine,' as she said, after our first greetings. And we were not very many minutes before we discovered plenty of things that might be improved, not only in the world at large, but in our own especial neighbourhood in particular.

'Only one can do nothing,' she said dolefully.

A pointed hint from Mrs. Twitch prompted me to say, 'Can you help me sew hooks-and-eyes to these pinafores? I want to send them off to Princess Mary's Cottage Homes to-morrow.'

'Oh yes, that I will!' and away she went to look for the chatelaine, which contained the elegant little articles that served for her working tools; while Mrs. Twitch plodded on with a dogged diligence, which I soon saw implied that she, for one, had little faith in our young friend's help. So it proved; we saw no more of her till we met on the stairs, as the dressing-bell rang. How pretty she looked, with her hands full of primroses, which she was making into a posy for her hair.

'*They* make one think of what women have done, and may do yet,' I said.

* This was written four or five years ago.

‘The primroses? how can they?’

‘The common primrose is St. Agatha’s, and the amethyst primrose St. Lucy’s flower.’

‘But they were saints!’ she exclaimed; ‘and besides, they were Roman Catholics!’

‘Catholics, certainly—not Roman Catholic in the sense in which you use the words; but we must not begin to discuss that point on the stairs, or the Squire will be waiting for dinner before we are half ready.’

I had plenty of time, however, that evening, to explain to my young companion two things, which with all my heart I wish I could fix in the minds of all whom it may concern.

First—the true sense of the word Catholic, which no one branch of the Church has any right to appropriate, no more than any one branch of the beautiful pear-tree before my window may claim that it alone grows from the root of the tree.

And Secondly—men do *not* gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles; so long as any branch of the old tree bears fruit, so long is there real life in that branch, though there may be moss encumbering it, and dead boughs that need to be pruned away. For my sympathy had been strongly excited, that day, in behalf of a little community of Sisters of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, who are working in the heart of London, among a population as thoroughly French as could be found on the banks of the Seine, where the tiny children look at you with the bright dark eyes of their race, and chatter their baby French, as deaf to any other language as the beautiful cat, who is said to have so much delighted one of our linguistic authorities, by recognizing at once his call of *Minon*, though *Puss* was not understood.

Happy little things! they are too young to feel the heavy weight of care and grief that so presses on their elders, especially on the Sisters, whose chief dependence was on funds supplied from Paris, for keeping up the orphanage, the schools, the hospitals, the invaluable ‘patronage,’ and the many other good works they carry on for their poor *compatriotes*.

‘Do explain about the “patronage,”’ asked my young companion, to whom I was reading the account I had that day received from a friend.

‘Many of the London houses of business make no provision on Sundays for the “young ladies” they employ. These good Sisters receive all those of their own communion who will come to them; take them to their Church, and if fine enough, a Sister takes them for a walk; then they lend them books, and advise and help them, in the hundred and one ways in which girls so placed are often wanting advice and help.’

‘Ay, and one stitch fastens another,’ muttered Mrs. Twitch. ‘I believe your friend is doing something of the same kind among girls who are not Roman Catholic.’

‘Yes, so I believe; for that is, according to Dr. Aikin’s story, “a thing in which men were made to agree.” Ah, I forgot, you were not born in the days when “Tut” and “Pup” held those instructive conversations that everybody skipped; but surely you recollect Eyes and No Eyes?’

‘No, I never read it,’ replied my friend.

Mrs. Twitch would have groaned, if she had known how.

‘Then she has never so much as heard of the Fairy Order, you may be sure!’

But she was silenced by the pressing need of getting on with our task, that it might be cleared away before the Squire and his friends left the dining-room; and I gave my companion the little old volume, to read for herself, how the father and his son, taking a walk one Sunday morning, commented on the variety of churches, chapels, and meeting-houses, in the market-town; and how, an accident happening to a poor man, just as service was over—all the different ‘denominations,’ as it is now the fashion to call them, united in kind offices.

‘Then you do not think it would be wrong to help a Roman Catholic charity, like those that these Sisters of St. Vincent are carrying on?’

‘No, I could not; it seems to me that the beautiful story of Abraham and the old man who was a fire-worshipper, bears on such a case; do not you recollect, when Abraham refused to admit him into his tent, the Angel’s rebuke—“The Almighty Father has borne with him these threescore years and ten, thou mayst well bear with him for one night.”’

Oh! if God bade the Israelites ‘love the stranger, because they themselves had been strangers in the land of Egypt’—if He bade them recall, in their rejoicing, that ‘A Syrian ready to perish was my father,’ and share the joy of their home with the stranger among them, how much more should we, whom God has so shielded from the misery of war in our own land, strive, for His sake, to lighten the load of affliction that is now bearing down the ‘stranger within our gates.’

January 1, 1871.

R. L. C.

NOTE.—Any kind friend who may wish for further information, is requested to communicate with

LA SŒUR SUPÉRIEURE,

10, LEICESTER PLACE,

LEICESTER SQUARE.

Of course all letters must be prepaid.

BEAUTY.

‘Is a decidedly plain face the greatest misfortune that can befall a woman?’

No, no—a thousand times *No!*

Inasmuch as beauty springs from a sense of fitness, and the plainest face, if it perfectly express the person, becomes beautiful to all who love that person.

We would not for a moment be supposed to undervalue a handsome face; it is a great pleasure to those who have it and to those who see it; but we say to the majority of people, who have perhaps but one good feature in their faces, that one good feature is quite enough to carry you comfortably through life.

One knows that a single sense can be trained to such perfection, that if the other four are wanting, the mind will express itself, and find communion with its fellow-creatures through that one sense. Remember Dickens’s touching account of the American girl, who, though blind, deaf, and dumb, learnt so much through her exquisite sense of touch. And it is the same with human features. There never lived on this earth a beautiful human soul that did not make its power to be felt through some bodily feature, plain even to grotesqueness though the face may appear, and keeping its owner therefore from the first flush of conquest; yet, as you learn to know her, it is marvellous how the face becomes changed to you. There is, perhaps, only *one* feature that is good, but you look at that one good feature till you see nothing but it. You can imagine what the face might be if it were all in keeping with that *one* feature; and moreover you feel what it will be when the distorting hazards of time are passed, and all the face has grown into harmony with its best feature: nay, we may go farther still, and say that in many plain faces there is a prophecy that has far more power of winning hearts than is to be found in the prettiest set of chiselled features, unless there shines through them an earnest spirit or a deeply loving heart.

A merely pretty face is in the long run quite as much a trouble as a gain. The pretty woman must have power to keep and deepen the pleasure her face gives, or she will be the victim of disappointment; whereas the plain woman expects nothing from her poor face, and is much gratified when she finds that somehow it has a kind of power she hardly understands; and do we not all know plenty of dear old ugly faces, that we would not lose from our daily surroundings—nay, that we would not alter if we could; each wrinkle has its history, and the faces just as they *are*, are what we love. The human face is the guest-chamber of the soul, and according to its attractiveness our guests will be many or few. The most attractive faces are generally those with some imperfection. On a perfectly beautiful face we gaze with untroubled enjoyment; but the face

that has one or two good features and several faults, we are always interested in imagining perfect, in wondering why such splendid eyes should be found with so poor a mouth, or how that funny little nose should stand between the finely-cut upper lip and beautiful brow of a face we yet dearly love in spite of its nose. We grow strangely interested in a face we are always doctoring; we know the original type must have been perfect, we know that it *shall* be perfected hereafter, and we seek for that which is hidden, feeling more drawn to the face that perplexes us, than to that whose beauty we see at once without any trouble at all; therefore I maintain, that instead of being the *greatest* misfortune to a woman to have a plain face, it is positively none at all if she is not afraid of her face. If she *will be* a coward, and walk about in fear that her face has nothing pleasant to shew, the face grows offended at the distrust, and becomes the unpleasant thing one dreads; but if she will only have *faith* in her face, whatever it may be, it will yield her loyal service; let her remember it is 'the human face divine,' and therefore endowed with power to give and to receive all that her heart desires. Let her think not only of herself, but of the whole human race to which she belongs, whose beauty is made up of infinite variety, and for the perfection of which her special characteristics are as necessary as are those of her fairer sisters.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

IN THE THEATRE AT BERLIN.

I SAW thee once, small Fairy Queen,
 White-robed, with sash of pink,
 Slow tripping o'er the paste-board scene;
 And oft of thee I think—
 Thy anxious mouth, thy sallow face,
 Incongruous with the time and place.

Had I the real fairy's art,
 Forthwith I would have sped,
 And entered, though unseen, thy heart,
 And all its secrets read;
 What made thy cheek so pale, and why
 That cloud of trouble o'er thine eye?

Say, was it weariness? or fear,
 When thy small part was played,